Volume Forty-Seven, Number Five, May 1969

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BOOKS IN REVIEW
LEON RADZINOWICZ / SAMUEL HUX / ROBERT ALTER
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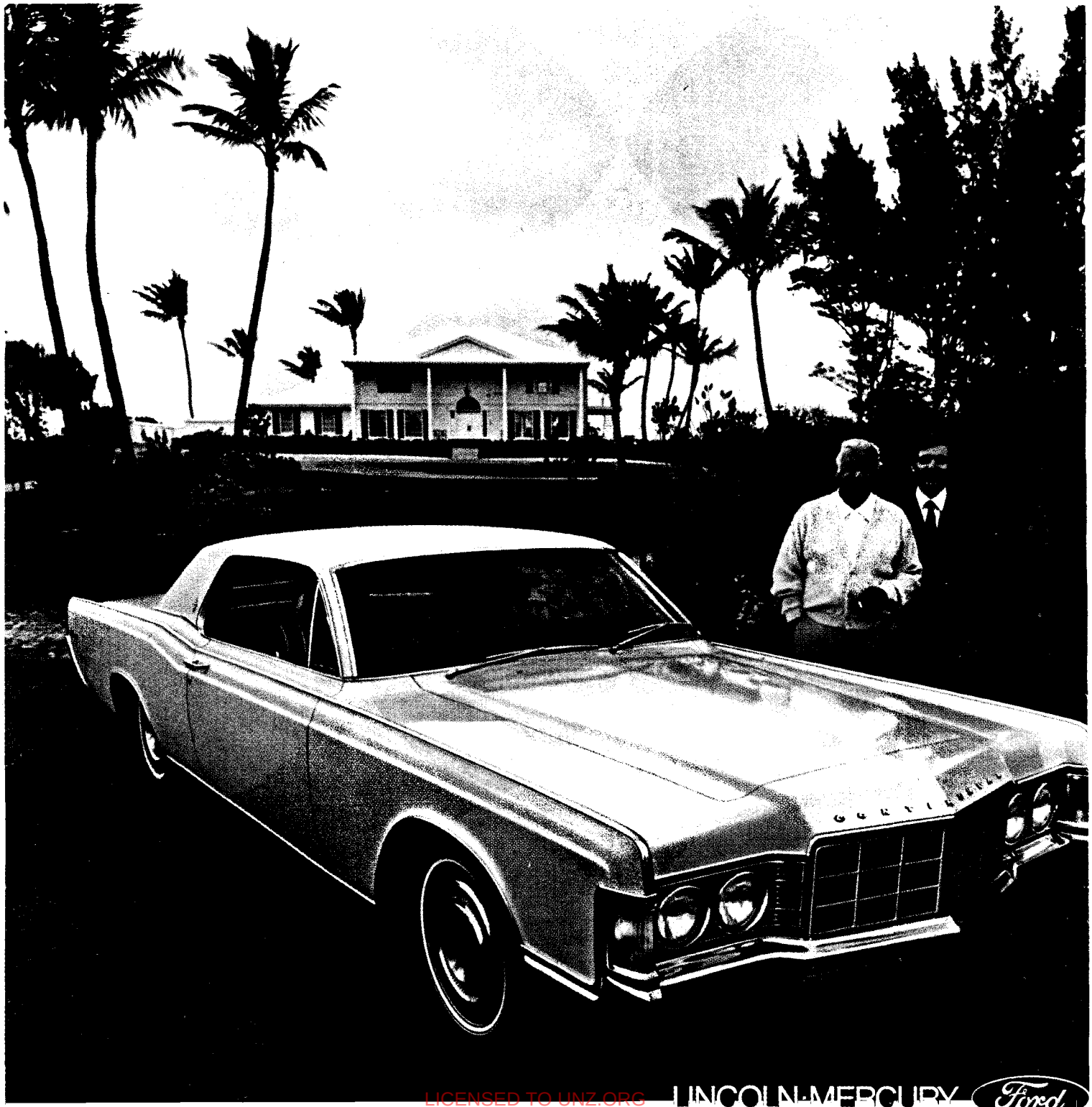

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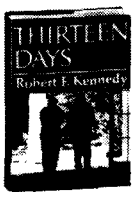

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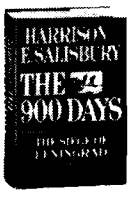

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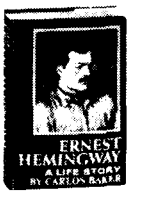

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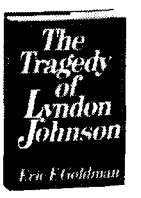

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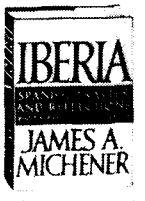

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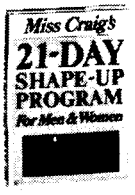

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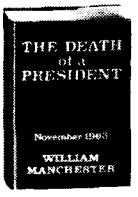

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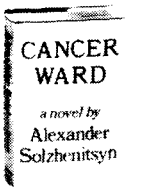

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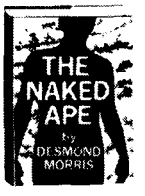

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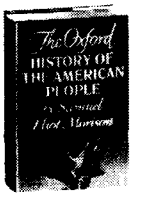

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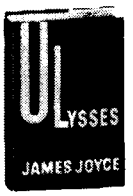

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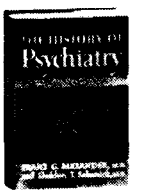

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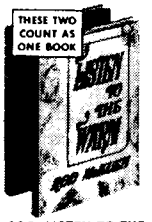

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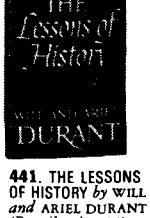

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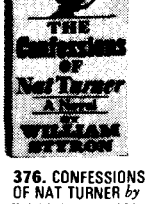

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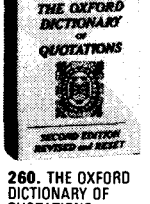

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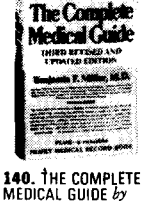

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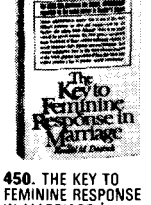

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Letters from Readers

Poor Statistics

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

"About one-fifth of all American families . . . live on incomes below the so-called federal poverty line," John Thompson states ["The Big Money," February], basing himself on Herbert Gans in the New York *Times Magazine*—unfortunately a source no better than Ferdinand Lundberg whom Thompson also takes seriously. The New York *Times* itself reported in its news column (8/9/68) some months before publishing the Gans piece that 5.3 million families out of a total of 49.8 million were below Thompson's poverty line in 1967. That makes 11 per cent or one-ninth —not one-fifth as Thompson, misled by Gans, writes. (The editors of the *Times Magazine* and Mr. Gans may be right in not believing what they read in the *Times,* but this news column quoted directly from a government release.) Thompson's essay is a farrago of maldigested data, misinterpretation, and fantasy. Thus he ignores the investment function of inequality, suggests that poverty has not been declining (actually: 1/5 of all families in 1962; 1/6 in 1966; 1/9 in 1967 were below the poverty line—a very steep decline), etc. Was it meant to be a review of fiction by more fiction—or did it just turn out that way?

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG
New York City

MR. THOMPSON writes:

At last, to be officially enrolled among the good guys! I'm happier to get an attack from Ernest van den Haag than I would be to get a Silver Buffalo from the Boy Scouts of America.

As for numbers, Mr. van den Haag has his government sources and I have mine. My numbers are dated March 1968, and come from the *Social Science Bulletin*, United States Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Social Security Administration, in an article called "The Shape of Poverty in 1966," by Mollie Orshansky, of the Office of Research and Statistics. These are not numbers for 1967 or 1968, and so I will concede these years to Mr. van den Haag's inspiration. But the report states that 17.7 per cent of all households had incomes below the Social Security Administration poverty level. Had I known these exact numbers at the time, I might have written "nearly one-fifth" rather than "about one-fifth," with room for a quibble over the alleged census shortage in reporting poor blacks. Another 7.8 per cent of households were below the "low-income level." Mollie Orshansky also reports that there has indeed been a positive decline in poverty; about this, I had said, speaking of the various sets of numbers I knew of, "It is hard to tell whether or not this means that things have improved." Mollie Orshansky goes on to say that the inequality of incomes, which was what I was talking about, has in fact increased: "Between 1959 and 1966 both the income received by consumers and the prices of what they bought continued to climb but income went up faster. Inevitably, then, the poverty thresholds, adjusted only for price changes, were farther below general levels of income at the end of the period than at the outset. . . . The average income of four-person families had increased by 37 per cent but the poverty line by only 9 per cent, or one-fourth as much."

Given the variable bases (the report I cite claims 61 million "households" and Mr. van den Haag speaks of 49.8 million "families") and the uncertain extrapolation necessary to statistics, these things can never be beyond question; and besides there is something inherently repulsive about playing with numbers that represent human misery.

But to return to our little spat, Mr. van den Haag is completely correct about one thing. I have never given a moment's thought to "the investment function of inequality." I take his word for it that inequality has such a function, and I'll bet it's a big one too. . . .

Social-Fascism, Then & Now

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a young student of history, I must respectfully take issue with the thrust of Theodore Draper's "The Ghost of Social-Fascism" [February] which seems to me to have been misleadingly unhistorical: first, in its anachronistic treat-

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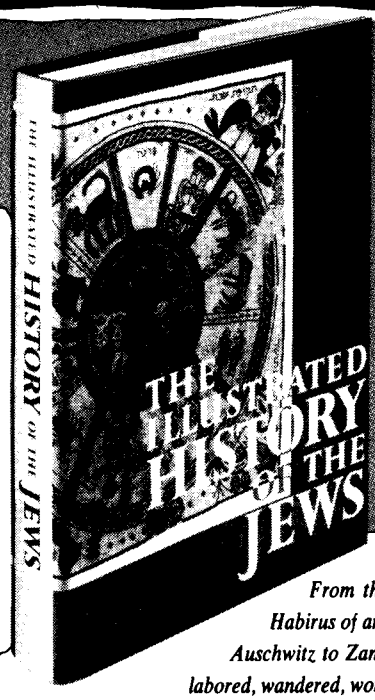

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...there was a serious intellectual movement to proclaim Hebrew the national language of the United States shortly after the Revolution? (see page 288)

...a widespread eighteenth-century movement sought to found a Jewish state in Poland? (see page 266)

...the first modern "Jewish state" founded at Biro-Bidjan in Siberia in the 1920s–failed to attract settlers? (see page 305)

...the Temple of Solomon required the labor of an estimated 180,000 workers? (see page 44)

...the Babylonian Talmud, the traditional law of the Jews, took over 100 years to compile? (see page 167)

...even when ancient Judea was under foreign rulers, the Torah was retained as the sanctioned law of the land? (see page 101)

...Maimonides wrote almost entirely in Arabic? (see page 211)

...polygamy was common among Jews until the eleventh century A.D.? (see page 196)

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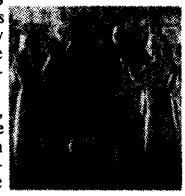

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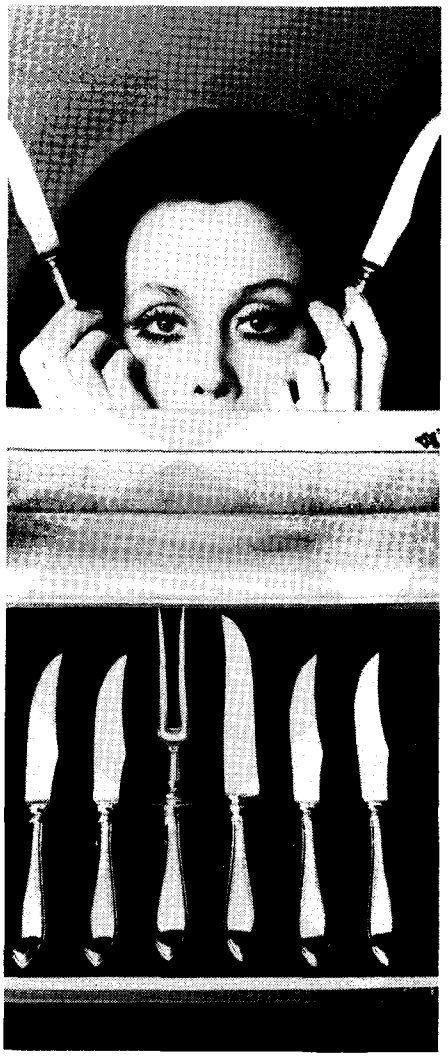

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ment of the concept of social-fascism and second, in its moralistic drawing of a questionable contemporary parallel. I by no means wish to quarrel with Mr. Draper's exposition of the origins and evolution of the theory of social-fascism—I am not at all qualified to do so. Nor do I even disagree with his conclusions concerning the tragic consequences of that theory, especially as it was applied to the German Social-Democrats. But merely "to show how truly perverse and pertinacious it was," bolstered by the hindsight of over thirty years, does not add to understanding. To treat it only as the creation of Communist theoreticians and the Comintern avoids the far more interesting question of why so many leftists of the late 20's and early 30's—they were not all party hacks and some, at least, must have had a bit of intelligence—were willing to accept the theory. The answer lies in the radicals' world view during the period, a view which was rooted in a sincere belief that economic development would have to lead to increased centralization of industrial organization.

In the American context (which I know best), there is no reason for a man with such a view, hardly a sinister or stupid one, to have seen Franklin Roosevelt, with his rhetoric emphasizing the return to power of the little "forgotten" man, as progressive. And given the corporate domination of the NRA and the military-like organization of the CCC, it is not unreasonable for such a man to have viewed the New Deal as the beginning of a dangerous trend. After all, the ultimate character of fascism was hardly clear in the early 30's—even for liberals. This is not to explain away imprecision in language and irresponsibility in charges, but to put them in perspective. What Mr. Draper seems to be saying is that given what we know today, it would have been better if the Marxists had acted more like liberals. Maybe so, but then they would not have been Marxists. Such "if" questions in history are useless.

Furthermore, the parallel which Mr. Draper attempts to draw is misleading. The New Left of today is not ideologically oriented, not governed by any organization such as the Comintern, not organized to serve the interests of a foreign power. The Social-Democrats of the early 30's are not the same as the Democratic party liberals of the late 60's. To dismiss emotionally the criticisms of contemporary liberalism which radicals have made as the resurgence of the theory of social-fascism is to dodge the issues being raised. Lyndon Johnson *is* responsible for the Battle of Khe Sanh; Richard Daley *is* responsible for the Battle of Chicago. They are both liberals. There is empirical evidence for the bankruptcy of liberalism. Mr. Draper, in "The Ghost of Social-Fascism" has truly conjured up a ghost, a mere apparition without form or substance.

STEFAN A. OSTRACH
Brown University
Providence, Rhode Island

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Theodore Draper's article was most interesting and timely. However, I wonder why Mr. Draper considers it so surprising that the German Communists viewed Social-Democracy as their main enemy during the years prior to Hitler's assumption of power. Any movement which aims at the overthrow of an existing social order would, inevitably, regard as its main obstacle those who want to reform that social order by "legal means." Communists have traditionally used their most violent epithets for "reformists." . . .

The present-day situation really does present some startling analogies. Those black and white dissidents who want to overthrow the existing social structure often consider liberals their main enemies, the very liberals who want to make our present society better, who want to reform the universities and the economy, and who want to build a *truly integrated society*. Many liberals naturally sympathize with the aims of these "dissidents" and thus do not oppose them very effectively. But the dissidents have no such qualms, they direct much of their antagonism against liberals whom they brand racist, and worse. And, as Mr. Draper surely wishes to imply, these dissidents may bring about a hideous, repressive reaction. But I fear it will take a disaster, such as Hitler's coming to power, to make our "revolutionaries" see this. I hope it will not be too late then.

ROBERT KOCH
Palos Verdes Estates, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . It is certainly true that some of the ideological roots of the theory

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of social-fascism have not yet completely disappeared from the life of the world Communist movement and that some of the New Left currents are in danger of being trapped by various versions of that same theory. Mr. Draper is also right in saying that "Historically, the so-called theory of social-facism and the practice based on it constituted one of the chief factors contributing to the victory of German fascism in January 1933." However, it is to be deeply regretted that Mr. Draper did not deal adequately with some of the other chief factors, particularly the role of German Social-Democracy and the role of the German liberal bourgeosie.

It can be demonstrated, it seems to me, that Hitler's fascism might never have come to power had German Social-Democracy and bourgeois liberalism, allied with a German Communism freed of the theory of social-fascism, resisted by all possible means the advance of reactionary forces in the Weimar Republic. But—and here lies the tragedy—German Social-Democracy played a decisive role in suppressing the German socialist revolution which looked so promising in 1918. This suppression opened the road to the Junker and monopoly-capital reaction which was soon followed by the victory of fascism. The total failure of the various bourgeois liberal and Social-Democratic coalition governments to relieve the suffering of the German people during the postwar crisis also played directly into the hands of the Nazis who successfully exploited the anger and frustration of the people in order to seize power. . . .

But none of the foregoing could or should minimize the responsibility of the theory of social-fascism for the eventual victory of the Nazis. Rereading the official record of the Thirteenth Plenum of the Executive Committee of the Communist International, held in December 1933, one finds that even at that late date, when Hitler was already in power, the world Communist leadership found it possible to say that "Social Democracy continues to play the role of the main social prop of the bourgeoisie also in the countries of open fascist dictatorship."

Mr. Draper is undoubtedly correct in tracing the theory of social-fascism to such earlier Bolshevik concepts as "social patriotism" and "social chauvinism." But he fails to track these earlier concepts to their original source: the Bolshevik struggle against those Social-Democratic parties which supported their respective national governments in World War I. The Bolsheviks proposed to fight the imperialist war by organizing and leading socialist revolutions. Hence, they attacked the attitudes of Social-Democracy as a betrayal of the socialist revolution. . . .

In retrospect, one would be justified in saying that if the Sixth World Congress held in 1928 had adopted . . . the strategic line projected by the Seventh Congress (in 1935), the German Communist party in the late 20's and early 30's would have fought, not under the slogan of "class against class" . . . but under the slogan of "the German people against fascism and war." . . . With such a Communist orientation, the dominant leadership of the German Social-Democratic party, notwithstanding its unbending opposition to an anti-fascist alliance, might have been compelled by the pressures of its own membership to join with the Communist party in a united front against Hitler.

What all of this should mean to us today is the need to recognize the crucial importance of finding the road to world peace, meaningful social progress, and true democracy. And for American believers in socialism, the additional problem is to find . . . the particular historical stage at which to begin the transition to a socialist transformation of American society.

ALEXANDER BITTELMAN
Croton-on-Hudson, New York

MR. DRAPER writes:

I do not know what gave Mr. Koch the idea that the German Communists' view of Social-Democracy as the main enemy was "so surprising" to me. I thought I had made clear that the idea was deeply ingrained in Communist or Bolshevik tradition, though it had never and need not have been driven so far as the theory of "social-fascism" and the practice based on it.

As an old warrior on these political battlefields, Mr. Bittelman's reflections are particularly interesting. I am afraid that I did not deal "adequately" with the role of German Social-Democracy and of the German liberal bourgeoisie because that would have required a book; I did not even deal ade-

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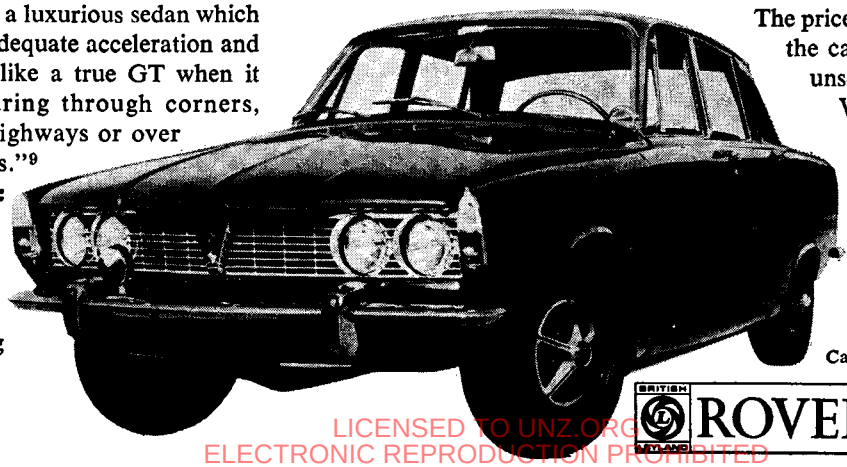

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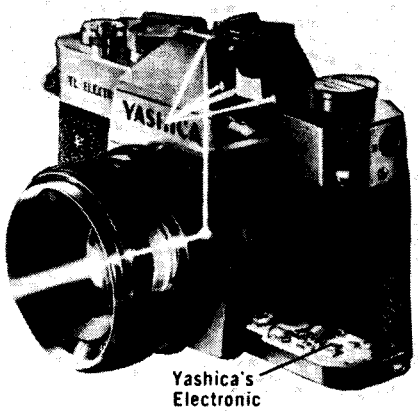

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quately with the role of German Communism as a whole. My subject, after all, was the rather more narrow one of the theory of social-fascism. Nor would I telescope as he seems to do the period from 1918 to the victory of fascism in 1933; the postwar years did not represent such a "total failure" to relieve the suffering of the German people; they were not suffering so much from 1924 to 1929. And I am going to resist going even farther back into World War I.

In any event, we can agree that none of this past "could or should minimize in any way the responsibility of the theory of social-fascism for the eventual victory of the Nazis." And I am also inclined to agree that the Popular Front line of 1935 might well have succeeded in building a successful anti-Nazi united front if it had been put into effect seven years earlier. On the main issue, it is good to have Mr. Bittelman's confirmation.

At least two misprints crept into the article. On page 30, column 2, line 26, "There were opportunists" should read "They were opportunists, etc." On page 31, column 1, line 12 from bottom, the second word in Reichsbanner Schwarz-Rot-Gold was misspelled. I would also like to clarify one point on page 33, column 1, about the May Day 1929 demonstration in Berlin. In accordance with the official ban, the Social-Democratic party and its allied trade unions agreed not to hold a public demonstration or march. This gave the Communists the opportunity to defy the ban and go ahead with their own demonstration. The Communists, therefore, did not have to take the initiative to break with the Social-Democrats on the matter of a common demonstration. We can only speculate whether the Communists would have agreed on a common demonstration, if the ban had been lifted, in view of the theory of social-fascism which was just then beginning to operate on a world scale. The Communist decision and its aftermath were more the effect than the cause of the new line that German Social-Democracy "had developed into social-fascism." That line would have gone into effect whatever might have happened that May Day, but the special circumstances in Berlin certainly lent themselves to a bloody dramatization of the theory.

Non-eyewitness

To the Editor of Commentary:

An otherwise brilliant issue was sadly sullied by the inclusion of the non-eyewitness account of the student-police riots in Mexico City, written by Brian Glanville ["A Memory of Mexico," March] . . .

After his confession ("I missed it all"), which was darling in its naiveté, commendable in its frankness, and shocking in its implications, I was about to pass on to the next item in my cover-to-cover progress through the magazine, when my curiosity impelled me to read on to see how Mr. Glanville would report his unobserved details of this fear-panic-confusion-and-prejudice-charged tragedy. There followed an almost unrelieved succession of equivocal comments.

After speaking of flares which, "students said," were dropped from one of two helicopters, Mr. Glanville writes, "The first shots, *they thought*, had also come from the helicopters." (The emphasis here and elsewhere is mine.)

Next, a Mexico City cab driver attests to the honesty of *¿Por Qué?*, "the one journal of opposition" in Mexico—testimony that should be accepted without question, since everyone knows Mexico City cabbies are second only to those of Tijuana as reliable sources of information on public affairs.

Describing windows "dotted with bullet holes" at the Colegio de Mejico, the report reveals that "gunmen, *obviously professional*, had raked the place with crossfire, using dumdum bullets." Mr. Glanville doesn't say how he concluded the shooting was the work of pros, but he probably assumed it would take a professional to hit the broadside of a window shooting crosswise, and, of course, only professionals would use dumdum bullets for that kind of a job. Dumdum professionals, no doubt.

Of the shooting in the Plaza, we read: "There had been snipers on the balcony, but they had *almost certainly* been government agents. . . ." While snipers were firing from the balcony (government agents maybe) and troops were shooting and bayoneting on the ground, "Other agents, wearing white gloves on their *left hands* for identification, were interspersed among the crowd." None of these agents provocateurs appears to have been injured in the melee, probably because of the talismanic effect of the magic white gloves in deflecting

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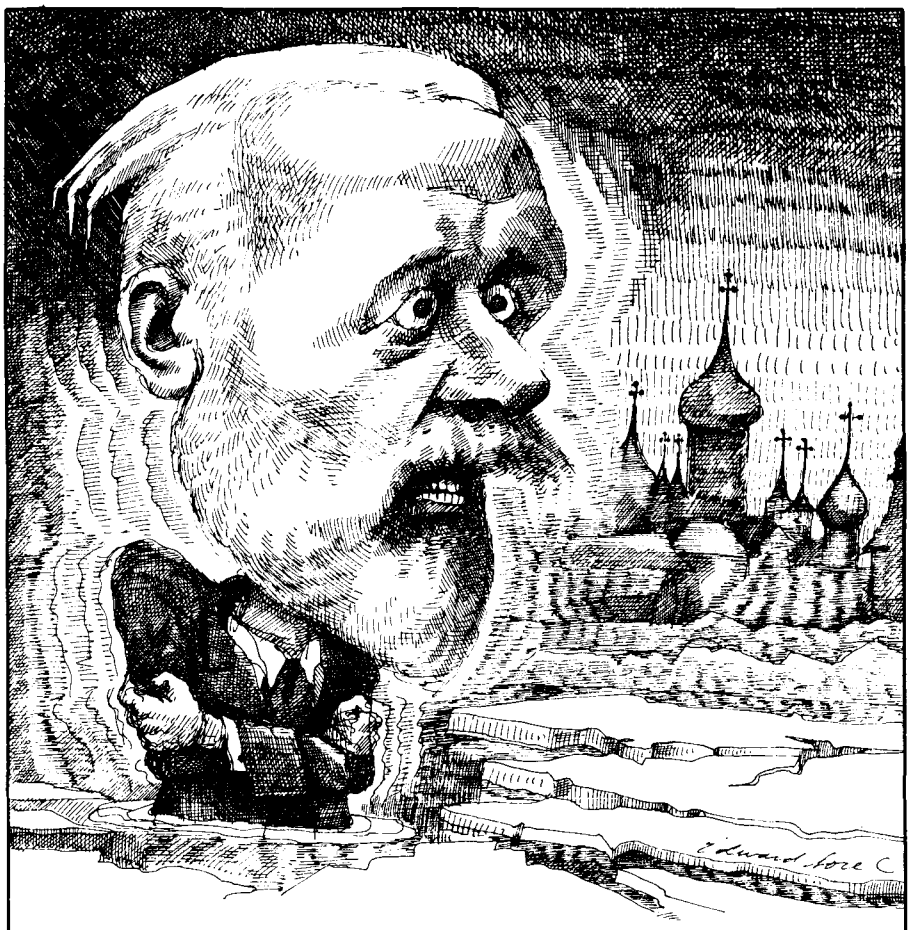

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bullets and bayonets—so long as these Mexican Kamikazes held their left hands up good and high.

There were several other less-than-positive statements:

"From that point, the bodies were taken away by the military and *allegedly* burned. . . ."

"The reason . . . for the massacre *seemed* to lie in the vindictive character of President Diaz Ordaz."

"The defiance of the students, *we heard*, was something he had taken bitterly to heart. . . ."

" . . . it was *probable* that the generals were by no means averse to the massacre. . . ."

"Stories *were circulating* of foreign correspondents being beaten up. . . ." and " . . . of whiskey being forced down their throats to make them appear drunk and disorderly. . . ."

Later "it was heard" that students who confessed were "allegedly" beaten and tortured.

But, finally, a faintly redeeming note: "What distinguished and . . . invalidated these confessions was—like the government's own pronouncements—their ingenuous silliness. . . ."

How ingenuously silly can one get?

H. T. Rowe
Ridgewood, New Jersey

Mr. Glanville writes:

The fact that I was not in the Plaza de las Tres Culturas on the night of the massacre did not prevent me from carefully reconstructing what had happened, *in situ*, over the next three weeks. If certain statements seem "less than positive," there are two good reasons. First, I was and am not prepared to jeopardize the safety of those who gave me information; a precaution at which it is easier to sneer from the comfort of Ridgewood, N. J., than in Mexico City. Secondly, because it is not my habit to state as fact what I have not seen for myself, however good my sources.

To take the Mexican cab driver's remark on *¿Por Que?* out of context is simply cheap; it was quoted merely as an indication of the way the magazine is popularly regarded. I myself am perfectly satisfied that the bodies *were* burned, that the students *were* tortured, that the President *did* resent the students' defiance, but I could scarcely be present in Campo Militar Number 1, in the prisons, or in the Presidential Palace at the relevant times.

On the other hand, there is no question that the security agents

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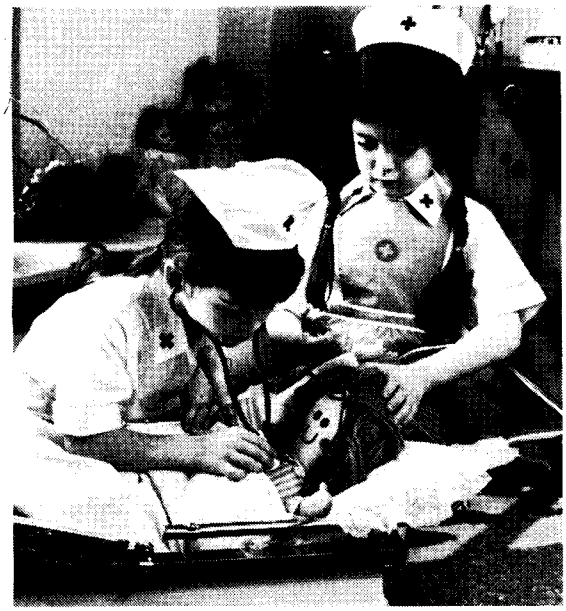

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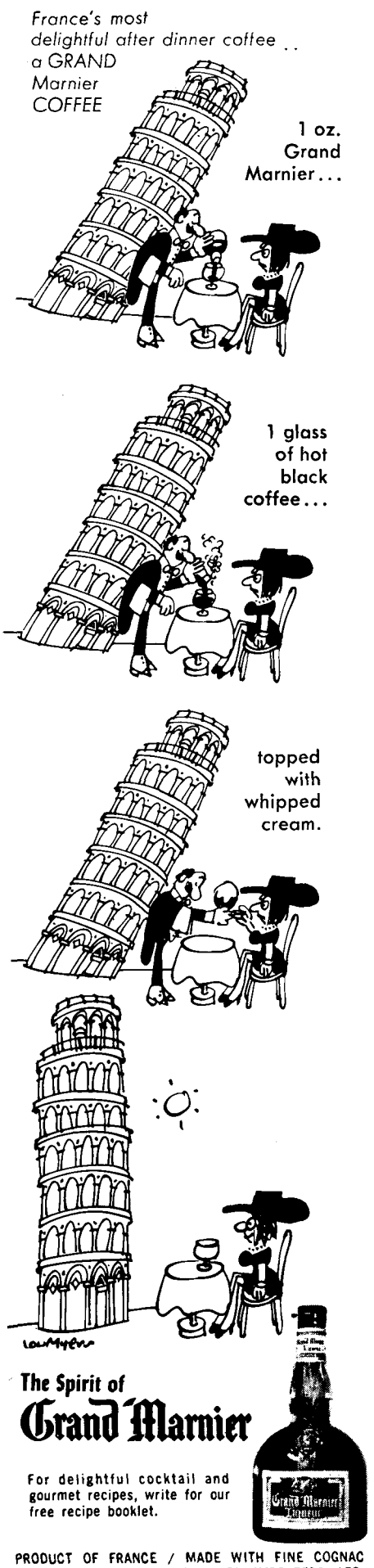

wore a glove on the left hand, for several of them invaded the balcony from which the student leaders were speaking, and were observed by journalists, such as Mr. Rodda, of the *Guardian*. The opinion that the crossfire of dumdum bullets which raked the windows of the Colegio de Mejico was the work of professionals was held by a senior official of the college, who based his view on the extreme precision of the fire, and its minimal duration. The dropping of flares by the helicopters was far too generally observed to be denied, while the circumstances of the hitherto peaceful meeting do strongly suggest that the snipers on the balcony were government agents. Again, this could not be proved beyond doubt; even if one had, as Mr. Rowe preferred, been an eyewitness.

How ingenuously perverse can one get?

Jewish Unity

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In "The Jewish Community & the Jewish Condition" [February], Robert Alter writes that the Segals Centre conference demonstrated "at least on a limited scale, that unity among Jews is not a theoretical goal to be realized through ecumenical programs but rather an existential fact, merely ignored, disguised, or hidden from consciousness by the partisan quality of Jewish public life."

But it must be pointed out that Alter creates an inaccurate impression by implying that the conference was a rare, if not unique, instance of Jewish unity. In so doing he ignores, among other examples, the recent establishment of such groups as the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations and the American Jewish Youth Council. Both these groups are noteworthy for the broad range of organizations which, despite great diversity in philosophy and program, have chosen to become members. . . .

Furthermore, these two groups go beyond the Segals Centre conference in three significant respects: they meet not once annually but throughout the year; they are committed to joint action as well as to discussion; and they have managed to develop their programs not by minimizing the "partisan quality of Jewish public life" but by working toward common goals, while each of their constituent organizations continues to affirm its distinctive identity. . . .

BERNARD JOSHUA KABAK
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I find Robert Alter's condemnation of the first of the two rabbis he discusses in the opening section of his article curiously misdirected. By Mr. Alter's own testimony, this rabbi admirably fills the needs of his congregation for a "spiritual leader," in spite of his lack of even a rudimentary knowledge of Hebrew and Scripture. Presumably this well-to-do and large congregation appointed a graduate of an equally well-established and prestigious seminary. Would it not be more relevant to criticize the institution that certifies such men as rabbis and sends them out as teachers? . . . By the same token the seminary is undoubtedly connected to one of the three major branches of the organized Jewish community in America. So the responsibility does not end with the seminary. . . . Yet in the main part of his article Mr. Alter treats Conservative, Orthodox, and Reform with equal deference. . . .

LEO STORCH
Los Angeles, California

MR. ALTER writes:

I am of course encouraged by what Mr. Kabak has to report, while I am astonished to learn from Mr. Storch that I treated the three main movements of American Judaism with "deference."

In Defense of Yiddish

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mortimer T. Cohen's review of *The Joys of Yiddish* by Leo Rosten ["Books in Review," March] comes closer than most of the critical reviews to pinpointing the real defects of the work. But it must be added that the most glaring deficiency of the book is its inadequate scholarship in the very area with which it purports to deal: the influence of Yiddish on English.

Rosten and his research assistant checked a few dictionaries and reference works (and not too accurately at that, a number of assertions and citations are unreliable), but almost wholly ignored the periodical literature. The pertinent work of A. A. Roback, Leo Spitzer, Julius G. Rothenberg, and others is obviously unknown to them. If I may be permitted to mention myself, Rosten twice cites

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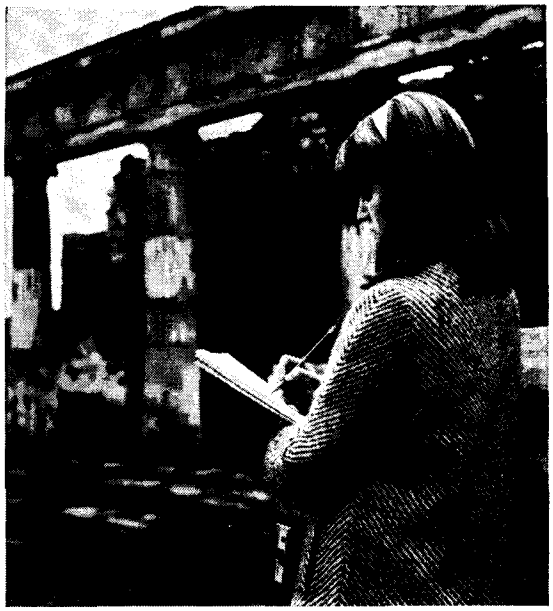

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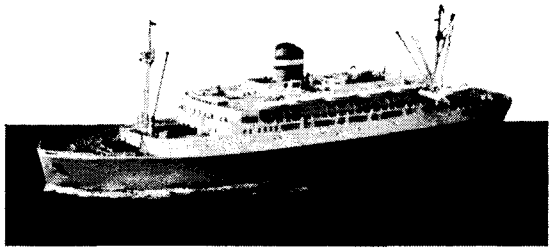

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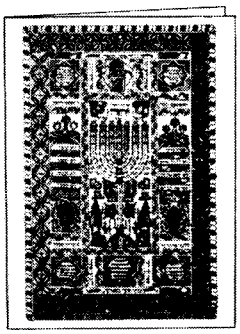

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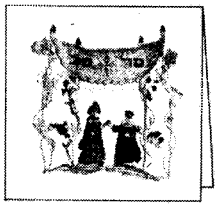

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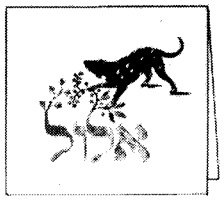

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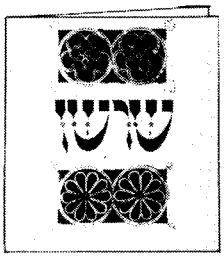

21-25 "Shoshan" – the lily symbolizing Israel. Illumination of the initial word of a poem for the Day of Atonement. Rhine Valley, ca. 1380.
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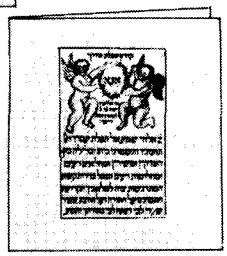

17-25 Prayer for travel written by Simon ben David Ulmo (Ullman). Palatinate, ca. 1780.
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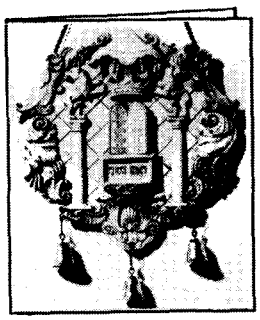

52-25 Torah breastplate. Ivory and bone. European. 17th century. Harry G. Friedman Collection, The Jewish Museum.
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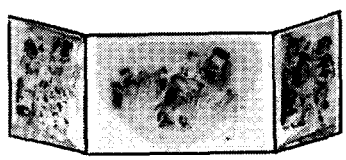

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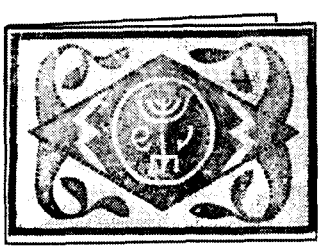

57-25 Harry Lieberman: The Jewish Holidays. Oil on canvas. Morris Gallery, New York City.
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63-25 Embossing of the Sh'ma prayer based on a metal plaque of the 19th century in the Harry G. Friedman Collection of the Jewish Museum.
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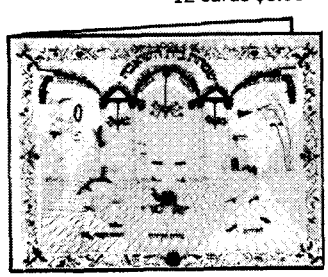

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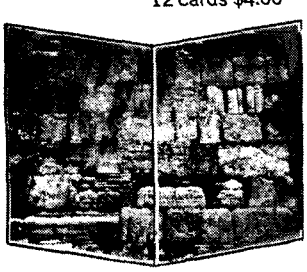

27-35 Left: Adam and Eve. Right: Noah releases the dove. From a miniature book of daily prayers. Central Europe, 1803.
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59-25 Mizrach. Paper cut-out and colored. Poland, 1868. YIVO Institute of Jewish Research.
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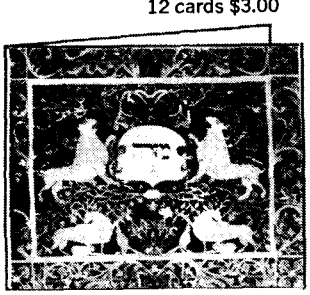

42-35 "A woman of valor who can find?" A painting by Shalom of Safed, illustrating the virtues of a desirable mate as set forth in the Book of Proverbs, 31:10 ff.
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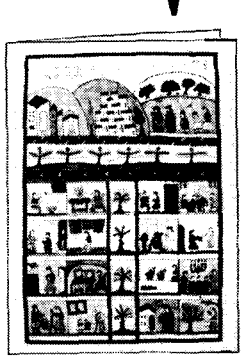

31-25 Beginning of the section of S'lichot (penitential prayers for the ten day period between Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur).
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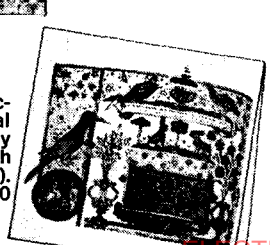

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one of my articles, published in 1955, yet is clearly unaware of close to ten others that have appeared since then . . . which could have served him richly, with or without citation.

A systematic and authoritative supplement to Mencken's material on the influence of Yiddish has been sorely needed, but Rosten has not provided it, nor has he given us a comprehensive treatment of the uniquely endearing qualities of Yiddish. . . .

LILLIAN MERMIN FEINSILVER
Easton, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mortimer T. Cohen is to be commended for his hard-hitting review. He correctly points out that the book reflects not only its author's values and attitudes, but also those of many American Jews.

If American Jewish life is to have any future, it must be founded on the most authentic and accurate knowledge of our past and present that scholarship can provide; it is sad, however, that Yiddish and Yiddish culture, among the cornerstones of this foundation, have long been plagued by a destructive, vaudevillian attitude, as exemplified by Mr. Rosten's book. . . .

Ignorant of his subject and hostile to its values, Mr. Rosten has produced a work which is inevitably false and distorted. The reader who is repelled by the book's utter vapidity should not let its pseudo-scholarliness fool him. Rosten's knowledge of Yiddish is scrappy and unreliable; even in the mere handful of citations given by Mr. Cohen, one can find numerous errors: since when are "Get lost," "Alright already," "It shouldn't happen to a dog," and "Excuse the expression" calques from Yiddish? Since when is "shlump" a Yiddish word? A cursory reading of *The Joys of Yiddish* will reveal dozens of other inaccuracies. . . .

DAVID L. GOLD
Chairman, New York Executive Committee
YUGNTRUF/Youth for Yiddish
Bronx, N.Y.

A Question of Faith

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In "Faith in Israel" [February], Harold Fisch says: "To be a Jew is not so much to believe in certain things, but to be in a certain existential situation: The Jew is that person who is caught in the grip of Jewish history with its

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unique traumas, its dangers, and its glories. The religious Jew, in this perspective, is merely that Jew who acknowledges and accepts that situation as a charge." . . . Now I don't know the difference between being in a situation and being in an "existential situation," but there can be no doubt that anyone caught "in the grip of Jewish history" is either a Jew, or a non-Jew dealing with Jews. . . . Professor Fisch wants to leave aside "tricky theological issues which have never bothered Judaism overmuch," but then he says that "there is no denying the theological dimension of the events which have electrified Israel in the past eighteen months." . . .

But a distinction must be made between faith in Israel and the faith of Israel. Faith in Israel is a phenomenon in social psychology. No matter how profound the reaction to events which appear symbolic, it is more "tricky" than those rejected theological issues. This "faith" is quite amorphous, and often is nothing more than an emotional satisfaction in following in ancestral footsteps. The faith of Israel—some Jews deny there is any such thing and some Christians claim it as theirs—cannot be contrary to reason, . . . according to which God's good name does not hinge on the outcome of fortuitous events, although He is concerned with the fate of Israel, all mankind, and all living beings.

SIDNEY KORETZ
Arlington, Virginia

Stancemanship

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his review of *Steady Work* and *Thomas Hardy* by Irving Howe [February], Raymond Williams abstracts certain attitudes of Mr. Howe's—"the defense of values by the isolated mind," "an unworked-for, unjustified superiority —in his critique of the young American Left." Mr. Williams chastises Mr. Howe for these attitudes and describes the evolution of his own (worked-for, justified) opinions. In doing so he quotes one phrase from Howe's political book and one sentence from the book on Hardy. At no point in the review does he reconstruct one of Howe's arguments or analyses. A reader of COMMENTARY who has not read the books in question would gather that they are, in substance, similar to Mr. Williams's

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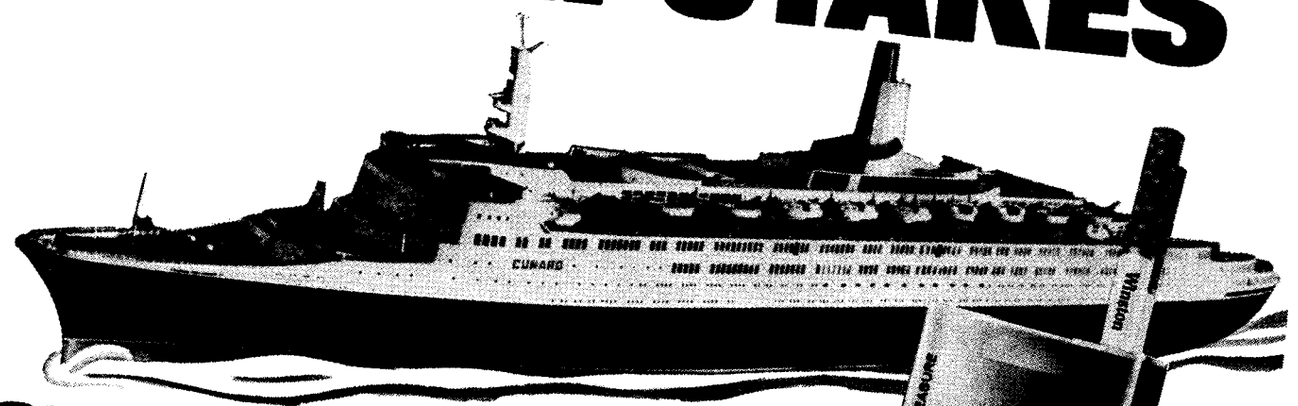

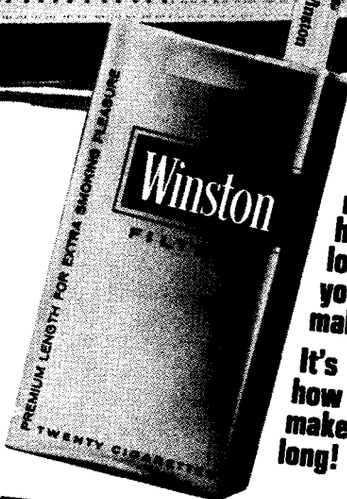

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review: i.e., presentations of dearly-held personal attitudes. In fact, the book on Hardy attempts to analyze the social material of Hardy's writings as a means toward appreciating the emotional and aesthetic power of those writings, and it contains considerable richness of argument and description. Similarly, in his essays on political matters, Howe attempts to place 20th-century developments in a rather elaborate social and cultural context.

Comparing your stance with my stance with his stance is the stuff of literary gossip. Surely Irving Howe's work as a critic and an intellectual is of a caliber that warrants some attention to what he is actually saying.

JEREMY LARNER
New York City

The Lost Generation

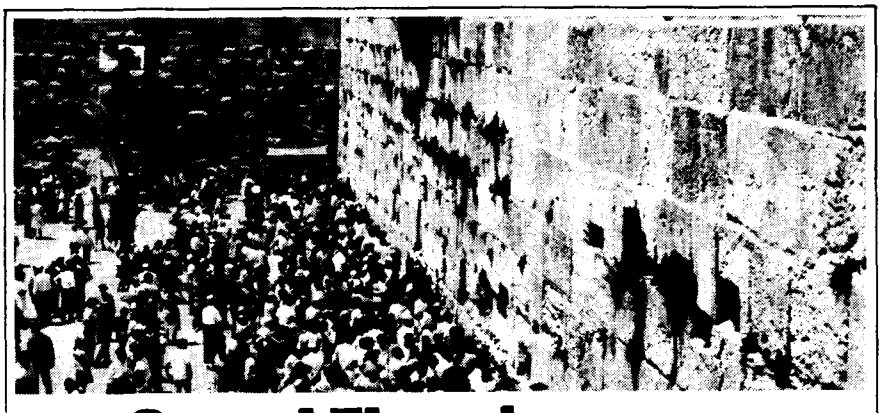
TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

So David Bazelon thinks he is caught between generations ["A Writer Between Generations," February]. Let me speak briefly . . . for the small but genuine non-community of *us*—the only Americans "alive" today with a legitimate claim to faceless interstitialism. I refer, of course, to those of us born in the middle to late 30's, educated in the early and middle 50's, dismissed as supernumerary in the 60's: without so much as an hour in the sun.

If it is tough to be a second-generation Jewish literary intellectual (ah! the searing, painful self-consciousness; ah! the nostalgia for a dead socialist idealism; ah! the jealous revulsion against the new potted radicalism), imagine being too young ever to have truly experienced the old idealism, and STILL too old for the new. Too young for *that* side of Joseph McCarthyism, too old for this side of Eugene McCarthyism . . . too young for memory, too old for experience.

In short, imagine being born between two equally remote worlds —that of the Depression-World War II liberal intellectuals (as exemplified here by Bazelon), and that of the Rudds and Rubins, *et al.*—born between two worlds, one dead; the other (alas, even Matthew Arnold cannot speak for us) already powerful enough to be born.

BARBARA F. LEFCOWITZ
Bethesda, Maryland



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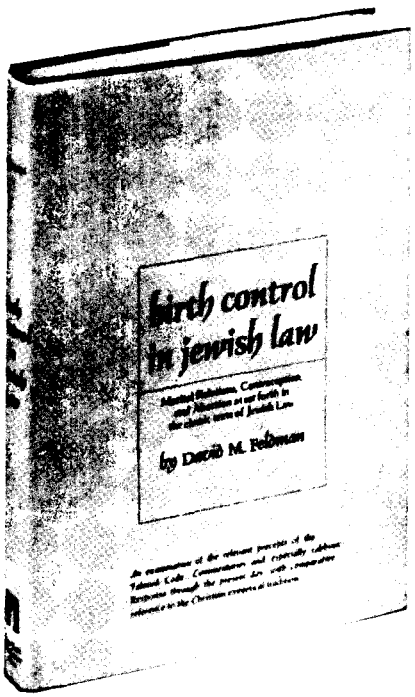
The logical paths by which modern Jewish morality has developed are less predictable, however, and this book frankly states the background of current Jewish thinking on matters like abortion and oral contraception. Starting with the first Biblical expression of such matters as sexual gratification, marital responsibility, onanism, and irregular sex acts, it traces examples and arguments that have been proffered by Jewish thinkers through the ages. Wise men of all faiths and times have dealt with questions that bore on contemporaneous sex life, but what emerges from this revealing study is a sustained dialogue between thought and practice that has resulted in a morality still meaningful in 1969.

With the population explosion firmly established as a key issue in the future of our civilization and a Roman Catholic church structure undermined by conflicting attitudes on marriage and birth control, the question of individual and collective attitudes on celibacy, marital sex, contraception, and abortion is constantly before us. The explicit writing on sex and marriage in almost 2,000 years of Jewish life that is quoted here in full detail has direct bearing on modern sex practices and the pattern of thought that now seems destined for more general future acceptance.



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Controversy

THE FOLLOWING EXCHANGE *was occasioned by Penn Kemble's article, "The Democrats After 1968," which appeared in January. Douglas Ireland, who is currently at work on a book about the New Politics, was Senator Eugene McCarthy's national labor coordinator in the 1968 campaign, and later served on the campaign staff of Allard K. Lowenstein. Steve Max was formerly Field Secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy; at present, he is conducting a study of the Wallace phenomenon among young workers.*

The Democrats

Steve Max & Douglas Ireland

IN MID-JANUARY of this year, at the first meeting of the new Democratic National Committee, Hubert H. Humphrey delivered himself of a 53-minute analysis of the defeat of the party's national ticket—without once mentioning Vietnam, Chicago, or Lyndon Johnson. Thus did the man whom Penn Kemble venerated as "the most liberal major party candidate in history" demonstrate how well he had absorbed the lessons of his own defeat.

Kemble's own analysis is not nearly so crudely blind: he puts the blame on the desertion of the Dixiecrats, the city machines, and most of all the liberals, on whom he especially vents his spleen. The liberals, he asserts, "helped to lay a basis in certain areas for a Nixon victory" in the Presidential primaries through their attacks on the Johnson administration. Kemble would have us believe that there was no fundamental difference on foreign policy between the Kennedy-McCarthy position and that of the Johnson-Humphrey administration: "the only issue was how much de-escalation, when, and under what conditions." Therefore, Kemble asserts, the roots of the division between the insurgent McCarthy-Kennedy movements and the administration lie in the fact that the liberal Left, with its middle-class outlook, could not understand the needs of the working class as championed by Humphrey: "They belittle the bread and butter politics of the New Deal coalition, and regard issues dealing with the moral quality of life, aesthetic needs, and foreign policy as having the utmost importance." And he accuses the liberals of ignoring the right-wing threat of Wallace and the Republican party as a result of this view.

EVERY Western country has its party of the dominant industrial and financial interests—in America this is the Republican party (as demonstrated by the line-up of the big-money men in Nixon's cabinet); nor is the development of chauvinist regional movements, such as the Wallace phenomenon, unusual. The traditional way to fight such movements is through a coalition of liberal and centrist elements; and for any segment of the alliance to leave the coalition is irresponsible.

But what happens when the Right wing makes serious inroads into a constituency which should normally be in the liberal camp: the white working class? And what happens when a supposedly liberal administration, elected with a vast popular mandate and the aid of the liberal-labor-Negro forces, loses its popular mandate in four years?

Writing in COMMENTARY for February 1965, Bayard Rustin observed: "Johnson, who wants to be President of 'all the people,' may try to keep his new coalition together by sticking close to the political center. But if he decides to do this it is unlikely that even his political genius will be able to hold together a coalition so inherently unstable and rife with contradiction. It must come apart. Should it do so while Johnson is pursuing a centrist course, then the [liberal] mandate [of 1964] will have been wastefully dissipated." Rustin, of course, was right.

As a result of his singleminded determination to pursue the Vietnam war, Johnson alienated section after section of his support. First to go were the liberals and the young, an increasingly potent political element; they provided the organizational spark that opened the way for the electoral repudiation of the administration in the primaries of 1968.

Next, the story of disaffection in the solidly Democratic urban ghettos is illustrated by the failure of the city machines to produce substantial Humphrey margins. Those blacks who voted were overwhelmingly for Humphrey; but hundreds of thousands just stayed home. The War on Poverty had dashed the hopes of the poor almost as rapidly as it had raised them, hence many imprisoned in the ghettos turned toward the black militants. Anti-poverty appropriations, halved in 1966, continued to dwindle in the next two years as annual Vietnam spending rose to over thirty billion dollars. Kemble cites a drop of over 25,000 votes in Newark; a registration drive in that city, which has a majority black population, would have produced those votes. But the militant black community in Newark is planning to put forward a candidate for Mayor in 1969.

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Small wonder, then, that the white Democratic machine was in no hurry to register Negro voters. Had the administration given priority to the needs of urban slum ghettos, there might have been less black apathy toward the national contest.

PERHAPS the most severe loss of support for the administration occurred in the white working class and among trade unionists. Had the AFL-CIO been able to hold the line as it did in 1964, or even as it did in 1960 (when 65 per cent of union families voted for the national Democratic ticket), then Humphrey would have been elected. But Nixon and Wallace between them carried 44 per cent of these votes in 1968, according to the Gallup poll (see the New York *Times*, December 1, 1968). Thus only 56 per cent of the labor vote went to Humphrey, not the AFL-CIO's figure of 68 per cent which Kemble cites. The difference is meaningful, because it represents the lowest percentage of Democratic votes among trade unionists since the formation of the CIO.

A look at the economic position of working people during the Johnson-Humphrey administration help us to understand the shift to the Right among significant portions of the working class. Ray MacDonald of the AFL-CIO Research Department points out that from 1960 to the first quarter of 1968, the average take-home pay for workers with three dependents (when adjusted for rises in the consumer price index) increased by only 9.6 per cent. Even more important, in the past three years there has been *no gain at all* in workers' buying power; furthermore, MacDonald tells us, a downturn in buying power which began in 1966 has not yet halted.* To demonstrate the predicament of working people from another perspective: in 1959, the Department of Labor's "moderate" income level for an urban worker and his family was $6,100; by 1966, price increases had driven the figure to $9,191, while the number of families earning the "moderate" income or above had dropped sharply from 40.2 per cent in 1959 to 32 per cent in 1966.

This decline in the economic position of the American worker, to the point where two-thirds of the families in the country cannot earn the government's own definition of a moderate income, has set white against black in the struggle for economic survival. But as early as the winter of 1967, AFL-CIO COPE Director Al Barkan was on the campaign trail, telling trade unionists: "We don't have to wait until the Democratic Convention: the labor movement already has its candidate and his name is Lyndon Johnson." Thus, from the outset all the "labor statesmen" could offer their members was more of the same. But for many workers whose paychecks were being eaten away by war-sharpened inflation and the Johnson-Humphrey war taxes, it just wasn't good enough; and so began the desertion to Nixon and Wallace.

Kemble ignores the dissipation of the 1964 mandate: except for a passing reference to a "badly discredited administration," he takes no notice of the profound domestic failure of the Johnson-Humphrey "Great Society." It is only by ignoring these facts that Kemble is able to put the burden of blame for Humphrey's defeat on the liberals.

KEMBLE heaps praise on the leadership of the AFL-CIO—George Meany and Co.—and declares that the election results were a powerful demonstration of the political effectiveness and liberal character of the labor movement. He notes that labor's intervention in "the decision-making of the Democratic party represented a major departure from the Gompers tradition of 'reward your friends and punish your enemies.'" Labor's political effectiveness was also proved in a way Kemble neglects to mention: by withholding support from those liberal Democrats who refused to knuckle under to Meany's demands that they repudiate their opposition to the Vietnam war, the AFL-CIO hierarchy effectively killed the candidacies of Senators Joseph Clark and Wayne Morse, and of William Clark in Illinois, all of whom lost by narrow margins where labor support would have spelled victory. Yes, there was a reversal of the old Gompers maxim: it became "reward your enemies by punishing your friends." The re-election of men

*AFL-CIO *Federationist*, July 1968. It should be noted that these trends occurred under conditions of stabilized unit costs to manufacturers, and an increase in after-tax corporate profits of 95 per cent from 1960 to the first quarter of 1968.

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like Senators Abraham Ribicoff and George McGovern, and Congressmen like Frank Thompson, Charles Vanik, and Henry Helstoski (all of whom were expected to lose) was due not to Meany's minions, who boycotted these outstanding liberals, but to the decisive mobilization of support effected by the McCarthy-Kennedy forces.

The "liberalism" of the AFL-CIO's leaders was manifested in strange ways: when Humphrey wanted to soften ever-so-lightly the administration plank on Vietnam at the Chicago Convention—a gesture that might have won him later liberal support—Meany ordered him to stand firm. And when Humphrey, following the election, wanted to name John Gilligan of Ohio as Democratic National Chairman—the same John Gilligan on whom the AFL-CIO spent thousands in his primary fight against Frank Lausche, but who lost his labor support when he had the temerity to support the minority Vietnam plank at Chicago—Meany was again the one who turned thumbs down.

Meany at least understood one thing which Kemble does not: as noted above, Kemble asserts that there was no fundamental difference on foreign policy between McCarthy, Kennedy, and McGovern on the one hand, and Humphrey on the other, that "the only issue was how much de-escalation, when, and under what conditions," a statement which surely takes the 1969 Orwell Prize for a new high in political Newspeak. Such an assertion could only come from one who took seriously the peace rhetoric that accompanied every escalation of the war on the part of the Johnson administration. There was never any mystery about the road to escalation: U Thant said it, the Pope said it, and Hanoi said it—stop the bombing of North Vietnam unconditionally. Had the Johnson-Humphrey administration wanted to end the war, the bombing would have been halted long before the eleventh-hour attempt to save the Humphrey ticket from defeat in November.

But the line was clear: in May, after the Democratic insurgency had already forced Lyndon Johnson out of the race, the President declared that "the United States will not allow itself to be pressured into halting the bombing of North Vietnam." Such statements were typical of both Johnson and Humphrey throughout the pre-Convention period.

Contrast this view with Senator McCarthy's three-point program for ending the war, as reported in *Look*, February 1968:

1. The bombing of North Vietnam should be immediately and unconditionally halted;

2. The United States and South Vietnamese governments should seek immediate negotiations with the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam.

3. To encourage these negotiations, the United States should generally withdraw its troops from certain areas of South Vietnam and reduce its commitments to a point where the Vietnamese will have to negotiate with the Vietcong and settle the war.

And let us remember Humphrey's assertion that a coalition government including the NLF, as proposed by Senator Kennedy, was "like letting a fox into the chicken-coop." Beyond these immediate issues, the basic premise behind American intervention in Vietnam and in the Dominican Republic was sharply opposed by both insurgent candidates: by Kennedy, who declared that there must be "no more Vietnams" and insisted that "America cannot be policeman of the globe," and by McCarthy, who flayed the concept of foreign policy by Presidential fiat. The debate in the Democratic party over foreign policy was not invented by the liberals as an excuse to attack Johnson's Texas accent or Humphrey's tearful emotionalism: the issues were basic and profound.

Even so, Kemble's division of the Democratic party into a "conscience wing" and a "class wing" is inadequate. Rather, we must distinguish those who perceive the deep connection between foreign policy and bread-and-butter domestic issues from those who believe there is no necessary connection between the two. The distortion of national priorities, by which domestic advance is sacrificed to our interventionist foreign policy, is sharply reflected in the breakdown of funds appropriated by the last Congress: over 70 per cent of all funds were spent on war—past, present, and future.

THERE IS no end in sight. While Kemble is confident that by 1972 foreign policy will no longer be a major issue dividing the coalition, there has been little in the first months of the Nixon administration to indicate any departure from present interventionist policy. The increasing activity by potent revolutionary movements in Third-World countries will likely give us yet another Vietnam by 1972: whether in Laos, Guatemala, or Brazil.

If a progressive alliance of labor, the minorities, and liberal Democrats is to win the Presidency four years hence, this coalition will have to unite on both foreign and domestic policy and carry the fight forward on both fronts.

Penn Kemble

THERE IS much I could disagree with in the comments of Steve Max and Douglas Ireland, and there are some things with which I could agree. The task of replying is difficult, however, because they have not really written a response to my article.

Max and Ireland are mainly concerned with justifying the Kennedy-McCarthy insurgency in the Democratic party, and with attacking labor for supporting the Johnson-Humphrey wing in the struggle for the nomination. My article was neither an attack on the Kennedy-McCarthy Convention challenge nor an apology for labor's role in the pre-Convention period. I did not in fact discuss this period in any significant way; my article dealt with Humphrey's race against Nixon and Wallace. For some anti-war Democrats, the difficulties encountered by Humphrey in his Presidential campaign, as well as his ultimate defeat, constituted no more than a fitting denouement to the outcome of the Chicago Convention. For them, labor's mobilization against Wallace in September and October has no meaning, nor does the failure of some liberals to support Humphrey—when even some modest help might have elected him—justify any reproach. As far as they are concerned, the real Presidential race is hardly worth discussing.

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RATHER THAN trying to outline my own views of the struggle for the Democratic nomination, let me comment on a few of the issues that Max and Ireland have raised.

First, I believe that the Left should place its main emphasis now on solving the problems of the present and the future and not in debating the rights and wrongs of the struggle for the Democratic nomination. Fred Harris, the new Democratic National Chairman, is working to reunite the party on the basis of the reforms adopted at the Chicago Convention, and has appointed McCarthy supporters to major positions on the commissions that will oversee party operations. This is to my mind a move in the right direction, and it is far preferable to rubbing salt in the old wounds.

Nevertheless, some of the points Max and Ireland make should be answered if the wounds are to heal cleanly. I refer especially to their claim, which is frequently heard in some circles, that the AFL-CIO boycotted the campaigns of Vietnam war critics who were running for election to Congress. This is outrageously untrue; the fact that it is circulated means only that those who hear and repeat it are avidly eager to believe it.

A spot check of those officeholders mentioned by Max and Ireland elicited the following responses to the "boycott" charge:

Senator Abraham Ribicoff: "My campaign was not boycotted by the AFL-CIO. Quite to the contrary, the AFL-CIO and others in the labor movement were active supporters, and most helpful in all respects."

Rep. Frank Thompson: "The statement is incorrect insofar as my situation is concerned. I was assisted materially by labor in my campaign, and am most grateful for that assistance."

Rep. Henry Helstoski: "The role of the AFL-CIO in my campaign was fairly significant. I detected no boycott effort aimed at my campaign."

Rep. Charles Vanik: "There was no such boycott, and I was appreciative of all the help COPE was able to give in my crucial election."

Inquiry into the role of labor in the campaigns of other doves yielded the following:

- Senator William Fulbright, the leading dove in the Senate, had labor support, including the endorsement of the Arkansas State AFL-CIO, in his difficult campaign. Senators Church and Nelson also had labor support.
- Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania was endorsed by the Pennsylvania AFL-CIO and received substantial financial and organizational support in his campaign.
- John Gilligan got more financial support from labor in his bid for the Senate than any other candidate in the country. His labor support was not withdrawn after the Convention, what happened rather was that the Ohio State AFL-CIO had nearly exhausted its funds in the primary race, and, while it did give substantially after the Convention, it did not do so with the largesse that Gilligan may have expected.
- Wayne Morse did receive substantial labor support in his Senate race against Packwood, even from the Machinists who had opposed him in the primary. In fact, the recount of his close race could not have been held were it not for financial help from labor, and labor is now helping him pay off his campaign deficit. It is true that many unions supported Duncan, a hawk, against Morse in the Democratic primary, and a case can be made that even from the union point of view the primary battle against Morse may have been excessively bitter, and thus may have contributed to his ultimate defeat.

But labor dissatisfaction with Morse was not, as Max and Ireland would have it, invented by George Meany to punish Morse for opposing the Vietnam war. It stemmed rather from local and state labor bodies who were angry at Morse for his role in several crucial labor battles of the last few years. Morse delivered himself of some bitter attacks on the Steelworkers' and the Machinists' unions, both strong unions in Oregon, while serving on special panels set up by President Johnson supposedly to mediate bargaining deadlocks in steel and the airlines. (In the airlines dispute Morse called for the invocation of Taft-Hartley injunctions against a Machinists' strike.) It takes some special ingenuity to overlook this record, and to see only foreign-policy differences, in explaining the difficulties Morse had with labor in his primary fight. It takes even more ingenuity to dismiss labor's swing to Morse in the general election, and to discover a boycott instead.

I DO NOT mean to argue from these facts that the views of some dovish candidates did not cause some friction with the labor movement. Friction existed, and there were undoubtedly instances in which labor could be criticized. My point is that there was no concerted boycott; on the contrary, the AFL-CIO supported many doves in a very substantial way. In fact, if there was any boycott in the last election, it came not from labor but from a section of the anti-war movement.

Those anti-war liberals who refused to support Humphrey had their reasons, and those reasons are not to be taken lightly. True, I did say, that the only issue dividing McCarthy and Humphrey was ". . . how much de-escalation, when, and under what conditions." But Max and Ireland overlook my next sentences: "In itself, of course, this was a serious question, one which might have been expected to set off passionate debate and hard-fought organizational battles, but it is difficult to believe that this issue alone could have divided the Democratic coalition so profoundly that the arch-enemy, Richard Nixon, was almost assured victory. . . ." As for the bombing of North Vietnam, it by itself was obviously not the only obstacle to a settlement of the war, as Max and Ireland suggest. The unproductiveness of the Paris talks now that the bombing has been halted sadly testifies to the fact that those who made a bombing halt the all-important issue of the campaign were exaggerating its importance as the sole means of ending the war.

It is true that there were other foreign-policy issues dividing the Democrats, one of them being the

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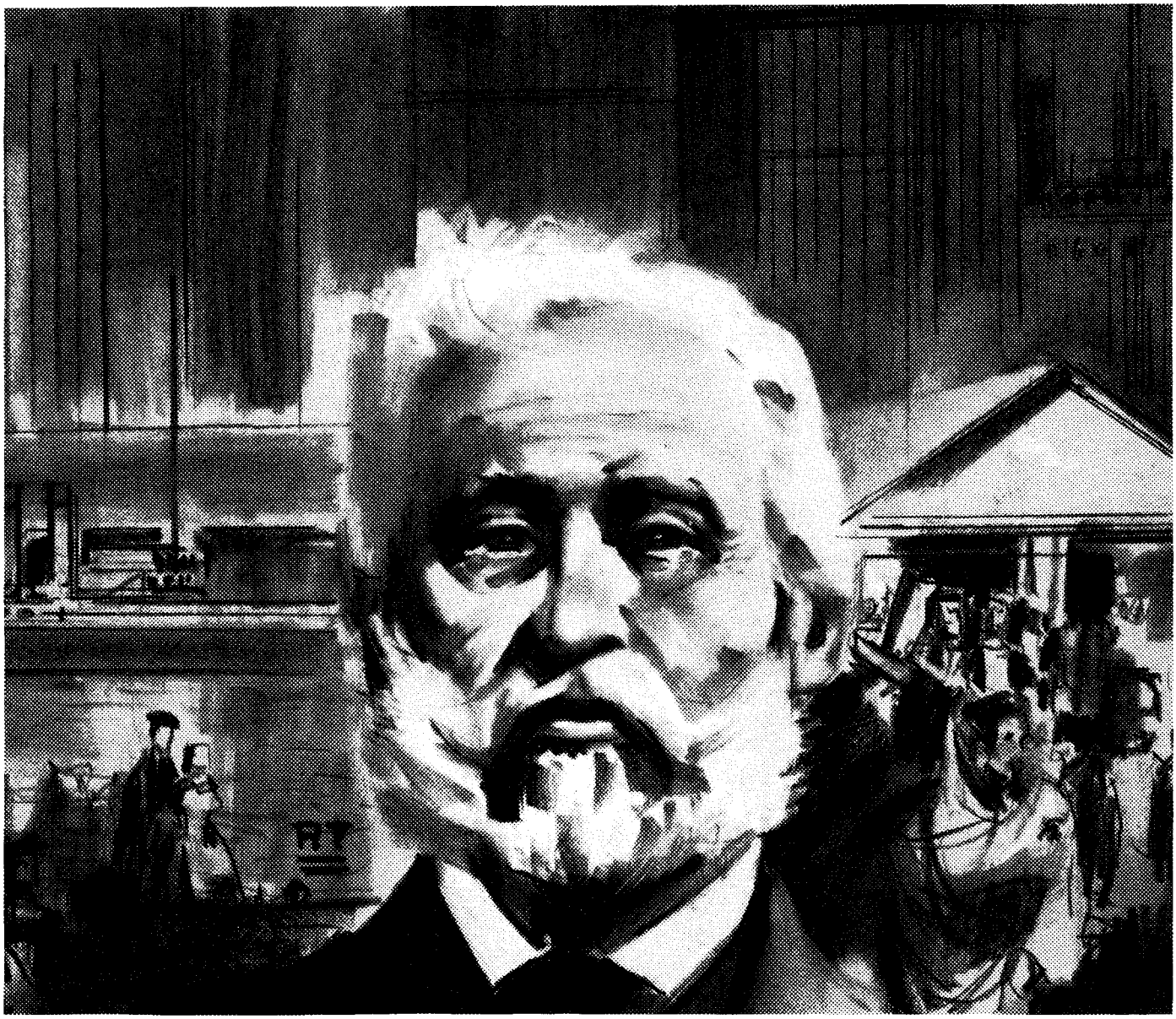


The Scholar

Scholarship has always played a leading role in the Jewish ethic, but even in that tradition Michael Heilprin's scholarly attainments were extraordinary.

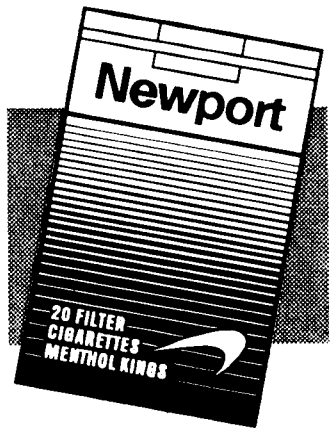
Born in Russia in 1823, Heilprin emigrated to Hungary and became a fighter for freedom in the 1848 revolution. When the revolution was suppressed, he was forced to flee and emigrated to the United States.

While earning a scant living as a teacher, Heilprin made the acquaintance of the editors of Appleton's *New American Cyclopedia*. Impressed by his learning, his photographic memory and his knowledge of 12 languages, they offered him the job of editor. In addition to writing many of the leading articles for the Cyclopedia, Heilprin revised and edited all historical, geographical and biographical items, an incredible feat when contrasted with the staffs of editors and specialists compiling modern encyclopedias.

Heilprin also became an editor of *The Nation*. He was the author of *The Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews*. A passionate advocate of liberty, he became an outspoken foe of slavery. In this connection, he wrote scholarly articles refuting the view that slavery was justified by the Old Testament.

When, after the pogroms of 1880, thousands of Russian Jews emigrated, the scholar became an organizer. Heilprin established Jewish agricultural colonies in New Jersey as well as in Kansas, Oregon and the Dakotas. Largely through his efforts the Hebrew Emigrant Society came into being.

The outstanding non-theological Jewish scholar in America in the nineteenth century, Michael Heilprin died in 1892.



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issue of the acceptability of a coalition government in South Vietnam. Yet this issue divided anti-war Democrats almost as deeply as it divided the party. Senator Kennedy, far from proposing a coalition government in his campaign platform, as Max and Ireland claim, needled McCarthy for doing so in their California debate, and the minority peace plank which the anti-administration forces supported at the Convention did not include a coalition government proposal. But the bombing of the North was the issue on which many McCarthy supporters based their unwillingness to support the ticket. When the bombing was stopped just before the election, such leaders of the anti-war faction as Allard K. Lowenstein, Paul O'Dwyer, and Gerald Hill declared their support for Humphrey. Thus it was fair to treat this as the main issue dividing the party. It was a grave issue, but in my opinion not grave enough to justify a refusal to support the ticket.

THERE ARE two other points worth commenting on. As was quite clear in my article, my figure of a 68 per cent labor vote for Humphrey was based on the voting of union members alone, not the vote of blue-collar districts, where, naturally, the figure was considerably lower. This is the AFL-CIO's own estimate, borne out by a Kraft poll of union members outside the South which estimated the figure at slightly over 70 per cent. (The difference in the figures between union members and blue-collar districts generally is itself a good argument for the progressive impact of unionism.) However, even the figure for blue-collar districts, which includes non-union workers, family members, etc., may not be as low as the Gallup figure of 56 per cent; CBS put it at 60 per cent.

Finally, I fully agree with Max and Ireland that it is necessary for the Left to take both foreign and domestic issues into consideration. But the more adamant McCarthy supporters did not share this view; on the contrary, they refused to support a candidate with an obviously liberal domestic program against one with a frankly conservative program because the liberal, like his Republican opponent, did not fully share their position on the Vietnam war. But Max and Ireland are not really arguing that it is possible ". . . to carry the fight forward on two fronts." For them, all domestic progress depends on a change in foreign policy. But suppose the war is *not* stopped. Could not those after-tax corporate profits, up 95 per cent since 1960, be put to some social use? Of course they could. But Nixon is not the man for such a project. Or, suppose the war *is* stopped; is there any guarantee that the funds now spent on Vietnam will be promptly refunded to our rotting cities? Of course not. The new budget already proposes that funds freed by decreased expenditures in Vietnam (between three and four billion dollars) be channeled to the Pentagon to develop more advanced forms of destruction. And if the ultimate in weapons is discovered, there are still more jetports and highways to be built, and more taxes to be cut.

THERE WERE ghettos before the war, and there will be ghettos after it; only when a strong enough political movement is established will the necessary funds be appropriated for abolishing slums. And the job of creating such a movement is not served by exaggerated attacks on the trade unions. In fact, these attacks on the most important constituency for domestic social change may be the worst way to create the kinds of changes in the Democratic party that Max, Ireland, and the New Politics movement want.

I think the point was best put by Michael Harrington, a McCarthy supporter and now a member of the Executive Committee of the New Democratic Coalition, in *Toward A Democratic Left*: ". . . a mass party of the democratic Left cannot be initially organized in response to international issues where there is a maximum potential for discord among its various constituencies. It will develop first out of domestic stirrings and crises."

IF I were to revise anything in my article now it would not be my analysis of the election, but rather my slighty over-optimistic conclusion about the possibilities for reuniting the liberal coalition with Nixon in office. So far Nixon has been remarkably successful in avoiding the kinds of openly conservative or hawkish moves which would arouse the liberal public to a united opposition. I expect that this will be the style of his administration: calmness, efficiency, and a neutralization of government. This will be quite satisfactory to his business constituency, which will do very well for itself if it is left alone. But it will make it more difficult than ever for the liberal coalition to reunite, especially since, to judge by the example of the 50's, the left-wing intelligentsia is liable to disengage from politics if there are no dramatic issues to arouse it. This group lacks the impetus of the economic and social self-interests which will be so necessary in the long, dull, political battle against Nixon's kind of conservatism.

Max and Ireland's letter is in a small way a symptom of the malaise to which Nixon's victory could eventually lead. Although he has been in office four months, they have almost nothing to say about him. If pressed, they would probably admit that he has moved the country to the right in both domestic and foreign policy. But they prefer to relive the battles of last summer, the golden age of middle-class radicalism, and to make ready again, perhaps unwittingly, for what could well be a similar battle in 1972.

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Volume Forty-Seven, Number Five, May *1969*

Commentary

THE POSITION OF NOAM CHOMSKY
LIONEL ABEL

THE ALTERNATIVES IN THE MIDDLE EAST
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HOW PEOPLE CHANGE
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A STORY
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CONTROVERSY
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The Position of Noam Chomsky

Lionel Abel

I THINK I would feel an extra obligation to attack the war in Vietnam if I were on the staff of MIT—one of the props, after all, of the American defense establishment; and I would feel an extra obligation to attack supporters of the war, especially those in the intellectual community. So it is not hard to guess the motives, personal and political, which must have prompted MIT's Noam Chomsky to write *American Power and the New Mandarins*,* a book of polemic against American power, its present undertakings in Southeast Asia, and the intellectual justifiers of its policies. But now I must touch on sentiments which I think I also grasp, here not with sympathy. What if, protesting against our policy, I yet did not believe any protest effective? What if, raising my voice against the war, I despaired that anyone of consequence would hear me?† Might not my passion turn to hysteria? Might I not at some point aim at myself even as I attacked the war-makers?

It is in the light of some such feeling of despair that I interpret the unpleasant and disturbing stylistic features of an often able and intelligent book; and also the shrill, uncongenial tone of accusation seldom quite free from self-accusation. For example, at the very start Professor Chomsky tells us that if any note of self-righteousness creeps into his text, ". . . it is unintended and, more important, unjustified. No one who has involved himself in anti-war activities as late as 1965, as I did, has any reason for pride or satisfaction. This opposition was ten or fifteen years too late." Ten years before 1965 we were not at war, fifteen years before that we were engaged in Korea; but the Korean war was utterly unlike the war in Vietnam, and in my opinion our part in it justified. (This is also the view of many others who oppose the present war.) To be sure, Professor Chomsky has his own opinions. He thinks his entry into the debate on Vietnam was too late; he even wonders whether he should have entered it at all:

> By entering the arena of argument . . . by accepting the presumption of legitimacy of debate on certain issues, one has already lost one's humanity. This is the feeling I find almost impossible to repress when going through the motions of building a case against the American war in Vietnam. Anyone who puts a fraction of his mind to the task can construct a case that is overwhelming; surely this is now obvious. In an important way, by doing so he degrades himself and insults beyond measure the victims of our violence and our moral blindness.

This explanation by Professor Chomsky itself requires explaining—for it is by no means the case that the arguments against our policy in Vietnam are as overwhelming as he thinks. Mr. Norman Mailer, of whom Professor Chomsky has written with affection and respect, has even expressed the view that the arguments for and against the war are fairly equal. I quote from *The Armies of the Night*: ". . . the arguments to withdraw never pursued the consequences." And again: ". . . yet the Doves, finally, had no answer to the Hawks. For the Doves were divided. Some of them, a firm minority, secretly desired Asia to go Communist, . . . but they did not consider it expedient to grant this point so they talked around it. The others, the majority of the Doves, simply refused to face the possibility. . . . The Hawks were smug and self-righteous, the Doves were evasive of the real question." Apparently to the intelligent and forceful advocate of resistance to the war that Mr. Mailer has shown himself to be, it is by no means the case that the arguments against it are as powerful as Professor Chomsky assumes.

And I find it strange that Professor Chomsky feels he ought to apologize even for arguing against actions which he strongly opposes. Evidently he thinks that one should be so indignant about the war as to be incapable of giving reasons against it—but just as evidently, Professor Chomsky is not quite that indignant. I am told that at one of the sit-ins, after some lengthy and rationalistic line of argument, he suddenly declared: "I

LIONEL ABEL, the noted playwright and critic, now teaches at the State University of New York in Buffalo. The present article will be included in his forthcoming book, *Important Nonsense*.

* Pantheon Books, 404 pp., $7.95.

† Not foreseeing the wide intellectual support for war dissenters which developed in 1967-1968, Professor Chomsky could write in 1966: "It is frightening to observe the comparative indifference of American intellectuals to the immediate actions of their Government and its long range policies. . . ." But lack of foresight is hardly a sign of political expertise.

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am tired of being rational, now I am going to be emotional," and then proceeded with a disquisition every bit as rationalistic as what had gone before. Now it seems to me there is something comical about a person who wants to be more emotional than he is.

Why will Professor Chomsky not concede any force at all to the arguments for our policy in Asia? No doubt because that policy has entailed the commission of war crimes by American forces in South and in North Vietnam. (By war crimes, here, I mean something fairly specific, the bombing of the civilian population.) In view of these bombings, I, too, think our policy in Vietnam wrong, in both political and moral terms. But should not Professor Chomsky, who favors introducing the methods of natural science into social studies (see his letter in the *New York Review of Books* for February 13, 1969), distinguish our *political* from our *moral* error? Where he sees identities, I see differences. For instance: it seems to me that the policy pursued by our government in the Dominican Republic—where it acted not against the Left but against the Center—was politically more objectionable than the policy we have pursued in Southeast Asia, though I do not know that we committed any war crimes in the Dominican Republic. And I think the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia—to suppress the Center rather than the Right—far worse than our military action in Vietnam, though there has hardly been any shooting in Czechoslovakia, and the Russians have so far not made a single political arrest. Moreover, I think the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia more evil (politically, that is) than the assault made by Soviet troops against the Hungarian government in 1956, though the fighting which ensued then was bloody and the reprisals of Russians against Hungarian civilians ruthless in the extreme. It will be remembered that Tito, who finally justified the Soviet action against the Hungarian revolution as "necessary," condemned the invasion of Czechoslovakia. And it will be remembered that the late Isaac Deutscher also justified the Soviet action in Hungary, whereas I do not have the slightest doubt he would have condemned the invasion of Czechoslovakia.

Professor Chomsky does not make such distinctions because he is interested in the moral indictment of our policy, and not in a political assessment of it. But is not this the position of the propagandist who fails in what the Professor recommends: "objectivity"?

INDIGNATION does often blind us to fact. I think Professor Chomsky blind to fact when he writes: "Three times in a generation American technology has laid waste a helpless Asian country." Can he mean that American technology laid waste a helpless Korea? I seem to recall that when the South Koreans were invaded by an army from the North they were defended by American troops under a United Nations flag, and that air power in that action played no major role. And was North Korea helpless? It was supplied, and abundantly, with arms by Russia, and was backed up finally by the armies of China. But what about the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki? In this instance American technology did lay waste two Asian cities, which, it must be admitted, were not defended against attack from the air. But was Japan helpless when Hiroshima was bombed? Certainly Japan was considering surrender; there is ample evidence as to that, and no doubt it had no possibility whatever of victory over the U.S. All this must be admitted. But is it right to call the Japan of 1945 "helpless"? Germany, invaded by armies from the west and the east, continued to fight to the very last, making no move to surrender until the Red Army had about reached Berlin. Japan, in 1945, was an island fortress, capable of exacting a goodly toll in American casualties if invaded from the sea. According to David Horowitz, writing in *The Free World Colossus*, "It had cost 70,000 lives to take Iwo Jima and Okinawa the previous spring. Any invasion of the home islands would cost hundreds of thousands of lives." Our own military leaders' estimate of probable casualties both to ourselves and to the Japanese was much higher.

Now was there an alternative to dropping the bombs? To attack the American action in 1945 one has, I think, to show that some other action was possible. Some critics of the bombings have said that if the United States had dropped the bomb on some uninhabited island, merely demonstrating the power and violence of the instrument, Japan would promptly have surrendered. Apparently the Truman administration was too brutal, vindictive, and stupid to follow this policy. But I am afraid I do not see the force of the argument. What if the Japanese had remained unimpressed by the demonstration? What if the Japanese had said: "All you have proved is that you have a very powerful weapon. You have not proved that you are ready to incur the scorn of the rest of the world by using a weapon of this sort. You will have to prove this by dropping a bomb on us. Otherwise we will not surrender." Surely no patriotic member of the Imperial government could have said less.

But I cannot leave the matter here. It will be recalled that our war policy toward Japan called for its unconditional surrender, as did our policy toward Germany. Now it is true that if we had modified this demand and offered better terms to the Imperial government we might have induced it to surrender after merely demonstrating our possession of the bomb. So the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were a continuation by scientific-military means, if I may here adapt the phrase of Clausewitz, of a policy aiming at the unconditional surrender of Japan. One cannot judge the bombings without judging this policy. And it is interest-

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ing to note that three of the most caustic critics of American foreign policy during the last years of the war, Gabriel Kolko, David Horowitz, and Gar Alperovitz, all endorse the very policy of unconditional surrender which, it can be claimed, could only have been made real by the bombings. Far from criticizing the United States for holding to the harsh demand for unconditional surrender, these critics, on the contrary, concentrate their attack on the harsh means we employed to achieve it. But why did the United States employ these means? Did we think Japan would not surrender unconditionally without the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings? The whole question lies here.

On this question there is disagreement among the critics of our policy. According to Mr. Alperovitz, we did not really believe that we had to bomb Hiroshima and Nagasaki to bring about the unconditional surrender of Japan. On this point he quotes General Eisenhower and refers to statements by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. But Mr. Gabriel Kolko, equally critical of American policy, says the very opposite. According to Mr. Kolko, even after the first bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima, President Truman still feared that an invasion would be necessary. Now I cannot of course determine here whether the dropping of the bombs was really necessary; and very evidently Mr. Alperovitz's contention that the American leaders knew that it was not necessary is open to dispute. But one thing is beyond dispute: the manner in which Mr. Alperovitz would have preferred an agreement reached between Japan and America on Japan's surrender. Had we not dropped our bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and had the Russian attack on the Japanese in Manchuria (launched on August 8, 1945) gone on for some time and brought continued military successes to the Russians, then Russia's voice would certainly have been heard in the peace conference with Japan; in fact, a partial occupation of Japan by the Red Army would have been unavoidable. According to Gabriel Kolko, on the night of August 10, 1945, Stalin ". . . sprung what the Americans feared most: the demand of a Russian voice in the choice of the Allied commander and a share in the occupation government." This demand the Americans, strong in their possession of the atomic bomb, were able to turn down as "inadmissable." It is obvious that Mr. Alperovitz would have liked the American government to have accepted the Russian proposal; what is more, it is clear that he would have liked Russia's share in the victory over Japan to have been very much greater than it was; it might have gained for them a role in the occupation of Japan. We know today what we have had to endure from our former ally Russia in the occupation of our former enemy Germany. At least twice we have faced the Russians in Berlin under the threat of nuclear war. Did our bombing of Nagasaki and Hiroshima save us from a similar confrontation with the Russians in Japan? In that case, even if the bombings were not necessary for military reasons, as I think Mr. Alperovitz too confidently asserts, they may still have been necessary for securing our political purpose, the kind of peace we were able to make with Japan. And in any case, the criticism of the atomic bombings by Mr. Alperovitz expressed in his book *Atomic Diplomacy* in terms of outrage and indignation, is, when one examines it closely, much more vehement in its political than in its moral assertiveness, while claiming to be the reverse. And this is also true of the criticisms of our policy made by the two other "revisionists" I have looked into, David Horowitz and Gabriel Kolko.

Certainly this does not end the matter. Hiroshima and Nagasaki were cities not engaged in military production and the fact remains that our atom bombs were hurled against civilians. Moreover, there is one more morally troublesome matter: President Roosevelt had publicly protested the Japanese use of gas against the people of China. How could we then in good conscience use atomic energy against the people of Japan? I mention these facts because I cannot but admit that the use of atomic energy against Hiroshima and Nagasaki is morally disturbing, even though it may have been politically necessary, everything considered. Morals and politics are not identical and sometimes it is necessary to give the political priority. Now Professor Chomsky writes as though these problems were nonexistent, as if it were always the ill political will which sins against the morally desirable. I deny this categorically.

But having argued this much, I must give yet another argument. What if American participation in the Second World War was unjustified, what if the proper attitude for American citizens during the last war was the "revolutionary pacificism" for which Professor Chomsky praises the late A. J. Muste? If we were wrong to fight against Japan at all, then of course we were wrong to use our bombs against Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In Professor Chomsky's essay on Muste, he writes:

> I think that Muste's revolutionary pacificism was, and is, a profoundly important doctrine, both in the political analysis and the moral conviction that it expresses. The circumstances of the anti-fascist war subjected it to the most severe of tests. Does it survive this test? When I began working on this article I was not at all sure. I still feel quite ambivalent about the matter. The American reaction to Japan's aggressiveness was, in a substantial measure, quite hypocritical. Worse still, there are very striking, quite distressing similarities between Japan's escapades and our own—both in character and in rationalization—with the fundamental difference that Japan's appeal to national interest, which was not totally without merit, becomes merely ludicrous when translated into a justification for American conquests in Asia.

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In this statement, at least, Professor Chomsky admits to being "ambivalent" in his judgment of our part in the war; yet later on in his essay he supports Muste's forecast, written in 1941: "[Muste] foresaw that an allied victory would yield 'a new American empire' incorporating a subservient Britain, 'that we shall be the next nation to seek world domination—in other words, to do what we condemn Hitler for trying to do.'" Of this prediction Professor Chomsky writes: ". . . the accuracy of Muste's forecast unfortunately requires little comment."

But to those who supported the American war effort in 1941—among whom there are a great many who do not support and never supported American policy in Vietnam—the difference between the American position on the one hand, and the Japanese on the other, is by no means the greater amount of hypocrisy in the American government of 1941 as compared with the Japanese government of that year. The difference in the American position—and, I think, amply justifying it—is the existence of a Japan today richer than it ever was under its feudal rulers, democratically structured, without military power, and of no danger to its neighbors in Asia. The justification of American policy is that we cannot form any such picture of the United States in a world where the Axis was triumphant. I suggest that Professor Chomsky imagine what the United States would be today after a Japanese occupation. Victory for the West in the last war meant the liberating of all or almost all the Asian and African colonies under the imperialist powers. Victory for the Axis would have meant the colonization of the advanced countries of Europe and of the United States, and the continued sway of imperialism over the already colonized populations of Africa and Asia. This is the political and historical justification of the American war effort and of all the horrors we heaped on our enemies. No doubt Professor Chomsky knows this as well as I do, but then how can he be ambivalent in his judgment of America's war against Japan?

I dwell on the last war at such length because I lived through the debates among radicals about supporting the war, and I remember rather clearly many things not generally known. For example, it is not generally known that Trotsky, who urged his followers not to support the war effort of the American government in opposing Germany and Japan, justified this position by the assertion that democracy could never defeat world fascism. If it could, said Trotsky, support of America in the war would be justified. Now not only was fascism defeated in 1945 but the colonies of the imperialists were liberated. True, the United States is still fighting in Vietnam, but however bad our war in Vietnam is—and I do not mean to mitigate or soften in any way the judgment of American policy I have already made—still I think that had Germany and Japan been victorious in 1945 the problem of the world today would not be to get them to stop backing with their military forces an unpopular and reactionary Southeast Asian government.

II

Only a little more than twenty years ago America defeated the Axis powers. But what is America today? Professor Chomsky writes: "We have to ask ourselves whether what is needed in the United States is dissent—or denazification. The question is a debatable one. Reasonable people may differ. The fact that the question is even debatable is a terrifying thing. To me it seems that what is needed is a kind of denazification." Perhaps it will be thought captious of me to point out that whatever is debatable is not exactly terrifying. And I cannot help but wonder: why call our need for denazification "debatable" if that is what we need? And why does it merely *seem* to Professor Chomsky that we need it? Doesn't he know? I should like to remind Professor Chomsky of Alain's dictum: "When you know, you know that you know, and when you don't know, you don't know whether you know or not." I take it that Professor Chomsky does *not* know that the United States needs anything like denazification, but unquestionably his judgment of American power in this epoch is that it is functioning as German power did under Hitler.

And we of America, Professor Chomsky tells us this too, are hardly any better than the state we support. We are morally callous and spiritually blind—we do not feel nearly guilty enough about Southeast Asia. In relation to the peoples of that part of the world we are quite as bad as the Germans of the Nazi period. When are we going to feel as guilty as we ought? I remarked that Professor Chomsky shows signs of self-hatred when he attacks himself for giving reasons against the war in Vietnam. Now I think self-hatred a bad thing; he thinks it a good. Here are his words: "When we lament over the German conscience we are demanding of them a display of self-hatred—a good thing, no doubt. But for us the matter is infinitely more serious. It is not a matter of self-hatred regarding the sins of the past. . . ." So the Professor wants the Germans to hate themselves, and wants us to demand that they hate themselves, and he demands that we hate ourselves in our turn, too. I wonder: were we good enough to hate ourselves, would we still be bad enough to hate? There's a logical hitch here.

And what rational person, I want to know, would demand that the Germans hate themselves for what Hitler and his armies did during the last war? To demand of the Germans that they hate themselves is simply to express hatred for the Germans, something one may well have felt

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in 1945, but something very few of us are able to feel today. And what about the responsibility of Americans for the horror that is Vietnam? For most people, I should say, in this country as in others, moral judgment has to do with the conduct of one's personal life rather than with the support of national policies, impersonal in character. I think many of the students who demonstrated in 1967-68 with such vigor and effectiveness against the Vietnam war might have ignored our military efforts altogether if it had not become evident that at some point they might be called upon to back it with their lives. As to the Germans, once again: it is generally agreed that the Nazis succeeded in involving much of the German population in the guilt for Hitler's acts —and it is also agreed that this is why the Germans did not surrender until the very last. So that the lesson to be learned about German responsibility for the Nazi crimes is that when a people shares the guilt for the deeds of its government, it is very likely to go on supporting that government, and precisely out of guilt! And I should say that it is because the American people were *not* directly involved in the crimes of our armies in Southeast Asia, that the demonstrations against the war, which may well bring it to an end, took place.

BUT LET US turn now from Professor Chomsky's moral judgment of the American individual and look at his political judgment of American power —it is the important judgment of his book.

This power, as Professor Chomsky sees it, has used the existence of the Communist world to justify widespread imperialist activities of a counterrevolutionary kind, aimed at subjugating many states and peoples to our *diktat*. He writes: "In general the 'International Communist Conspiracy' is a perfect propaganda device to justify actions that reinforce and extend American hegemony, serving our aims just as 'bourgeois influence and American scheming' served those of Russian imperialism. In both cases there is, of course, a background of fact that gives a superficial plausibility to the fabrications of the propagandists."

And again he writes: "Our reasons for wanting to control Vietnam are not those of the British in India in 1929, but in Vietnam, as in the Philippines and Latin America, our efforts are directed to organizing (or restructuring) the society so as to insure the domination of those elements that will enter into partnership with us. That we should do so is not surprising, surely not to anyone who is familiar with the history of imperialism." Recalling our suppression of the movement for Philippine independence, he has this to say: "At that time, we were defending Christianity from the savage Moros. Now, we are defending the free world from the International Communist Conspiracy. In other respects, little has changed, except for the scale of our attack." And finally, from his assault on us:

> When President Johnson pleads that we are defending ourselves against a superior force, that *we* must stand in Vietnam or else *they* will "sweep over the United States and take what we have," he is, unfortunately, representing a substantial, probably dominant body of American opinion. To us today, it may seem difficult to understand how it could be seriously believed, thirty years ago, that a Jewish Bolshevik conspiracy was threatening the survival of Germany, the bearer of the spiritual values of Western civilization. To others today, it may be equally difficult to take seriously the picture of the strongest, richest nation on earth cowering in terror behind its missiles and nuclear warheads, in fear that "what we have" will be taken away if we allow a tiny country halfway around the world to follow its own course in freedom from American domination. Nevertheless, this characterization is no caricature.

Yet saying this characterization is no caricature hardly prevents it from being one. First of all, it seems to me absurd to compare the Jews of Europe, defenseless against Hitler, supported by no major European government, and unable even to get the United States to bring some pressure on the Nazis by bombing the murder camps in Eastern Europe, with the people of North Vietnam, supported by two such world powers as Russia and China.

PROFESSOR CHOMSKY is of course right in asserting that it would be ridiculous for the United States to cower in terror before the military potentiality of a Hanoi government that could also control Saigon. But the assumption of President Johnson was that the Hanoi government did not stand alone in its struggle against the United States. For example, the air defenses of Hanoi are more sophisticated then any previously employed in warfare, and I am not excluding those employed by the Germans, the British, the French, the Japanese, and the Russians in World War II. Such an air defense is hardly the product of North Vietnamese industry. And if the United States has not been able to end the war by an invasion of North Vietnam itself, this is certainly due to our recognition that such an invasion might be countered by the armies of China, and we would be launched into World War III. Now I am not trying to defend President Johnson's judgment of the war or his effort to play on American fears, but what I am trying to suggest is that Professor Chomsky's insistence on the independence of North Vietnam is itself a caricature. I doubt very much whether Rosa Luxemburg, with whom Professor Chomsky has associated his own views, calling himself a Luxemburgian rather than a Leninist Marxist, would agree that North Viet-

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nam is a free or independent nation, since in the period of imperialism she did not believe in the possibility of independent action by small countries, including her own country, Poland.

But to return to the main judgment of American power made by Professor Chomsky. It is, I repeat, that our government has consistently exploited our people's fear of Communism to carry out aggressive and reactionary policies addressed to accumulating profits and power, rather than to the protection of the American people. Is this a true judgment? That is the question I mean to answer, and I mean to answer it truthfully. And to answer it truthfully I have to grant at once that Professor Chomsky is half right in his contention, for unquestionably our government *has* exploited the threats to us from the Communist part of the world for selfish, aggressive, and reactionary purposes in Europe, in Asia, in South America, in Africa, and come to think of it, in the United States too during the McCarthy era. And against anyone who denies that the American government has done this, Professor Chomsky certainly has put together a very telling case.

But if Professor Chomsky is only half right in his judgment of American power, this is because he denies, if only by implication, that there is a threat to the world from Communist power. Perhaps the Cold War did not begin precisely as Daniel Bell has described it (a description to which Professor Chomsky objects as unbalanced and unobjective). According to Bell: "When the Russians began stirring up the Greek guerrilla EAM in what had been tacitly acknowledged at Teheran as a British sphere of influence, the Communists began their cry against Anglo-American imperialism. Following the rejection of the Marshall Plan and the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia in February 1948, the Cold War was on in earnest."

But however American actions in Greece may have motivated the aggressive actions of Greek guerrillas organized by the Russians, certainly the United States is not responsible for the "Aggressive Activities by the Governments of the USSR, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Albania Toward Yugoslavia" recounted in the *White Book* of the Yugoslav Ministry of Foreign Affairs, published in Belgrade in 1951, and the tale of aggressive agents sent into Yugoslavia is not told in the *White Book* by employees of the United States or justifiers, for that matter, of American policy. I could dwell here on the fact that the United States has used its power to shore up and protect the Yugoslav and other governments which might have had to give way to Stalin or his followers without American support, but the real issue is not that American power has been altruistic as well as selfish, has been used for good as well as for ill. The real ambiguity of American power, and it is ambiguous, lies in the fact that even the evil things it has done—such as, for example, the deployment of our military in South Vietnam, and the bombardment of Vietnam—are not *solely motivated* by the desire to restructure other countries so as to find partners for the designs of American enterprise, but also, in part at least, by the desire to check and contain Communist power in those parts of the world where it is on the move. It is this function of American power, rendering its influence more ambiguous, which Professor Chomsky is concerned to deny.

But does America have a real antagonist with whom it is engaged, to use Richard Goodwin's phrase, in a "long, continuing conflict"? Is there such a thing as World Communism? I once raised doubts about this myself, asking: are the Communists the Chinese or the Russians? And I pointed to the opposition between these powers. But when I made this point I was arguing against those who insisted, despite the evidence, on the unity of the Communist bloc. Certainly there are fissures in that bloc, and one has a right to point to them. But one has no right to deny in what purports to be a balanced and objective judgment the real dangers to the West from the Communist powers, despite their differences among themselves. Professor Chomsky writes: "I will not dwell on the fact that all reputable authorities agree that the Vietnamese are strongly anti-Chinese, so that if we were really interested in containing Chinese expansionism, we should presumably be supporting Ho Chi Minh, along with all popular, indigenous forces on the border of China, whatever their domestic character." Here it seems to me Professor Chomsky draws an illegitimate inference from the fact which can be admitted: the people of Vietnam are anti-Chinese. It does not at all follow that the best way of containing Chinese expansionism is to support Ho Chi Minh. The Poles and the Hungarians are at least as anti-Russian as the Vietnamese are anti-Chinese. But it would be perfectly ridiculous to say that by supporting Kadar and Gomulka—I mean the Kadar and Gomulka of 1969, not of 1956—one is containing Russian expansionism. Were not the armies of Gomulka and Kadar sent along with Russian forces into Czechoslovakia just last year?

IF WE HAVE entered into a "long continuing conflict," to use Richard Goodwin's phrase once again, with whom, Professor Chomsky wants to know, are we engaged? Here is his answer:

> Certainly not the Soviet Union which had little to do with the Sino-Indian border dispute; nor China, which did not start the Civil War in Greece; nor Ho Chi Minh, who, for all of his sins, is not responsible for subversion in the Congo. Nor is "International Communism" a very convincing devil, in the wake of the Sino-

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> Soviet split, gestures of independence in Eastern Europe and North Korea, the admitted refusal of North Vietnam, even in its present desperate straits, to kowtow to its powerful allies. In fact, there is no identifiable adversary. We are confronted with a mysterious, but dangerous force, which cannot be located or specified in any concrete terms, but is there, threatening us.

In giving this argument I think Professor Chomsky has abandoned any right to speak in the name of truth, if by truth one means anything like the whole truth and not a mere part of it. The argument he has used here against the existence of such a thing as World Communism could have been used in 1938 to disprove the existence of such a thing as World Fascism, and a fascist axis. If China did not start the Civil War in Greece, neither was Japan involved in Franco's insurrection against the Spanish Republic. And if Ho Chi Minh is not responsible for subversion in the Congo, neither were German soldiers sent along with the Italians into Ethiopia. Moreover, if the Soviet Union was not involved in the Sino-Indian border dispute, Japan, let it be remembered, although allied to Italy and Germany, never declared war on the Soviet Union. Finally, while there is certainly disunity among the Communist powers today, and no thinking person can deny this, I don't think there is in the fact of this disunity much comfort or encouragement for supporters of the West. That there is disunity among the Communist powers means that the Communist system has found no better solution for the problems of national rivalry than have the so-called Capitalist states of the West. But war can come as these problems remain unsolved. Only yesterday Chinese demonstrators in Peking were demanding the beheading of Brezhnev and Kosygin while Russian demonstrators in Moscow hanged Mao in effigy. But a war between China and Russia would certainly involve the West.

If we consider the matter this way: 1) who will clearly profit by the victory of Hanoi in the present war? and 2) who will profit if Saigon is victorious?, the answer to the first question—and this may be what President Johnson meant, though there is no justifying the way he expressed it—is as certainly World Communism as the answer to the second is American Imperialism. It is harder to see either North or South Vietnam as the real victor, however the fighting ends. Certainly the support of Hanoi for the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia and its support of the actions of Arab guerrillas against Israel are less expressive of the independence of a small nation than of a member of a Communist bloc.

Let me make my own position on this matter perfectly clear. I think the United States can accept the victory of Hanoi over Saigon, though unquestionably this is a victory of World Communism over American Imperialism. The American nation will certainly survive that defeat, nor is there anything to regret about the fact that our imperialist enterprises will have been seriously checked in Asia. But why pretend that victory for Hanoi will simply have the meaning of national liberation from a foreign aggressor?

But would victory for Hanoi *merely* mean victory for World Communism? And if so, why not support the American position? Between America and the Communists I think there is indeed another force, but this is not North Vietnamese nationalism, as Professor Chomsky seems to believe. Here I would follow the view of the Indian government and of Indian journalism; the Indians think victory for North Vietnam would be a victory for Asian nationalism.

THERE IS a question at issue: What gives moral sanction to the use of force, by the Communist powers on the one side, by the United States on the other? I should say that both can be accused of being of the Orthodox party when it comes to justifying their own use of force, and Pelagians in denying the use of force to the other. The late Norman Kemp Smith stated the controversy between the Pelagians and the Orthodox party—he called it the greatest controversy which history records—thus: "The Pelagians traced all evil to misuse of the freedom of the will. Each man is the Adam of his own soul. Evil exists because this, that, and the other man have fallen short of their duty. The Orthodox, on the other hand, claimed that the universality of evil, the fact that no one is free from it, points to a common origin for the sinfulness of the whole race. Evil has a deeper source than individual misconduct." Certainly this last point of the Orthodox about evil sounds very much like Professor Chomsky denying the claim of Arthur Schlesinger that the United States is in Vietnam out of inadvertence; the Pelagian view would have it that the Kremlin made a mere mistake in judgment when it sent its armies into Czechoslovakia. In general our apologists, who think us justified in using force against the Communists, point out that the evil done by the Communists has profound causes and the evil we do superficial ones; the Communists, to be sure, say exactly the reverse, whenever in fact they admit to doing or having done evil.

But in any case let us ask now where Professor Chomsky stands in relation to this conflict in justification? He stands, I should say, squarely with the Communists. The evil we do is not superficial, it comes from the depth of our nature and history; the evils done by the Communists are individually motivated and have to be assessed in individual terms. Thus, Mao Tse-tung is not to be blamed for the Greek uprising (apparently only the Greeks are responsible for that) nor is Ho Chi Minh to be blamed for the

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troubles in the Congo, and even more absurd, as I see it, Hanoi is not to be blamed for the killings of the Vietcong. But American capitalism and American technology are to be blamed not only for the air raids which devastated North and South Vietnam but also for the defense of South Korea against invasion from the North, and even for the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki which ended the war begun by Japan. Where America is concerned Professor Chomsky is of the Orthodox party, where the Communists are concerned he is a Pelagian. But this is nothing other than the Communist position. It is the obverse of the position called "counterrevolutionary subordination"* by Professor Chomsky himself. He is as little objective, I must conclude, as those whom he assails. His is not even an effort at objectivity. He is the pot calling the kettle black.

III

But if Professor Chomsky's justificatory system, as I have described it, corresponds point for point to that of the Communists, we are not to conclude from this (I do not) that he is politically with the Communists, that his position is theirs.† His criticism of Stalinist policies during the Spanish Civil War and in Hungary and Poland in 1956 certainly indicates a substantial difference between his and the Communist positions. And I do not see any reason for placing in question his statement of commitment in a letter to the *New York Review of Books*, February 13, 1969: "For what it is worth, my own opinions derive from the range of opinion exemplified, say, by certain Anarcho-Syndicalists and non-Bolshevik Marxists such as Rosa Luxemburg." To be sure, Rosa Luxemburg was not quite the moralist that Professor Chomsky is and no doubt takes her to be. Think of the scorn she expressed for moralism in politics. I quote: "We thus . . . return to the principle of Justice, to the old hobby-horse on which the reformers of the earth have rocked for ages, for lack of surer means of historic transportation. We return to that lamentable Rosinante on which the Don Quixotes of history have galloped toward the great reform of the earth, always to come home with their eyes blackened." Still, one may be a Luxemburgian and not take the exact positions Rosa herself took on certain questions.

But if Professor Chomsky is not a Communist, he is in agreement with the Communists in singling out this country as responsible for most of the world's political and social ills. Of course his motives, as I already indicated, are often personal —the motives of the Communists are not. They want to weaken the justifications for American policy so as to strengthen the arguments for Soviet policy; Professor Chomsky is not interested in strengthening the arguments for Soviet policy, but he is interested in weakening the defenses of American power—perhaps to make moral amends for such strength as he contributes to that power. Thus the lachrymose moralism of his writing, his recommendation of self-hatred to others, and his certainly overdetermined expressions of hatred for himself.

And because of this very personal motivation Professor Chomsky comes off very badly, it seems to me, if we compare him with one of the outstanding Soviet critics of Soviet policy, the Russian intellectual Andrei Sakharov.** For while

* Mr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, to whom Professor Chomsky owes the term "counterrevolutionary subordination," is also committed to the Orthodox view where white liberalism is concerned. I must add that Mr. O'Brien's Orthodoxy is very gross indeed. For him the sinfulness of the white liberal is, so to speak, Original. For instance, Mr. O'Brien notes in the preface to his new play, *Murderous Angels*, that "Gladstone was the great voice of white liberalism. The family fortune, on which his career was founded, was in its time founded on the slave trade. The family crest drawn by his father was a Negro's head shedding drops of blood." But this, while interesting, does not tell us that Gladstone in particular did anything against blacks. Now about the play itself. Mr. O'Brien here treats of the murder of Patrice Lumumba and assigns the responsibility for this to Dag Hammarskjold. Explaining the motive for his work, Mr. O'Brien does not hesitate to criticize as "politically unsatisfactory" an earlier play about Lumumba by the West Indian poet Aimé Césaire. Why? Césaire's "apparent acquittal" of Hammarskjold is found by Mr. O'Brien "too easy a way out."

So the black poet Césaire acquits Dag Hammarskjold for the death of Patrice Lumumba. But was the UN Secretary responsible in fact for Lumumba's death? In *Murderous Angels* Mr. O'Brien presents us with a Hammarskjold who on the stage openly plots Lumumba's death. There is no historical basis for this scene. Moreover, in the play itself it is conceded that Lumumba's death was due to his own decision to go to Stanleyville. So that even if Hammarskjold may be thought to have plotted against Lumumba, and we have no evidence that he did, according to Mr. O'Brien the guilt for Lumumba's death was simply part of Hammarskjold's white liberalism. The play, by the way, is a scandal in that it imputes to Hammarskjold statements he was not known to have made. It is Mr. O'Brien's Marxist interpretation of Hammarskjold speaking when in the play the UN representative replies to the question, Do you vote for the death of Patrice Lumumba?: "I do. I must acquiesce in the death of one rash man. . . ." Now I submit that Mr. O'Brien has the right to interpret any words Mr. Hammarskjold actually used in any way that suits him. But he has no right to make Mr. Hammarskjold himself express Mr. O'Brien's interpretation of him, especially when that interpretation carries with it an admission of murder.

† Perhaps one of these days Professor Chomsky will himself make clearer his relation to the Communists. I can't help recalling here the clarification Merleau-Ponty gave of his relation to the Communists and Communism in *Les Aventures de la Dialectique*. He said that it was no longer possible to be either a Communist or an anti-Communist, adding that from then on one had to be a non-Communist. Can we say that Professor Chomsky is a non-Communist? I do not think so.

** Sakharov's paper, *Progress, Coexistence & Intellectual Freedom*, first published in the New York *Times* and now gotten out in book form by W. W. Norton, with an introduction and notes by Harrison E. Salisbury, opens, I believe, a new horizon for political thinking in this epoch. Incidentally, Professor Chomsky himself has commented favorably on Sakharov's statement.

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the Russian critic is clear and forthright in his condemnation of Stalinism, calling for continued struggle against it in the Soviet Union, and even placing himself against the Kremlin and in solidarity with the reforms made in Czechoslovakia, still he does not condemn his country totally as Professor Chomsky has condemned America; Sakharov even points out that Soviet opposition to American policies has had the effect of making American capitalism progressive in certain respects. Could not a parallel judgment be made of the good brought by American opposition to Soviet policies in what has been called the Cold War? It is interesting to note, too, that whereas Sakharov sees changes in the Soviet Union as well as in the United States, and in the very recent past, of which he approves, Professor Chomsky stresses in his book the continuity of what was objectionable in the American past with its present policies. I should like to remind Professor Chomsky that there is a revolutionary tradition which recognizes the right to support one's own nation when to do so is not to yield to the spirit of national partisanship or unobjectivity in judgment. For example, Leon Trotsky, whose international outlook and revolutionary zeal no one would I think today put in question, was able to praise Auguste Bebel, the German socialist leader, for refusing to promise the French socialists that he would vote against war credits in the Reichstag; Trotsky argued that if he had given that promise to the French socialists he would have been granting France a military advantage over Germany.

As Professor Chomsky is only partly right in his political judgment of American power, so too, I think him only partly right in his judgment of American intellectuals who have supported and defended American policies. To be sure, in criticizing Irving Kristol, Walt Rostow, Daniel Bell, Ithiel de Sola Pool, Arthur Schlesinger, and various other American intellectuals who have on the whole defended American policy in Vietnam while criticizing it in certain respects, Professor Chomsky has, I think, scored not a few times. But he has been wrong just about as much. No doubt he is right about many of the war dissenters whose motives Irving Kristol dismissed with cynicism; but there are many of them about whom he is not right at all. He is probably justified in denying against Walt Rostow that Stalin sent guerrillas into North Vietnam in 1946; but he is no doubt wrong in denying against Walt Rostow and Daniel Bell that Stalin sent guerrillas into Eastern Europe. He is of course right against Ithiel de Sola Pool when the latter claimed that a democracy would not rain death from the skies: we have done just that in Vietnam. But on the other hand, President Johnson had to stop raining death from the skies, and precisely because we are a democracy. If he was right against Arthur Schlesinger's justification of our build-up in Vietnam in 1965, he was wrong in dismissing Schlesinger's stress on the element of inadvertence behind our build-up. And if, finally, he is right in charging Schlesinger with a lie in his description of the Cuban invasion (his authority being Schlesinger himself, who admitted the lie), he is himself even more flagrantly guilty of falsification in his distortion of Truman's statement about free enterprise. Schlesinger, in detecting Professor Chomsky's falsification here,* has brilliantly reversed the defeat previously inflicted on him by Professor Chomsky, as President Kennedy did his defeat in the Bay of Pigs with victory in the Cuban missile crisis. And one cannot but wonder at the superficiality of a scholar who can attack his opponents for failing in "objectivity" and then stoop to perverting the clear sense of a statement of a President of the United States.

But it is not Professor Chomsky's superficiality that I object to most. It is his obstinate refusal to draw any consequences from the fact of Communist power. Merely to point to that power is of course to justify much of what America has done; but there is nothing wrong morally or intellectually with pointing to something which exists.

And this brings me finally to a problem about American power which Professor Chomsky does not even raise, which is felt by the leaders of many other countries, probably most keenly by the British and by de Gaulle. And this is the fact that America is *so* powerful. What is to be done about that, and why is this a problem? On this question I find much wisdom in the judgment of Simone Weil expressed in *Reflections on Barbarism,* a fragment written by her in 1939. After pointing out that no social questions can be seriously discussed without involving the concept of power which, she asserts, is as important in the understanding of any social question as is the concept of relation in any mathematical analysis, she writes:

> Here is the postulate I want to propose: One is always barbaric toward the weak. Or at least so as not to deny any effective power to virtue, we should affirm that except when inspired by a generosity as rare as genius, one is always barbarous toward the weak. The varying amounts

* Professor Chomsky twice attributes these words to President Truman in 1947: ". . . all freedom is dependent on freedom of enterprise. . . . The whole world should adopt the American system. . . . The American system can survive in America only if it becomes a world system." In his review of *American Power and the New Mandarins* in *Book World* (March 23, 1969), Schlesinger points out that Truman never spoke any such words. What Truman actually said was (and in the context of an attack on protective tariffs): "Freedom of worship—freedom of speech—freedom of enterprise. It must be true that the first two of these freedoms are related to the third."

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of barbarism diffused in a given society thus depend on the distribution of forces there.

IN THESE notes of Simone Weil, we have, I think, a great idea. There is barbarism in power as such. We cannot help but be barbaric to those weaker than ourselves. If we look at relations between whites and blacks in this country we see that the whites, the overwhelming majority, have much too much power with respect to the blacks and in this sense the notion that what the blacks need is power is a perfectly sound one. On the other hand, how are the blacks to get the power they need? Moreover—and this is the heart of the matter—can we expect the whites voluntarily to yield up some of the power they already have? Can we expect the whites to behave as if they are weak when in fact they are not? In Simone Weil's view, to expect this would be to expect something like moral genius in the mass of the people, and this would be of course absurd.

Turning to the consideration of national states, we must say, in the light of Simone Weil's notion, that the United States is barbaric in its attitude toward other states not simply because it is a capitalist power but by the mere fact that it is stronger than other states. And we must say the same about the Soviet Union which, even if it were very much better than it is, would be barbarous merely by the fact that it is so strong. Nor can we have the hope that China, pursuing a dream of strength and strong already in view of its immense population, its great culture, and the intelligence of its people, will prove to be less of a problem for the small weak states of the world. I do not agree with Professor Chomsky that we have no evidence of Chinese aggressiveness, but in any case, China is of giant size and aims at transforming its size into strength. Its very aim is to become subject to those compulsions of power which, as Simone Weil sees it, make for barbarism.

But if we are barbarous to the degree that we are strong, should we try to civilize ourselves by striving to be weak? Is that reasonable? I should say not. We may be glad that by some natural process the superpowers are weaker today than they were or seemed to be only a few years back. And in this spirit one may welcome the defeat of the United States in the Vietnamese war. When we consider that Russia exists and that China exists and that these two states, so powerful already, are intent on increasing their power, we are not entitled to conclude that the diminution of American power will have any other meaning than to increase the potentiality for barbarism of Russia and of China. The prospects for civilization, which are not good, to be sure, require the weakening not only of American power but of Russian and Chinese power also, and for this no one has provided any kind of plan. But in any case, we are not entitled to think that the weakening of our own state has any particular value or is in any sense to be preferred to the weakening of the other colossi which also bestride the globe. And one does not cease to be a Mandarin by serving one of the other colossi—China has the newest and latest in addition to the oldest Mandarins. To be sure, one can hardly expect anyone who is not an intellectual to be concerned with the problematics of power as such. But has not Professor Chomsky made considerable stir by pointing up the special responsibilities of intellectuals?

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The Alternatives in the Middle East

Nadav Safran

Is there any hope of breaking the Middle-Eastern deadlock through concerted action by the two superpowers working together with Britain and France? One can only answer this question by examining—and more realistically than has generally been done—the interests and positions of all the parties within the immediate circle of the crisis. A convenient way of conducting such an examination is to analyze the response of each of these parties to the November 1967 resolution of the Security Council spelling out principles by which a just and lasting settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict could be reached.*

Israel

Israel has interpreted the resolution as a vindication of its desire for a formal peace and for an extension of its frontiers beyond the 1949 armistice lines, both to be ultimately achieved through direct negotiations with its neighbors. The Israeli government has so far refused to specify the territorial adjustments it has in mind on the ground that this is a matter for negotiation at the peace conference; but judging from debates within the country, it would in all probability insist on fairly far-reaching territorial modifications.

Israel's diplomatic posture reflects a deep division within the country as to where the national interest lies. Everyone agrees that formal peace and security are the supreme national goals. But opinion in the government, among the "elite," and among the public at large is split on how best to arrive at these goals. One group would put its faith in a formal peace treaty together with related third-party guarantees, and disarmament and demilitarization measures; this group would be willing to return practically all the conquered territories (with the possible exception of Jerusalem) in exchange for such an arrangement. A second group insists on keeping all the conquered territories as the only means of insuring Israel's future security; it argues that only thus will the Arab states become convinced that they can never destroy Israel, which is the essential condition for their accepting it as an inescapable reality and concluding peace. This second group criticizes the first for its willingness to entrust the security of the country to the unreliable good faith of others. For its part, the first group attacks the second with the argument that its annexationist views would undermine both the Jewish and the democratic character of the state, would leave no incentive for the Arabs ever to make peace, and would condemn Israel and the region to continuing confrontation. In addition to these two schools of thought, there is yet a third group which seeks to avoid the pitfalls of the other two positions by being prepared to return "much" of the conquered territory in exchange for peace, while annexing certain thinly inhabited areas in order to buttress Israel's independent defensive capacity. No one, it should be added, entertains for a moment the possibility of making do with less than the first position (formal peace) in any shape or form.

The relative strength of the first and third groups is difficult to assess because the option of peace without annexation has not yet arisen concretely to separate those who hold to the third position as a matter of tactics from those who would make territorial modifications a *sine qua non*. There is no doubt, however, that these two groups together command the overwhelming majority as against the party that favors total annexation—an option which, after all, has existed in practice since the end of the war, but has not been adopted.

Despite these differences, representatives of all three tendencies and the variants thereof have been able to work together in support of the official Israeli formula, which amounts to a vaguely articulated version of the position of the third group (peace with some territorial modifications). The first group tolerates that position by

Nadav Safran, professor of Government at Harvard, is a new contributor. He is the author of *Egypt in Search of Political Community*, *The United States and Israel*, and *From War to War: The Arab-Israeli Confrontation 1948-1967*.

* These principles included withdrawal of Israeli forces from territories occupied in the 1967 war, the renunciation of belligerency, the recognition of the right of each state in the area to live within secure and recognized boundaries, settlement of the refugee problem, and freedom of navigation in international waters for the vessels of all countries.

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looking upon it as a negotiating gambit which could be changed once the Arab states indicated their willingness to make peace. The second group tolerates it by taking the territorial clause as a way of undermining the prospects of Arab agreement and thus in the end leaving Israel with no choice but total annexation.

This precarious coalition explains Israel's reluctance to discuss its territorial demands in detail until the Arab states are ready to negotiate peace. Why should they court the risk of a breakdown of national unity over purely hypothetical choices?

Egypt

EGYPT has interpreted the November resolution as signifying the withdrawal of Israel from all the conquered territories and the granting of satisfaction to the refugees, in exchange for unilateral renunciations of belligerence by the Arab countries and provisions for free Israeli navigation—all this to be achieved according to a timetable devised by the UN envoy without direct negotiation with Israel, without recognition of Israel, and without signing a peace treaty with Israel.

The formal Egyptian position reflects Nasser's idea of the inescapable middle between what is desirable and what is possible under present circumstances. Ideally, Nasser would like the Russians to fight for him against Israel, thus enabling him to recover all his losses without having to make any concessions. He tried in his talks with President Podgorny right after the war to lure the Russians into assuming this role by offering them a mutual defense treaty. However, the Russians not only balked at the offer for fear of a confrontation with the United States, but went on to seek assurances from Nasser that he would not use the arms he was asking of them to launch another war—at least not before exhausting other possibilities of settling the conflict. The Russians explicitly insisted that he make an honest effort to seek a political solution, and implicitly made their continued assistance dependent on his fulfilling this commitment. Nasser, lacking any alternatives, had to agree. But he also succeeded in persuading the Russians that the political settlement to be sought must involve no territorial concessions to Israel, no direct negotiations, and no peace treaty. He personally did not believe that Israel would respond favorably to such conditions, but to satisfy the Russians, he was willing to give the political course a chance.

EGYPTIAN diplomacy has put the stress on the "no annexation" rather than the "no peace" clause of the resolution; and whenever it has been forced to address itself to the question of peace, it has prevaricated by speaking of "peaceful settlement" or "peace" in the sense of the absence of belligerence rather than in the sense of a positive reconciliation enshrined in a peace treaty. The reason for this is obvious: the slogan "no annexation" has much greater appeal to world opinion than "no peace," and since Israel was expected to reject "no annexation" as a "blanket" principle applying to all the territories under its control, the "no peace" clause would automatically be realized, but with the onus placed on Israeli expansionism. (For similar reasons, Israeli diplomacy has prevaricated on the question of territorial modifications and put the main emphasis on a formal peace.) Substantively, however, it is the "no peace" imperative—the refusal to "liquidate the Palestine problem"—that has been the critical point for Egypt, especially since Nasser has known all along that Israel might very well return the whole of Sinai (if not other Arab territories) in exchange for peace with Egypt.

The principle of "no peace" is paramount for Nasser not simply because of considerations of dignity and honor, as all too many observers have stressed, but because it involves what Nasser sees as the supreme national interest of Egypt. To understand this it is necessary to understand the entanglement of the Egyptian-Israeli conflict with Egypt's commitment to the goal of integral Arab unity under its leadership—a commitment which has converted the struggle between Egypt and Israel from an "ordinary" international conflict into a veritable clash of destinies.

Before the union with Syria, when Nasser embraced the cause of integral Arab unity as his own, Egypt's dispute with Israel was essentially no different from many other international conflicts that eventually found appropriate resolutions. It was a dispute concerning issues left over from the 1948 war (the problem of the refugees and the fixing of permanent boundaries) to which, as usual, a certain amount of feeling became attached but which, because Egypt had relatively little interest in them, could have been resolved without extraordinary difficulty.* If, nevertheless, the conflict remained unsettled for nearly a decade until the union with Syria in 1958, it was only because Egypt had no positive stake in peace and was under no pressure to conclude one. On the one hand, the concessions that Israel could offer Egypt in exchange for peace were not important enough to constitute an inducement. On the other hand, Egypt was shielded by the United Nations and the big powers from any Israeli sanctions for its refusal to make peace—a mechanism that had hitherto been the

* The Lausanne Protocol of 1950, by which Israel and the Arab countries agreed to take the UN partition boundaries as a basis for settlement after Israel had agreed to take back 100,000 refugees, pointed at the lines along which the conflict could have been settled. Moreover, Israel and Jordan had no difficulty working out a draft peace treaty in secret negotiations in 1949-1950. The treaty was aborted because of pressure on Jordan from other Arab states which had no interest in peace.

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principal instrument in comparable cases for forcing the defeated to bow to the victor. The state of no-war-no-peace that developed from this situation did not appear to Cairo to impose onerous burdens on Egypt; on the contrary, by keeping the issue legally unsettled, it offered the advantage of avoiding a humiliating and politically dangerous acknowledgment of defeat while permitting Egypt to preserve the role of leadership in an Arab world that was united at that time only by its common hostility to Israel.

After 1958, however, Egypt's conflict with Israel underwent a subtle, mostly unobserved, but critical transformation. Israel's geographical position constituted a wedge that separated Egypt from the Arab countries with which it wished to unite and believed it could unite. In the few years after the union with Syria, when the spirit of Arab nationalism ran very high, Nasser thought that the obstructing Israeli wedge could be bypassed. But the more he tried and failed in this endeavor, the more firmly convinced he became that Arab unity could never be achieved without the prior elimination of Israel.

This conclusion first suggested itself to him when the fear of Israel's reaction prevented him from trying to draw an unwilling Jordan into the United Arab Republic, and it was driven home with great force by the Syrian secession from the union in 1961. Not only did the Israeli wedge stand in the path of an Egyptian invasion of Syria to restore the union, but the existence of that wedge had in the first place permitted the Syrians to secede without fear of an Egyptian military response. The conclusion that Israel had to be eliminated was fully and finally confirmed for Nasser by the failure of his 1963 project of unity with Syria and Iraq (which would have taken a different course had Nasser possessed direct access to these countries), and by the costly failure of his attempt to circumvent Israel by taking the Yemen detour. Thus, the existence of Israel collided physically, not to say emotionally and philosophically, with Nasser's dream of uniting the Arab world under Egyptian hegemony, and this meant that coexistence, even in the status of no-war-no-peace, ceased to be acceptable in principle and had to give way sooner or later to the arbitration of war.

As it turned out, the 1967 war—by demonstrating the futility of any hope of destroying Israel by force in the foreseeable future and by throwing Egypt into a condition of dependence on the financial support of Arab rulers who had been the opponents and potential victims of Nasser's Arab unity drive—compelled him to put off to the distant future any thought of pursuing his great dream. However, after having launched Egypt on an Arab nationalist destiny and identified his own career with the striving to realize that destiny, Nasser could not bring himself altogether to foreclose the hope of its future realization—which was precisely what liquidating the problem of Israel by signing a formal peace would mean, as he more than anyone else knew. He knew this because he himself had so put the issue historically, as a result of his experience, so that within his own regime and country those who have argued for peace with Israel have taken it for granted that this would mean the simultaneous reorientation of the country toward an Egyptian rather than an Arab destiny.

Confronted on the one hand with the necessity to make concessions in order to recover his lost territories and to satisfy his Russian supporters, and on the other with the compulsion to keep the pan-Arab future open, Nasser hit on the formula of "political settlement, yes; liquidation of the Palestine problem, no," and he has managed to interpret the Security Council resolution in that sense.

In the most liberal construction of this formula, Nasser perhaps visualizes a relation with Israel similar to that prevailing between West Germany and East Germany. There is no belligerence between the two countries; there is movement of men and goods between them; there is some kind of *de facto* mutual recognition, but legally, the issue remains open and could presumably be settled one day to the satisfaction of West Germany if diplomatic circumstances should permit. In the meantime, West Germany's refusal to recognize the legitimacy of East Germany permits it to limit the dealings of third parties with its antagonist (the Hallstein Doctrine, for instance) and thus to restrict its development and deny it general acceptance by the world. To realize how crucial this last point could be in the Arab-Israeli context, one need only consider how greatly a formal peace would facilitate the prospects of a mutual defense treaty between the United States and Israel (otherwise ruled out because the United States would be implicated in a legally open dispute), and how much easier it would make it for Russia to allow its Jews to emigrate to Israel.

It can be seen from all this that the question of a peace treaty as against some other type of settlement is not a matter of form but is rather a fundamental question of substance, not less, if not more, important than the content of the settlement itself. This is why Israel has continued to insist on a formal peace treaty, and it is why, to anticipate a little, the United States has thus far backed that insistence so strongly.

Jordan

The central importance for Egypt of the *nature* of the settlement, quite apart from its content, is highlighted by the contrast between Nasser's position and King Hussein's. Publicly, Jordan has formally aligned itself with Egypt's position. At the same time, however, King Hussein has let it

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be known privately that he is willing to contemplate a formal peace treaty with Israel in return for the bulk of the territories he lost in the war, and especially if he can get some kind of control over Jerusalem. This shows that where the pan-Arab considerations impelling Nasser do not enter, such factors as hatred, pride, and honor need not stand in the way of an Arab ruler's envisaging a formal peace settlement, even though his power at home may be much more precarious than Nasser's.

An agreement along the lines envisaged by King Hussein would entail not only a breach with Nasser, but also the certainty of a showdown with the Palestinian guerrilla movements, which have acquired great strength within Jordan. The doubt that Hussein would survive these challenges, together with his vehemence on the issue of Jerusalem, have been among the principal reasons for Israel's failure to settle with him.

Syria

SYRIA has formally rejected the Security Council resolution and has refused to have any dealings with the United Nations envoy, Ambassador Jarring. It has opposed any settlement of any nature or content on the ground that the very existence of Israel constitutes an act of aggression which must be removed by a popular war of liberation. Yet Syria has been much more cautious in handling its cease-fire line with Israel than Egypt and Jordan, whose formal position is much less intransigent.

It would be easy to dismiss the Syrian position as senseless and hypocritical, as many have done, but this would be to miss its underlying shrewdness. This position essentially reflects a bargain with the Soviets in which the Syrian regime obtained better terms than Nasser did. Offered Soviet help on condition that it seek a political settlement through the United Nations, the Syrian regime refused, arguing that Israel was not interested in any such settlement because it was bent on expansion. Thereupon the Soviets made their offer of help conditional upon the Syrians' agreement not to obstruct the efforts of Egypt and Jordan to pursue a political settlement and upon the Syrians' willingness to maintain quiet on their borders so as to avoid military escalation with Israel.

This suited the Syrians well. For if the Egyptian and Jordanian efforts at a political settlement were to yield results, the Syrian regime could always fall into line on the excuse that its desertion by the others had left it no choice—just as the Syrian government did with regard to the 1949 armistice agreements. If, on the other hand, the efforts were to fail, the Syrians would find themselves in the same boat as the others, and the regime could then claim credit for being unsullied by any attempt at compromise with the enemy.

The Palestinian Guerrillas

THE PALESTINIAN guerrilla movements have had no juridical standing as a party to the Arab-Israeli conflict and therefore they have not been formally approached for their views on the subject. However, because of their growing popularity and influence, their position may prove to be as important as that of any Arab government.

The guerrilla movements oppose any settlement with Israel and insist on the "liberation" of the whole of Palestine through a prolonged and expanding popular war. Although this position places them in opposition to Egypt and Jordan, themselves backed by most members of the Arab League, all the Arab governments have given moral support to the guerrilla movements, and some have extended generous financial and material aid as well.

This apparent contradiction is explained by the fact that even the governments that favor a political settlement are—or claim to be—skeptical of the prospects of achieving one, thus making their difference with the guerrilla movements a hypothetical issue. In the meantime, these governments find guerrilla action most useful as a means of "keeping the pot boiling" and preventing the situation from jelling into a *status quo* favorable to Israel. Moreover, all the Arab governments wish to cash in on the great popularity of the guerrilla movements, whose deeds, both real and fancied, have fired the imagination of the masses after the thorough dejection experienced in the wake of the crushing defeat of the regular Arab armies. The Arab governments concerned may also be thinking that if they should, despite all the odds, achieve a satisfactory political settlement, they would somehow manage to take care of the guerrilla movements. The real question, however, is whether by supporting the guerrillas now the Arab governments may not in fact be building up an instrument that could escape their control, stymie any possibility of a political solution, and drag the whole region into premature war and disaster.

This question becomes particularly pointed when one considers the strategy by which the guerrilla leaders hope to accomplish their objective. For some of them, the strategy consists solely of trying to embroil the Arab states into another war with Israel in the hope that this time, somehow, Israel would be defeated by the Arab armies or perish in a conflagration that would draw in the big powers. Others have more system to their nihilism. They too want to provoke a general war, but in the full realization that it would lead to Arab defeat and to further expansion of Israel. Their idea is precisely to keep forcing Israel to encompass more and more Arab territory

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and population, thus weakening it from within and creating the proper conditions for a popular war of liberation; at the same time, the fact that all the neighboring Arab countries would have lost territories to Israel would presumably unite them in a common onslaught from without, which, coordinated with the war of liberation from within, would remove the Israeli peril once and for all.

From the point of the view of the Palestinians, who have nothing to lose, this combination of Russian scorched-earth strategy and Algerian war effect (popular war resulting from suppression) may have a great deal of appeal; but for the Arab regimes and populations who would certainly have to pay dearly for the defeats before the tide could turn, such desperate calculations must give pause. The question is whether the pause will come in time, before the guerrilla movements succeed in provoking war.

The Soviet Union

THE SOVIET UNION and the United States, both of whom have supported the Security Council resolution and the Jarring mission, have also adopted different interpretations of that resolution, more or less parallel to and supportive of those adopted by Egypt and Israel respectively. They have thus contributed to the locking of the conflict in its present dangerous and precarious stalemate.

Underlying the Soviet position is a set of complex considerations. In principle, the Egyptian position (readiness to terminate the military confrontation with Israel in exchange for all the lost territories while keeping the dispute open legally and diplomatically) also suits the interests of the Soviet Union. It would check the danger of a military explosion that could lead either to a confrontation with the United States, or to a collapse of the pro-Soviet Arab regimes in another defeat. In addition, it would give the Soviets an opportunity to go on exploiting the dispute in a variety of ways. Their diplomatic support would still be needed by the Arabs, and they could, both directly and indirectly, continue to undermine the American position in the Arab world.

WHILE THERE is some consonance between Soviet and Egyptian interests, they are not altogether identical. For the Soviets, keeping the dispute legally and diplomatically open takes second priority to the termination of the Arab-Israeli military confrontation; for the Egyptians the opposite is true. This difference of priorities has prompted the two sides to recognize the necessity of realizing both objectives, for if a choice should become unavoidable, considerable tension is bound to result. Even now there is evidence of mutual suspicion, with Russia fearing that Egypt may be trying to maneuver it into a confrontation, and Egypt fearing that Russia may be tempted into an agreement to liquidate the dispute behind its back.

The United States

THE POSITION of the United States may be subject to change under the Nixon administration, but under the Johnson administration the reasons for supporting Israel's position were precisely the obverse of those underlying the Egyptian and Soviet stances. The United States has suffered grievously for nearly twenty years from the exploitation of the Arab-Israeli conflict by Nasser, the Russians, or both, as a way of defeating America's aims and undermining its position in the Middle East. In the past Washington made many and varied efforts to bring about a settlement of the conflict, but all of these failed for lack of any real bargaining situation between Israel and its neighbors. Now that the 1967 war, which Nasser provoked in the most daring and dangerous of his efforts to exploit the conflict, has created such a bargaining situation, the United States has decided to seize upon the opportunity to settle the problem for good. The way to achieve that objective, the Johnson administration thought, was to support Israel's interpretation of the Security Council resolution and to protect its new bargaining position against Soviet and Arab pressures.

However, just as there is a difference between the interests of the Soviet Union and those of Egypt, so there is one between the interests of the United States and those of Israel. Essentially, the United States is interested only in a real and lasting peace between the Arab states and Israel; it is interested in the *terms* of the peace only insofar as these may be pertinent to attaining it. Israel has a much more equivocal position. We have seen that while one tendency within Israeli public opinion completely shares the American view, others seek an extension of Israel's territory, whether for its own sake or in the belief that a modification of the boundaries is indispensable for security and a lasting peace. So far, the refusal of the Arab states (or in the case of Jordan, its inability) to contemplate a formal peace has masked the difference in priorities between the United States and Israel, leaving the two countries in agreement over the general formula that there should be a contractual settlement with the specific terms worked out in negotiations between the Arabs and the Israelis. However, should the Arab states—or for that matter, Russia alone—agree to a formal peace, but insist on the return of all the occupied territories, the difference in the views of the United States and Israel could very well place a heavy strain on their relations. And just as in the case of Russia and Egypt, so here too the recognition by the parties themselves of the differences between them gives rise to a

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certain amount of suspicion, with the United States fearing that Israel may be foreclosing the chances for peace through measures designed to establish *faits accompli*, and Israel fearing that the United States might sacrifice Israeli interests for a settlement that suits American interests only.

The Superpowers and the Principals

IT IS CLEAR from this analysis that the positions of the superpowers contain much more "give" than the positions of their respective protégés. Where Israel insists on peace and considerable territorial modifications, and Egypt, the key Arab country, insists on no peace and no territorial modifications, the United States is potentially amenable on the territorial question and the Soviet Union is potentially amenable on the no-peace issue. This suggests the formula of peace without annexation as a logical meeting ground for the two superpowers. Such a development has not, however, taken place so far for two general reasons: 1) at first, each superpower hoped that pressures at work on the other side would force it to come all the way over to its own position; 2) when this expectation vanished, each side began to hope that the pressures at work on the other would compel it to be the *first* to risk a crisis with its protégé in offering to compromise.

The pressures on which the Soviet Union has counted to mollify the United States have been: 1) the damage to American influence in the Arab world generally as a result of its close identification with Israel; 2) the apparent enhancement of the Soviet position in those Arab countries already alienated from the United States; 3) the embarrassment that Israeli reprisals deep in the territory of friendly Arab countries would cause the United States; 4) the danger of a collapse of the Jordanian regime under the stress of the unsettled situation.

The United States, for its part, has counted on the following pressures to bring the Soviets around: 1) the precariousness of the Egyptian and Syrian regimes, upon which the entire Soviet position in the region rests; 2) the damage to Soviet prestige for failing to help Egypt and Syria more effectively to recover their lost territories, obviously because of Soviet fear of the United States; 3) the enormous cost of propping up the defeated regimes, and keeping them in the arms race with Israel; 4) the danger that the Egyptian and Syrian regimes will try to implicate the Soviet Union by provoking a war, which would present the Russians with the dilemma of either risking a confrontation with the United States or seeing its position ruined in yet another Arab defeat; 5) the blockage of the Suez Canal, which hampers effective deployment east of Suez of the growing Soviet Black Sea-Mediterranean fleet.

A look at the list of contrasting pressures indicates that "objectively" the United States is better placed to hold its ground in this endurance contest than the Soviet Union. However, the practical effect of this "objective" advantage has been discounted by the impression the United States—whose diplomacy is open to criticism and debate—gives of being less determined than the Soviet Union. Thus the endurance of the Russians has been sustained by the hope that if they hold on a little longer, more amenable views may come to prevail in Washington. And this too has helped keep the situation deadlocked up to the present moment.

II

WHAT ARE the prospects of breaking out of the deadlock?

If the problem continues to be approached in the same way as it has been so far—if, that is to say, the problem continues to be posed in terms of peace versus some other form of settlement, and pre-June 5 boundaries versus modification of these boundaries in favor of Israel—then, it seems to me, there is very little hope that Arabs and Israelis will *by themselves* reach a mutually acceptable agreement. If a settlement is to come at all, it must come through a *prior agreement* between the United States and the Soviet Union, who would then jointly promote it among Israel and the Arab states. But what kind of agreement is possible between the superpowers? How can it be achieved? How can it be applied?

If the problem continues to be approached in the same way as it has been so far—I must repeat this condition—then I can see only two possible types of agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union: one based on peace without annexation, and one based on some other kind of settlement with little or no territorial modifications.

For the first kind of agreement to be achieved, the United States must be prepared to continue the endurance test with the Soviet Union for as long as it takes the latter to overcome its qualms about facing a crisis with Egypt. This involves the risk that the situation in the area might explode in the meantime, as a result of continuing tension, guerrilla action, and reprisals. Indeed, since the compromise agreement would not fully satisfy either Israelis or Arabs, the suspicion that it might be coming could well induce the two antagonists to enter a tacit conspiracy to defeat it by intensifying the small war that has been going on between them.

Assuming, however, that the superpowers do somehow reach an agreement on peace without annexation, the chances of getting the Arab states and Israel to acquiesce would be reasonably good. Nasser would have to adjust his plans and policies drastically. He would either have to reformulate the strategy of Arab nationalism to

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make it compatible with the legitimate and indefinite existence of the Israeli wedge, or to redefine Egypt's orientation back toward an Egyptian or a Nilotic destiny. This might be more than Nasser himself could contemplate, and he might therefore have to be replaced before it could be done. But if the Egyptians could get over this one critical point—perhaps with the rationale that the coalition of the superpowers had left them with no practical alternative—they could take considerable satisfaction in the recovery of all their lost territories, the termination of an onerous and costly struggle, and the probable inflow of economic assistance from new sources.

A Soviet-American agreement on peace without annexation is certain to throw Israel into political convulsions which would break up the present coalition government and split the country. I would estimate, however, that a majority would eventually emerge to endorse it if three conditions were fulfilled: 1) if Egypt's approval were assured before a decision had to be made, so that the issue of peace, or resistance for the sake of boundary modifications, could be presented concretely and starkly, not hypothetically and vaguely; 2) if secondary provisions (demilitarized areas, effective guarantees of freedom of navigation, etc.), including perhaps the prospect of a mutual defense treaty with the United States, were carefully worked out to assuage Israeli concern with security; 3) if the administrative unity of Jerusalem under joint Arab-Israeli auspices were to be assured. Failing these conditions, the convulsions might either result in a victory of the opposition, or endure long enough to allow the opposition to sabotage the plan by tempting or provoking the Arab states to conspire in its defeat.

Once Egypt acquiesced, King Hussein would certainly agree to the plan and would be willing to take his chances in confronting the guerrilla organizations. He might succeed in suppressing them or he might fail in the attempt and lose the state to the guerrilla groups. In either case, I believe, the peace agreement would finally stick.

To understand how this is possible, one must free oneself from the facile generalizations, quick analogies, and romantic notions that have characterized the discussion of these organizations in the mass media. There is no doubt that at the moment the Palestinian guerrilla organizations are a very important element in the picture. But there can also be no doubt that they have achieved this importance as a result of three sets of *contingent* factors. The first is that they have nothing to lose; the second is that they have visions, however remote, of a world to win; and the third is that they now enjoy optimum conditions. They have the moral and material support of all the Arab governments, which means plenty of funds and arms; the freedom to operate from within Jordan; and the benefit of the equivocal status of resistance fighters working in the shadow of the official Jordanian state. Since formally the Jordanian state is signatory to a cease-fire agreement and is not responsible for the guerrillas in the eyes of the world, the guerrillas can attack Israel without too much fear that Israel will retaliate by invading Jordan. Moreover, because the Arab states have so far been unable to eliminate the consequences of their own disastrous defeat, the guerrillas have come to enjoy a great popular glamor which adds to their political weight and helps them in their recruiting.

Now let us visualize a situation in which Egypt has already acquiesced in a peace without annexation and in which King Hussein wants to follow suit and engages in a showdown with the guerrilla organizations. To start with, he will already have at least the passive backing of Arab governments who provide the guerrillas with the bulk of their material support. If he should succeed in suppressing the guerrillas, well and good. If he should fail and lose his power to them, then the conditions of the guerrilla movements will have changed in the following ways:

Probably after a fight for predominance among themselves, which would tend to weaken them all and damage their moral standing, one group or coalition would take over the government of Jordan. This would immediately mean that the winners would now have something to lose. They would, in fact, have acquired a Palestinian state, and they would have to be very careful not to risk losing it on the highly improbable gamble of gaining their total goal. If they were to persist in hostilities against Israel, they would, as the government, expose themselves to an Israeli invasion. The Israelis, as the party asking for nothing more than peace, would, in carrying out an invasion under these conditions, be acting against the subversion of a plan devised and promoted by the superpowers themselves and would therefore probably get their sympathy. Moreover, the guerrilla government could not hope to embroil other Arab governments, particularly Egypt, in a war with Israel, partly because their armed attack on Hussein for agreeing to peace would also have been a political attack on Egypt itself for doing the same, and partly because the prospect of defeat would act as a deterrent in a situation in which the Soviet Union as well as the United States would be opposed to war. Thus, the victory of the guerrilla organizations over King Hussein would produce circumstances under which the guerrilla government would probably hold back on peace for some time, while keeping its border with Israel quiet and suppressing the hotheads within its own ranks. In the long run, such a consummation may be even more desirable from the point of view of a stable peace than a victory of King Hussein over the guerrillas.

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The present Syrian regime would at first certainly oppose the settlement verbally, but given the Soviet interest in peace and the dependence of the regime on Soviet help, it would in all likelihood either join in order to make recovery of the Golan Heights part of the overall package, or it would sulk while doing nothing about regaining the Heights in practice.

ALL THIS gives us an idea of the enormous difficulties attending the realization of an American-Soviet agreement on peace without annexation. But one can at least see that if a number of "ifs" turned out the right way, the result might be a viable settlement which would allow the whole region to look forward to a more promising future. The same, however, definitely cannot be said of Soviet-American agreement on a settlement short of peace presumably to relieve the high tensions in the area.

If the United States wishes to give up its insistence on a formal peace and accept in effect the Soviet and Egyptian position, it must also be prepared to accept the rationale behind that position. It must be prepared to see the Arab-Israeli conflict persist on the legal-diplomatic level, thus continuing to bedevil American relations with the whole area, and giving one-sided advantages to the Russians. And it must be prepared to see the legal-diplomatic dispute deteriorate in the long run, and perhaps break out again into armed conflict if circumstances should prove favorable. To expect anything else—to think, for instance, as some advocates of this course do, that the termination of the military confrontation between Israel and the Arab states would constitute the first step in an evolution toward peace—is to shut one's eyes to the main reason for Egypt's refusal to make peace, to dismiss irresponsibly the issue of the guerrilla movements, and to ignore all the lessons of the history of the Arab-Israeli conflict.

Why should peace evolve out of the termination of the military confrontation when Nasser's whole point in refusing peace now is precisely to be able to reopen the conflict at a future date, and to use it in the meantime as a means of keeping alive the dream of integral Arab unity?

Why should peace evolve when the history of the Arab-Israeli conflict shows that the suspended dispute festers and always produces new grounds for conflict? In 1949 there were only the issues of refugees and boundaries; in 1967 there were *added* to these the issues of boycott, free navigation, the Jordan River waters, guerrilla raids and retaliation, the arms race, and the problem of the possible introduction of nuclear weapons into the region.

Why should peace evolve when the refusal to negotiate it is designed to uphold the rights of the Palestinians, and when the Palestinian guerrilla movements conceive of these rights as involving sovereignty over the whole of Palestine after destroying Israel in a war of liberation? If the logic of peace without annexation points to the suppression of the guerrilla movements or to their conversion into a party interested in peace, the logic of a settlement short of formal peace points to them as precisely the *deus ex machina* that would destroy it.

In any case, the big powers would encounter grave difficulties in imposing any settlement short of peace on Israel, if not on Egypt and Jordan. Where the concrete possibility of peace without annexation would drastically divide Israeli opinion before rallying a majority, a settlement of the kind we are discussing would unite all Israelis in unrelenting opposition. What would then ensue?

The big powers would have to *consider* applying the most severe sanctions, including military action; but the consideration would most likely lead nowhere. The United States would certainly not join with the Russians in sending troops to suppress Israel, and would not allow the Russians to do so by themselves. Economic sanctions, to have any effectiveness, would have to be thorough and be applied by all nations having important dealings with Israel. Even if the United States government was sufficiently foolhardy to contemplate such sanctions (singling out Israel, a democracy which stubbornly insists on peace, after having been lackadaisical about South Africa and Rhodesia), previous experience shows that big loopholes can never be avoided, and that sanctions generally cause more trouble for those who would apply them than for the country being punished.

One area where sanctions appear at first sight to offer a promise of effectiveness is a general embargo on arms shipments to Israel. Precisely because of this, however, Israel would no doubt take counter-action that could raise critical problems. By the time such a decision were reached, Israel might well have built nuclear weapons of its own—the recent spate of rumors suggesting that Israel already possesses them or is about to possess them probably indicates that Israel has taken measures to narrow the time span between the decision to produce and actual production. Nuclear weapons, added to the capacity Israel already has to produce conventional weapons and to prolong the life of its present arsenal, would not only nullify the effect of an arms embargo, but would also open a Pandora's box. The Arabs would desperately seek nuclear weapons too; the Soviets, while they would almost certainly resist giving such weapons to the Arabs, would be very strongly tempted at least to extend their nuclear umbrella over the Arab countries. And this, in turn, would raise a whole set of new and enormously dangerous problems. The Russians would face the problem of balancing the credibility of their guarantee in Israeli eyes with the danger that the Arabs might take the guarantee so seri-

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ously as to court war with Israel at a time it appeared to be isolated. The United States, were it to leave the Russians unchallenged, would be faced with a situation in which Russia would have become the sole protector of the Arab countries and would have set a precedent for extending its umbrella over other parts of the world. Were it to challenge Russia, then . . .

But even if Israel did not produce nuclear weapons, an arms embargo could defeat the whole object of the plan we are discussing—to defuse the Middle-East powder keg—in another way. With Israel as an outcast, the guerrillas and the Arab governments would become more daring, Israel's response would become more desperate, and a general war would break out before the balance of forces could actually be upset to Israel's detriment.

Where does all this leave us?

Clearly a Soviet-American agreement on a settlement short of peace is fraught with disastrous consequences. Yet if this idea is receiving some consideration now, it is because the much more desirable alternative of an agreement on peace without annexation seems itself to be obstructed. Is there no alternative except leaving the situation in its present explosive condition while waiting for something to "give," or launching upon a desperate new course in an attempt to defuse the powder keg? I believe there *is* a third course which could be pursued if and when it should become apparent that the chances of an American-Soviet agreement on peace without annexation (to my mind, the most desirable outcome) were definitely and irretrievably blocked.

III

FOUR PREMISES, already elaborated upon in the preceding analysis, constitute the basis of my proposal:

1) Israel is amenable on the question of boundaries provided it can obtain a formal peace plus various subsidiary security measures.

2) The guerrilla movements constitute a critical problem in a situation of stalemate or in a situation short of formal peace, but *not* in a situation in which a genuine peace is envisaged between Israel and its neighbors.

3) Egypt is the key Arab country for purposes of making peace. Its assent would induce Jordan and Lebanon to come along, and would either neutralize Syria or force it too to seek a settlement.

4) The crux of Egypt's opposition to a formal peace has been the refusal of Nasser's regime to accept as legitimate and permanent the Israeli wedge, which obstructs the practical pursuit of what he perceives to be Egypt's destiny as the unifier and leader of the Arab world.

Because the Arab-Israeli conflict has become entangled with inter-Arab struggles over the Arab future and big-power interests in this region, a solution to the Arab-Israeli crisis must ultimately be tolerable to the principals involved in all three spheres and must neutralize the resistance of others. The key to my proposal is an effort to disentangle all these interacting struggles and conflicts. I would do this by a simple change of some boundary lines, but one which differs entirely from the changes commonly discussed.

Visualize the map of Israel and its neighbors: The main point of my proposal would be to redraw the boundary line between Egypt and Israel by having it run across the middle of northern Sinai, say from Ismailia in a straight line east and south to Israel's border, and then across the Southern Negev to the Jordanian border somewhere between Aqaba and the Dead Sea. The precise details could be worked out by the experts, taking into account terrain features, lines of communications, routine defense needs, and so on. But the main points of the plan are obvious.

"PHYSICALLY," the plan would have the following effects:

1) It would get Israel out of Egypt's way and permit land contact between Egypt and the Arab countries east of Suez through Jordan.

2) It would involve a swap of territories with a minimum of problems. The territories concerned are thinly inhabited and would involve only a small exchange of population. In terms of natural resources, they are of more or less equal value. The port of Elath would be exchanged for Port Fuad.

3) The most crucial point is that the swap would deprive Israel of access to the Red Sea through Elath and the Gulf of Aqaba in order to make way for Egypt; but Israel would be compensated for its loss with access to the same sea through the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Suez by becoming a riparian of the Suez Canal. This would not only entitle Israel to use the Canal freely, but would give it the physical means to insure its right on penalty of depriving Egypt itself of the use of the Canal.

4) Strategically, the swap would in principle facilitate Arab unity and increase the possibility of greater inter-Arab military coordination, and to that extent it would represent a potential danger for Israel. However, the danger would not be all that great because Israel would be sitting astride a long and exposed flank of Egypt all the way from Ismailia to the Jordanian border and could threaten to cut off Egypt's lines of communications in case of war. Moreover, Israel would also gain some strategic advantage by moving its frontier right up to the Suez Canal, which would put Egypt's main centers of industry and population within easy reach of Israel's striking force and would make all of Egypt accessible to Israeli air power. Thus, from a strategic point of

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view, the swap would give the two parties as it were glass fronts which would deter each from trying to fling rocks at the other.

Politically, the plan would have the following consequences:

1) The most obvious and most important feature of the plan is that it would disentangle the question of Israel's existence from the question of Arab unity. It would overcome the most fundamental reason for Egypt's present opposition to peace. It would give Israel the peace and the recognition it has always wanted, without forcing the other side to do violence to its perception of its own identity and destiny. Moreover, because the plan involves a swap of "national" territories rather than annexation or recovery of ground under duress, it circumvents the positions taken by the parties on the territorial question and allows them not to lose face.

2) Israel's other neighbors (and also the more remote Arab countries) might not like the plan because it would expose them to more effective Egyptian pressure on behalf of Arab unity. But lacking the power to frustrate such a deal and lacking the means to continue the confrontation with Israel alone, they would have little choice but to go along. Jordan would then have to work out an agreement with Israel as best it could—a realistic proposal might include cession to Israel of a strip along the Jordan River in exchange for the Gaza Strip and free access to the Mediterranean through Israeli territory.

The guerrilla movements would find themselves in substantially the same position as they would following an agreement on peace without annexation (described above). So too would Lebanon and Syria, with this possible difference: now that a land link would exist with Egypt through Jordan, these countries, as well as Iraq and Saudi Arabia, might well develop a vested interest in the independence of Jordan, or at least in its immunity from forceful invasion by Egypt. But this should be a matter of exclusive Arab concern, for one of the main virtues of the proposal is precisely that it would leave the forces at work in the Arab world to find their own point of equilibrium, be it in unity or in a balance of power.

3) For the United States the plan would carry two advantages. Not only would the United States be rid of the Arab-Israeli conflict, but it would also be given a chance to redefine its relationship to Arab nationalism on a new, much healthier, and more useful basis than ever before.

Ever since it became seriously involved in the Middle East, the United States, like Britain before it, has recognized the significance of Arab nationalism as a political bulwark against the spread of Soviet influence in the region. However, attempts to work with Arab nationalism in the 50's boomeranged, mainly because Nasser opposed the American search for military alliances and bases in the area in the name of the very desire for independence that had made Arab nationalism seem valuable against Soviet encroachment.

With the coming to office of the Kennedy administration, it was thought worthwhile to make a new effort to work with Arab nationalism in order to check Soviet influence. By that time the stumbling block that had caused the failure of the first attempt had been removed: the United States no longer needed military allies in the Middle East, since its global defense system had come to rest increasingly on missiles based at home or carried in submarines. However, this second attempt also failed for two interrelated reasons. One was the American commitment to Israel's existence and integrity which, as we have already seen, was just then becoming a fundamental obstacle in the way of Egypt's pan-Arab project; and the other was the fact that a pattern of cooperation had already been established between Egyptian-led Arab nationalism and the Soviets. This allowed the latter to sabotage the American effort by playing on the Arab-American differences over the Israel issue and encouraging Egypt to use force, in the name of Arab unity, to undermine Arab regimes friendly to the United States. The failure of this second attempt at entente left the United States with no choice but to adopt a policy of balancing forces in the area. And this, in turn, inevitably caused the United States to rely more and more on Israel as a key balancer, fanned the fears and antagonism of Egypt, and intensified the suspicion of the Soviets that the United States aimed at using Israel to destroy its position in the Middle East.

THE PLAN I propose would allow the United States to make a fresh and more promising start in its relations with Arab nationalism. This does not necessarily mean that the United States would actively support Nasser's brand of Arab nationalism, but it would be able to adopt an attitude of benevolence toward the movement as a whole and of neutrality toward any particular version of it. For with the Israeli issue out of the way and with the disappearance of any need for military allies and bases in the area, the interests of the United States would be compatible with any result that the unhindered pursuit of Arab nationalism might attain. The most basic of these interests, the denial of hegemony in the area to the Soviets, would be completely harmonious with the interest of Arab nationalism in the independence of the Arab countries and their freedom to work out their destiny without outside interference. As for the secondary American interests—in the free flow of oil, access to transit facilities, and the like—these should be secured on the basis of a specific reciprocity of interest with the countries concerned, enhanced by the substitution of a relationship of benevolence toward all the Arab countries for the pres-

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ent relationship of partisanship toward some and hostility to others.

4) The Soviet Union would probably not like the prospect of an entente between the United States and Arab nationalism. However, if Egypt were to accept the plan, the Soviet Union would be put on the spot. To oppose it without offering Egypt a better alternative would seem like opposing the goal of Arab unity; and the only better alternative it could offer Egypt—committing itself to the removal of the Israeli wedge by other means—would set the Soviet Union on a course of confrontation with the United States. The Soviet Union might be tempted to support the proposed plan with the idea of subsequently capitalizing on the polarization between conservative and radical Arab regimes in order to embarrass and press the United States; however, such attempts would be effectively checked and even completely defeated once the radical regimes realized that the United States had no vested interest against them and was only concerned with enhancing the capacity of the Arab peoples to determine their destiny freely.

In short, if the Israel issue were out of the way and if the United States were to adopt a position of benevolent neutrality toward Arab nationalism, the Russians would have no edge in any competition in the area. And without such an edge, they might content themselves with securing *their* fundamental interest in the Middle East—which is to deny hegemony over the region to the United States—instead of assuming the risks of offensive action. This they could best secure by joining in the sponsorship of the proposal so as to convert it into a full-fledged plan for the neutralization and demilitarization of the region.

I REALIZE, of course, that this proposal is very far from constituting a plan—even though I slipped into calling it a plan in the course of discussing it. I have said nothing about the problems of the refugees,* and I have been too brief about the territorial disposition of the West Bank and the Syrian Heights, and the status of Jerusalem. All these, however, are issues that could fall into place once the attention of the parties concerned were seriously turned in the direction of the proposed approach and its underlying rationale. Unless an agreement on peace without annexation can be reached, this third course provides a far better alternative than sitting tight at the edge of a volcano or taking an initiative which is bound to result in a new outbreak of general war.

* The omission of the refugee question is due to my conviction that the problem is easily soluble once the Arab states agree to make peace. The interested reader can find an elaboration of my views on this question, as on other points mentioned briefly in this article, in my *From War to War: The Arab-Israeli Confrontation 1948-1967*, Pegasus, 1969.

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How People Change

Allen Wheelis

WE HAVE NOT far to look for suffering. It's in the streets, fills the air, lies upon our friends. Faces of pain look at us from newspaper, from TV screen. We know them: black man swinging in the warm wind, sealed cattle cars rumbling through the bitter cold, the glare of Auschwitz at midnight, the sweet smell.

And then there's always the suffering inside. But that's different. It may be very bad, this private misery, but different.

For many people pain is imposed, there's no escape. It may be impersonal, unavoidable, as by fire, flood, cancer; or man-made, as in wars, sack of cities, rape of girls. Victims still have choice; there's always a little corner of freedom. They may throw spears at the bombers or bow in prayer, may curse or plead; but they may not choose to suffer or not suffer. That choice has been foreclosed. Starving blacks of Biafra scrounge for roots, fight each other for rats; Vietnamese children with melted flesh wander homeless, orphaned, across a lunar desert.

Many of us have never known this kind of misery, have never felt a lash or club, never been shot at, persecuted, bombed, starved—yet we suffer too. Wealth and intelligence and good fortune are no protection. Having had good parents helps but guarantees nothing; misery comes equally to high-born and low, comes with the gold spoon, to prince and princess and ladies in waiting, to groom and gamekeeper, to the mighty and the humble. We feel our suffering as alien, desperately unwanted, yet nothing imposes it. We eat, often exceedingly well; the roof over our head is timber and tile; deep carpets, thin china, great music, rare wine; a woman looks at us with love; we have friends, families; our needs are met. In some way, unnoticed, unknown, we must elect our suffering, create it. It may be quite intense.

Some of it is public knowledge—madness, suicide, running amuck. Some of it is visible only to a few, to family and friends who see the withdrawal, depression, the sense of rejection, the clawing competitiveness, the bitter frustration, bafflement, and anger, year after year after year. At the concert or opera, walking about in the lobby, they bow, they smile, they glitter—show nothing of the misery inside. And some of our suffering is altogether private, known to no one but him who suffers, not even his wife, is borne with shame as some indescribable awkwardness in living, a kind of disloyalty to be in despair in the lap of plenty.

Imposed suffering has priority over elected suffering, as material needs take precedence over spiritual. "First feed the belly, then talk right and wrong," says Mac the Knife. Or Sartre: "The exploitation of men by other men, undernourishment—these make metaphysical unhappiness a luxury and relegate it to second place. Hunger—now that *is* an evil." Imposed suffering, therefore, protects from the elected kind, crowds it out. We simply cannot create despair from subjective roots if we are forced into despair by persecution. In the concentration camp, states of created despair are remembered vaguely, as if from a different life, discontinuous with the present one in which despair issues from the SS truncheons.

To those whose suffering is imposed, elected suffering seems unreal. Lacking in measurable circumstance, in objective explanation, it seems illusory, made up, "in the head." Victims of the whip feel envy of those so sheltered from pain as to be able to dream up states of misery; contempt when such fortunate ones have the arrogance to elegize their torment; a hateful mirth at existential despair hatching in a nest of IBM stock certificates.

We who compose our own misery are ambivalent toward victims of imposed suffering. We feel a subtle pride—secret, never expressed, unknown often even to ourselves—that our misery is more complicated, spiritual; as if we whispered, "The pain of being hungry, of being beaten, is very bad, we sympathize, will make a contribution to CARE; but it is, after all, a primitive suffering; anyone can feel it; just leave them alone, give them enough to eat, and they'd be happy—whereas only a poet could feel what I feel." At the same time, more openly felt, more easily expressed, we feel shame, judge our created misery to be petty in comparison.

ALLEN WHEELIS, a psychoanalyst who practices in San Francisco, is the author of *The Quest for Identity;* a novel, *The Seeker;* and *The Illusionless Man,* a book of stories and essays, two of which originally appeared in COMMENTARY.

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In fact they are equally bad: depression or starvation is a hard choice; the terror of the ledge ten floors up matches the terror of the firing squad. In felt experience, that is: in worthiness we cannot call them equal. We who compose our own misery are ashamed at Babi Yar, at Nagasaki, on the slave ships from Africa, in the arena at Rome. They were innocent of their suffering, we are guilty of complicity with ours; they had no choice in theirs, we bear responsibility for ours.

Created suffering, except where precluded by imposed pain, affects us all. The well-adjusted lie: listen to them at your risk; listen to them long enough, declaiming the official view, being serious with their slogans, and you lose contact with your own heart. Poets tell the truth: the sadness of Greece and Gethsemane, of Sodom and Gomorrah, of the Pharaohs and their minions and their slaves, was as our own. It's part of being human, we differ from one another only in more or less. A few tranquil ones, with little conflict, suffer less; at the other extreme, stretched by despair to some dreadful cracking point, one goes berserk. In between are the rest of us, not miserable enough to go mad or jump off the bridge, yet never able if we are honest to say that we have come to terms with life, are at peace with ourselves, that we are happy.

THE OLDER I get the less I know, the darker the well of time. The enigma grows more bleak. I seek. I am concerned with suffering and with change, and I write equally for patient and therapist. What one should know will be useful, also, to the other. Here psychotherapy parts company with medicine.

The book for the surgeon is not the book for the surgical patient. One delivers one's ailing body—with its abscess or tumor or broken bone—into the hands of the surgeon, and his most elementary information and skill will transcend anything the patient need know. The patient must cooperate—one green capsule three times a day, keep the leg elevated, force fluids—but need not understand how or why. The responsibility lies with the surgeon, the problem is his, his the accountability for failure, the credit for success. Patient and surgeon do not learn from the same text.

Many patients go to psychiatrists as if to surgeons, and many psychiatrists regard themselves as psychic surgeons. When such a patient comes to such a therapist a relationship of considerable length may result, but little else. For the job can be done, if at all, only by the patient. To assign this task to anyone else, however insightful or charismatic, is to disavow the source of change. In the process of personality change the role of the psychiatrist is catalytic. As a cause he is sometimes necessary, never sufficient. The responsibility of the patient does not end with free-associating, with being on time, with keeping at it, paying his bills, or any other element of cooperation. He is accountable only to himself and this accountability extends all the way to the change which is desired, the achieving of it or the giving up on it.

So—consider one who suffers. Perhaps a woman with a warm heart but frigid. What can she do? Perhaps a mother who wants to love her children but does not. Maybe a homosexual living an endless series of hostile transient encounters. Perhaps a man in his middle fifties with a depressive character, normal to his friends, but constantly brushing away cobweb thoughts of suicide, one who is bored, finds no meaning in life, is ashamed. Consider one who suffers—anyone you know well. Consider perhaps yourself.

II

I LIVE in a desert. Hour by hour feel myself dying. Surely I believe in something. Not much perhaps, but a little. What?

We are what we do . . . Identity is the integration of behavior. If a man claims to be honest we take him at his word. But if it should transpire that over the years he has been embezzling, we unhesitatingly discard the identity he adopts in words and ascribe to him the identity defined by his acts. "He claims to be honest," we say, "but he's really a thief."

One theft, however, does not make a thief. One act of forthrightness does not establish frankness; one tormenting of a cat does not make a sadist, nor one rescue of a fledgling a savior. Action which defines a man, describes his character, is action which has been repeated over and over, and so has come in time to be a coherent and relatively independent mode of behavior. At first it may have been fumbling and uncertain, may have required attention, effort, will—as when one first drives a car, first makes love, first robs a bank, first stands up against injustice. If one perseveres on any such course it comes in time to require less effort, less attention, begins to function smoothly; its small component behaviors become integrated within a larger pattern which has an ongoing dynamism and cohesiveness, carries its own authority. Such a mode then pervades the entire person, permeates other modes, colors other qualities, in some sense is living and operative even when the action is not being performed, or even considered. A young man who learns to drive a car thinks differently thereby, feels differently; when he meets a pretty girl who lives fifty miles away, the encounter carries implications he could not have felt as a bus rider. We may say, then, that he not only drives a car, but has *become* a driver. If the action is shoplifting, we say not only that he steals from stores but that he has *become* a shoplifter.

Such a mode of action tends to maintain itself, to resist change. A thief is one who steals; stealing extends and reinforces the identity of thief, which

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generates further thefts, which further strengthens and deepens the identity. So long as one lives, change is possible; but the longer such behavior is continued the more force and authority it acquires, the more it permeates other consonant modes, subordinates other conflicting modes; changing back becomes steadily more difficult; settling down to an honest job, living on one's earnings, becomes ever more unlikely. And what is said here of stealing applies equally to courage, cowardice, creativity, gambling, homosexuality, alcoholism, depression, or any other of the myriad ways of behaving, and hence of being. Identity comprises all such modes as may characterize a person, existing in varying degrees of integration and conflict. The greater the conflict the more unstable the identity; the more harmonious the various modes the more durable the identity.

The identity defined by action is present and past; it may also foretell the future, but not necessarily. Sometimes we act covertly, the eye does not notice the hand under the table, we construe the bribe to have been a gift, the running away to have been prudence, and so conceal from ourselves what we are. Then one day, perhaps, we drop the pretense, the illusion cracks. We have then the sense of an identity that has existed all along—and in some sense we knew it but would not let ourselves know that we knew it—but now we do, and in a blaze of frankness say, "My God! I really am a crook!" or "I really am a coward!" We may then go too far and conclude that this identity is our "nature," that it was writ in the stars or in the double helix, that it transcends experience, that our actual lives have been the fulfilling of a pre-existing pattern.

In fact it was writ only in our past choices. We are wise to believe it difficult to change, to recognize that character has a forward propulsion which tends to carry it unaltered into the future, but we need not believe it impossible to change. Our present and future choices may take us upon different courses which will in time comprise a different identity. It happens, sometimes, that the crook reforms, that the coward stands to fight.

. . . *And may do what we choose.* The identity defined by action is not, therefore, the whole person. Within us lies the potential for change, the freedom to choose other courses. When we admit that those "gifts" were bribes and say, "Well, then, I'm a crook," we have stated a fact, not a destiny; if we then invoke the leopard that can't change his spots, saying, "That's just the way I am, might as well accept it," we abandon the freedom to change, and exploit what we have been in the past to avoid responsibility for what we shall be in the future.

Often we do not choose, but drift into those modes which eventually define us. Circumstances push and we yield. We did not choose to be what we have become, but gradually, imperceptibly became what we are by drifting into the doing of those things we now characteristically do. Freedom is not an objective attribute of life; alternatives without awareness yield no leeway. I open the door of my car, sit behind the wheel, and notice in a corner of vision an ant scurrying about on the smooth barren surface of the concrete parking lot, doomed momentarily to be crushed by one of the thousand passing wheels. There exists, however, a brilliant alternative for this gravely endangered creature: in a few minutes a woman will appear with a picnic basket and we shall drive to a sunny, hilltop meadow. This desperate ant has but to climb the wheel of my car to a safe sheltered ledge, and in a half hour will be in a paradise for ants. But this option, unknown, unknowable, yields no freedom to the ant, who is doomed; and the only irony belongs to me who observes, who reflects that options potentially as meaningful to me as this one to this ant may at this moment be eluding my awareness; so I too may be doomed—this planet looks more like a parking lot every day.

Nothing guarantees freedom. It may never be achieved, or having been achieved may be lost. Alternatives go unnoticed; foreseeable consequences are not foreseen; we may not know what we have been, what we are, or what we are becoming. We who are the bearers of consciousness but of not very much, may proceed through a whole life without awareness of that which would have meant the most, the freedom which has to be noticed to be real. Freedom is the awareness of alternatives and of the ability to choose. It is contingent upon consciousness, and so may be gained or lost, extended or diminished.

MODERN psychiatry found its image in the course of dealing with symptoms experienced as alien. A patient so afflicted seeks no alteration of character or personality, would be offended if the physician suggested such or pretended to any competence in that area. Nothing is felt to be wrong with the patient as a person, his self is not presented for examination or treatment. He is a patient only because he's sick, and his sickness consists of an ailment of which he wishes to be relieved. If the trouble is of recent onset and condenses a specific conflict of impulse and inhibition the medical model may be tenable: insight may function as medicine and dispel the symptom. On those exceedingly rare occasions when we still see such a case, we can be real doctors again and cure someone. The following is an example.

A thirty-five-year-old woman suddenly, and for the first time in her life, develops a spasm of the right foot and a left-sided migraine. Brain tumor is suspected but neurological examination is normal. On psychiatric consultation it is learned that she has been married fifteen years, no chil-

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dren, is devoutly religious, cannot tolerate hostile feelings, but in fact despises her alcoholic husband. At a party, on the evening before her trouble began, she went upstairs looking for a bathroom and chanced upon her husband with a woman on his lap, the two of them in deep, prolonged kissing. She watched for a few moments, then backed out without being seen. On leaving the party, as her husband was drunk, she drove the car. Reaching home he stumbled out to open the garage door and for a moment was caught in the headlights. Just beyond him was a concrete wall. The motor was idling fast. She felt dizzy, passed a hand over her face. Upstairs, a few minutes later, her right foot began to twitch; during the night she waked up with a headache.

In this case, properly prepared, the interpretation, "You wanted to kill your husband," may effect a cure. No will is necessary, no action, no change in being. Insight is enough.

Most psychiatrists know such cases only from reading examples like this one. The patients who actually appear in their offices—whatever their symptoms—suffer problems of being. When the symptom is migraine it has occurred not once but hundreds of times, over many years. It is not the somatic expression of a specific conflict, but a response to any conflict, any tension, a way of running from whatever seems too much; it has become a mode of being in the world. The patient may feel it as alien, want to be rid of it, but it has become useful in a thousand unnoticed ways; its removal would not be simple relief but would expose the patient to conflicts which he has no other way of handling. The symptom does not afflict the patient, it *is* the patient.

This headache will not dissolve with insight, and here the medical model breaks down. What is called for is not cure of illness but change in what one is. Insight is not enough. Effort and will are crucial.

THE MOST common illusion of patients and, strangely, even of experienced therapists, is that insight produces change; and the most common disappointment of therapy is that it does not. Insight is instrumental to change, often an essential component of the process, but does not directly achieve it. The most comprehensive and penetrating interpretation—true, relevant, well expressed, perfectly timed—may lie inert in the patient's mind; for he may always, if he be so inclined, say, "Yes, but it doesn't help." If a therapist takes the position, as many do, that a correct interpretation is one that gets results, that the getting of results is an essential criterion for the correctness of an interpretation, then he will be driven to more and more remote reconstructions of childhood events, will move further and further from present reality, responding always to the patient's "Yes, but why?" with further reachings for more distant antecedents. The patient will be saying, in effect, "Yes, but what are you going to do about it?" and the therapist, instead of saying, as he should, "What are *you* going to do about it?" responds according to his professional overestimate of the efficacy of insight by struggling toward some ever more basic formulation. Some patients don't want to change, and when a therapist takes up the task of changing such a one he assumes a contest which the patient always wins. The magic of insight, of unconscious psychodynamics, proves no magic at all; the most marvelous interpretation falls useless—like a gold spoon from the hand of a petulant child who doesn't want his spinach.

AN ANGUISHED woman enters our office, sits down, weeps, begins to talk, and we listen. We are supposed to know what's up here, what the problem *really* is, and what to do about it. But the theories with which we have mapped the soul don't help, the life she relates is unlike any other. We may nevertheless cling to our map, telling ourselves we know where we are and all is well, but if we look up into the jungle of her misery we know we are lost. And what have we to go on? What to cling to? That people may change, that one person can help another. That's all. Maybe that's enough.

The suffering is a given, but the problem is a choice, is subjective and arbitrary, rests finally upon nothing more than the patient's will, upon his being able to say "This . . . is what I want to change."

Those psychiatrists who regard themselves in the manner of medical men would disagree, would hold that a psychic problem—homosexuality, for example, or compulsivity—is objectively verifiable, that a panel of competent therapists would concur. This view would hold that the problem "emerges" from the "material," is recognized and defined by the therapist who then presents it to the patient along with his recommendation for treatment.

But since the problem is something for which a solution is sought, only the patient can designate it. The therapist may perceive that a certain conflict leads regularly to such and such situations which cause suffering. But a cause of suffering is not a problem unless it is taken as such by the patient.

Likewise the goal of treatment must be determined by the patient. The only appropriate goal for the therapist is to assist. If the therapist cannot in good faith help to the end desired he is free to decline, but he cannot reasonably work toward goals of his own choosing. Even so benign a therapeutic aim as to "help the patient realize his potential" may be too much. It is too much if that is not what the patient wants. Sometimes, indeed, the patient may want the opposite, may feel that his trouble comes from having begun to

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realize incompatible potentialities, and that he must now turn away from some of them.

III

FREEDOM is that range of experience wherein events, courses of action, attitudes, decisions, accommodations, are seen as elective. It may be more or less, so we need to ask how much we want. In small things we always want choice. What color to paint the house? buy an Olds or a Buick? go to the Bergman film or the Ozawa concert? It would be onerous to be constrained here. In deeper matters we want to be held back. We might choose to live or die, but prefer *not* to choose, want to believe rather that we *have* to live. A kind man does not ponder becoming a sadist, an honest man does not consider whether to become a bandit; we prefer to consider such matters settled, removed from choice and hence from freedom.

In between such minor and major issues lies the middle ground of decision and action wherein some find freedom and choice while others find constraint and necessity. One man sees himself inextricably stuck in a marriage, a career, in obligations to children, relatives, colleagues, bound to his way and place of life, unable to change. Another in the same circumstances finds it possible to resign as judge of the circuit court, divorce a Philadelphia Mainline wife after twenty-four years of marriage and three children, move to Italy, live with an actress, take up painting. If we forgo the moral condemnation we generally visit upon those of greater scope and daring than ourselves, we are likely to discover great envy.

Necessity is that range of experience wherein events, courses of action, attitudes, decisions are seen as determined by forces outside ourselves which we cannot alter. A bored woman says, "I'd like to take a job, but can't leave home because of the children." With that "can't" she alleges necessity: staying home or leaving home is not open, the decision is imposed, runs counter to her wants; she designates her children's need as her necessity. Her prerogative to do this is clear, is granted, but it must be noted that nothing external to herself requires this view. Certainly her children's needs do not require it: within the same block other mothers manage somehow with baby-sitters and so hold jobs. The necessity that constrains her does not constrain them; it is of a different order from that which would derive from locked doors and barred windows.

The realm of necessity, therefore, must comprise two categories: the subjective or arbitrary, and the objective or mandatory. Mandatory necessity—like natural law which cannot be disobeyed—is that which cannot be suspended. It derives from forces, conditions, events which lie beyond the self, not subject to choice, unyielding to will and effort. "I wish I had blue eyes," ". . . wish I were twenty again," ". . . wish I could fly," ". . . wish I lived in the court of the Sun King." Such wishes are irrelevant, choice is inoperative; the necessity impartially constrains. And since it cannot be put aside there's not much arguing about it. "If you jump you will fall—whether or not you choose to fly." There is consensus, we don't dwell on it, we accept.

Arbitrary necessity derives from forces within the personality, but construed to be outside. The force may be either impulse or prohibition: "I didn't want to drink, but couldn't help it." That is to say, the impulse to drink does not lie within the "I." The "I," which is of course the locus of choice, does not "want" to drink, would choose otherwise, but is overwhelmed by alien force. "I want to marry you," a woman says to her lover, "want it more than anything in the world. But I can't divorce my husband. He couldn't take it . . . would break down. He depends on me. It would kill him." Here it is loyalty, caring for another's welfare, which is alleged to lie outside the deciding "I," which therefore cannot choose, cannot do what it "wants," but is held to an alien course. As though she were saying, "I do not here preside over internal conflict, do not listen to contending claims within myself to arrive finally at an anguished, fallible decision, but am coerced by mandates beyond my jurisdiction; I yield to necessity." The issue is not one of conscious versus unconscious. The contending forces are both conscious. The issue is the boundary of the self, the limits of the "I."

Arbitrary necessity, therefore—like man-made law—is that which may be suspended, disobeyed. When dealing with ourselves the constraining force seems inviolable, a solid wall before us, as though we really "can't," have no choice; and if we say so often enough, long enough, and mean it, we may make it so. But when we then look about and observe others doing what we "can't" do we must conclude that the constraining force is not an attribute of the surrounding world, not the way things are, but a mandate from within ourselves which we, strangely, exclude from the "I."

The lady who "wants" to marry her lover but "can't" divorce her husband might here object. "When I said 'can't,'" she might say, "it was just a way of speaking, a metaphor. It meant that staying with my husband represents duty, not desire, that's all. In a theoretical way I could choose . . . I know that. But it's just theoretical. Because . . . you see, the conflict is so terribly unequal, the considerations that make me stay, that absolutely demand I stay with my husband . . . they're so overwhelmingly strong, there's really no choice. That's all I mean."

We make serious record of her objection. In passing we note with surprise that the inequality

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of the conflict leads her to conclude there is "really no choice," whereas this same circumstance would have led us to say rather that the choice is easy, one she might arrive at promptly, with the conviction of being right.

It's only a metaphor, she says. In some theoretical way, she says, she is aware of choice. Perhaps. But we have doubt. In any event we must point out that she specifically denies this choice for which she now claims oblique awareness, that she locates the determining duty outside the "I" and its "wants." And we might add that if she continues such metaphorical speech long enough she will eventually convince even herself; her "theoretical" choice will become more and more theoretical until, with no remaining consciousness of option, it will disappear. She then will have made actual something that may once have been but a metaphor. Nothing guarantees our freedom. Deny it often enough and one day it will be gone, and we'll not know how or when.

Objective necessity is not arguable. My lover dies, I weep, beat my fists on the coffin. Everyone knows what I want; everyone knows that nothing will avail, no prayer, no curse, no desperate effort, nothing, that I shall never get her back. When there is argument about necessity, the alleged constraint is arbitrary, subjective. A house in flames, a trapped child, a restraining neighbor: "You can't go in! It's hopeless." I see it differently: I *can* go in—if I have the nerve. There may be a chance. It's not clear whether the situation permits or proscribes; the difference of opinion indicates that the necessity at issue is arbitrary. My neighbor's statement is more plea than observation; he asks me to perceive that the contemplated action is precluded, to see that there is no choice. By so deciding I can make it so. If I agree it is impossible, then—even if mistaken—my having arrived at that judgment will, in a matter of moments, make it true. Our judgments fall within the field of events being judged, so themselves become events, and so alter the field. We survey the course of history and conclude, "Wars are inevitable." The judgment seems detached, as if we observed from a distant galaxy; like all judgments, it may be mistaken. In any event it is not inert, it has consequences, shapes actions, moves interest and behavior from, for example, the politics of dissent to the connoisseurship of wine; it chips off one more fragment of the obstacle to war, and thereby makes more likely the war which, when it comes, will vindicate our original judgment and the behavior which issued from it. So we create the necessity which then constrains us, constrains ever more tightly day after day, so vindicating ever more certainly our wisdom in having perceived from the outset we were not free. Finally we are bound hand and foot and may exclaim triumphantly how right we were!

THE AREAS of necessity and of freedom vary in proportion to each other and in absolute measure. They vary, also, from person to person, and, within the same person, from time to time. Together they comprise the total extent of available experience the range of which is a function of awareness and concern.

Adolescence, traditionally, is the time of greatest freedom, the major choices thereafter being progressively made, settled, and buried, one after another, never to be reopened. These days, however, an exhumation of such issues in later life has become quite common, with a corresponding increase in freedom which makes life again as hazardous as in youth.

Throughout our lives the proportion of necessity to freedom depends upon our tolerance for conflict: the greater our tolerance the more freedom we retain, the less our tolerance the more we jettison; for high among the uses of necessity is the pursuit of tranquility. What we can't alter we don't have to worry about; so the enlargement of necessity is a measure of economy in psychic housekeeping. The more issues we have closed the fewer we have to fret about. For many of us, for example, the issues of stealing and of homosexuality are so completely buried that we no longer have consciousness of option, and so no longer in these matters have freedom. We may then walk through Tiffany's or go to the ballet without temptation or conflict. For one to whom these are still live issues, and for whom the choice depends upon a constantly shifting balance of fallibly estimated rewards of gain or pleasure as against risks of capture or shame, such exposure may cause great tension.

Tranquility, however, has risks of its own. As we expand necessity and so relieve ourselves of conflict and responsibility, we are relieved, also, in the same measure, of authority and significance. When a crisis arises which does not fall within our limited routine we are frightened, without resources, insignificant.

For some people necessity expands cancerously, every possibility of invention and variation being transformed into inflexible routine until all freedom is eaten away. The extreme in psychic economy is an existence in which everything occurs by law. Since life means conflict, such a state is living death. When, in the other direction, the area of necessity is too much diminished we become confused, anxious, may be paralyzed by conflict, may reach eventually the extreme of panic.

The more we are threatened, fragile, vulnerable, the more we renounce freedom in favor of an expanding necessity. Observing others then who laugh at risk, who venture on paths from which we have turned back, we feel envy; they are courageous where we are timid. We come close to despising ourselves, but recover quickly, can always take refuge in a hidden determinism.

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"It's all an illusion," we say, "it looks like their will and daring as against my inhibition and weakness, but that *must* be illusion. Because life is lawful. Nothing happens by chance. Not a single atom veers off course at random. My inhibition is not a failure of nerve. We can't see the forces that mold us, but they are there. The genetic and experiential dice are loaded with factors unknown, unknowable, not of our intending, are thrown in circumstances over which we have no vision or control; we are stuck with the numbers that turn up. Beware the man who claims to be captain of his soul, he's first mate at the very best."

The more we are strong and daring the more we will diminish necessity in favor of an expanding freedom. "We are responsible," we say, "for what we are. We create ourselves. We have done as we have chosen to do, and by so doing have become what we are. If we don't like it, tomorrow is another day, and we may do differently."

Each speaks truly for himself, the one is just so determined, the other is just so free; but each overstates his truth in ascribing his constraint or his liberty to life at large. These truths are partial, do not contend with each other. Each expresses a quality of experience. Which view one chooses to express, to the exclusion of the other, better describes the speaker than the human condition.

In every situation, for every person, there is a realm of freedom and a realm of constraint. One may live in either realm. One must recognize the irresistible forces, the iron fist, the stone wall—must know them for what they are in order not to fall into the sea like Icarus—but, knowing them, one may turn away and live in the realm of one's freedom. A farmer must know the fence which bounds his land, but need not spend his life standing there, looking out, beating his fists on the rails; better he till his soil, think of what to grow, where to plant the fruit trees. However small the area of freedom, attention and devotion may expand it to occupy the whole of life.

Look at the wretched people huddled in line for the gas chambers at Auschwitz. If they do anything other than move on quietly, they will be clubbed down. Where is freedom? . . . But wait. Go back in time, enter the actual event, the very moment: they are thin and weak, and they smell; hear the weary shuffling steps, the anguished catch of breath, the clutch of hand. Enter now the head of one hunched and limping man. The line moves slowly; a few yards ahead begin the steps down. He sees the sign, someone whispers "showers," but he knows what happens here. He is struggling with a choice: to shout "Comrades! They will kill you! Run!"—or to say nothing. This option, in the few moments remaining, is his whole life. If he shouts he dies now, painfully; if he moves on silently he dies but minutes later. Looking back on him in time and memory, we find the moment poignant but the freedom negligible. It makes no difference in that situation, his election of daring or of inhibition. Both are futile, without consequence. History sees no freedom for him, notes only constraint, labels him victim. But in the consciousness of that one man it makes great difference whether or not he experiences the choice. For if he knows the constraint and nothing else, if he thinks "Nothing is possible," then he is living his necessity; but if, perceiving the constraint, he turns from it to a choice between two possible courses of action, then—however he chooses—he is living his freedom. This commitment to freedom may extend to the last breath.

IV

Sometimes in therapy profound change occurs spontaneously, without effort or intention. It is a rare experience—anytime, anywhere—to be known and understood without being judged, to be regarded with affection and respect, without being used. No therapist can feel this way about all his patients, though he must try. When he does genuinely so feel, he creates a nurturing context in which the patient may take in and make his own the therapist's way of thinking about problems, a certain reflectiveness about suffering, a tendency to hold conflicting motives in suspension while looking for connections, meanings, significance.

Such identification leads to slight, subtle, often unnoticed changes in action and behavior, in one's way of dealing with one's self and others; and over a period of time these changed actions may achieve a change of being. One then feels one's self to be profoundly different without knowing how or why. If one is asked, "Well, what did you learn? What was the main insight?" one may stumble about, fabricate some inadequate answer, yet may know certainly that one is a better person, more able to love.

This sort of change is rare. We can't count on it, can't make it happen; when it occurs it is great good fortune, a bonus. Usually change—when it occurs at all—follows long and arduous trying.

Neurotic suffering indicates inner conflict. Each side of the conflict is likely to be a composite of many partial forces, each one of which has been structured into behavior, attitude, perception, value. Each component asserts itself, claims priority, insists that something else yield, accommodate. The conflict therefore is fixed, stubborn, enduring. It may be impugned and dismissed without effect, imprecations and remorse are of no avail, strenuous acts of will may be futile; it causes—yet survives and continues to cause—the most intense suffering, humiliation, rending of flesh. Such a conflict is not to be uprooted or ex-

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cised. It is not an ailment, it is the patient himself. The suffering will not disappear without a change in the conflict, and a change in the conflict amounts to a change in what one is and how one lives, feels, reacts.

Personality is a complex balance of many conflicting claims, forces, tensions, compunctions, distractions, which yet manages somehow to be a functioning entity. However it may have come to be what it is, it resists becoming anything else. It tends to maintain itself, to convey itself onward into the future unaltered. It may be changed only with difficulty. It may be changed from within, spontaneously and unthinkingly, by an onslaught of physiological force, as in adolescence. It may be changed from without, again spontaneously and unthinkingly, by the force of unusual circumstance, as in a Nazi concentration camp. And sometimes it may be changed from within, deliberately, consciously, and by design. Never easily, never for sure, but slowly, uncertainly, and only with effort, insight, and a kind of tenacious creative cunning.

Personality change follows change in behavior. Since we are what we do, if we want to change what we are we must begin by changing what we do, must undertake a new mode of action. Since the import of such action is change, it will run afoul of existing entrenched forces which will protest and resist. The new mode will be experienced as difficult, unpleasant, forced, unnatural, anxiety-provoking. It may be undertaken lightly but can be sustained only by a considerable effort of will. Change will occur only if such action is maintained over a long period of time.

The place of insight is to illumine: to ascertain where one is, how one got there, how now to proceed, and to what end. It is a blueprint, as in building a house, and may be essential, but no one achieves a house by blueprints alone, no matter how accurate or detailed. A time comes when one must take up hammer and nails. In building a house the making of blueprints may be delegated to an architect, the construction to a carpenter. In building the house of one's life or in its remodeling, one may delegate nothing; for the task can be done, if at all, only in the workshop of one's own mind and heart, in the most intimate rooms of thinking and feeling where none but one's self has freedom of movement or competence or authority. The responsibility lies with him who suffers, originates with him, remains with him to the end. It will be no less his if he enlists the aid of a therapist; we are no more the product of our therapists than of our genes: we create ourselves. The sequence is suffering, insight, will, action, change. The one who suffers, who wants to change, must bear responsibility all the way. "Must" because as soon as responsibility is ascribed, the forces resisting change occupy the whole of one's being, and the process of change comes to a halt. A psychiatrist may help perhaps crucially, but his best help will be of no avail if he is required to provide a kind or degree of insight which will of itself achieve change.

Should an honest man wish to become a thief the necessary action is obvious: he must steal—not just once or occasionally, but frequently, consistently, taking pains that the business of planning and executing thefts replace other activities which in implication might oppose the predatory life. If he keeps at it long enough his being will conform to his behavior: he will have become a thief. Conversely, should a thief undertake to become an honest man, he must stop stealing and must undertake actions which replace stealing, not only in time and energy, and perhaps also excitement, but which carry implications contrary to the predatory life, that is, productive or contributive activities.

If a homosexual should set out to become heterosexual, among all that is obscure, two things are clear: he should discontinue homosexual relations, however much tempted he may be to continue on an occasional spontaneous basis, and he should undertake, continue, and maintain heterosexual relations, however little heart he may have for girls, however often he fail, and however inadequate and averse he may find himself to be. He would be well advised in reaching for such a goal to anticipate that success, if it be achieved at all, will require a long time, years not months, that the effort will be painful and humiliating, that he will discover profound currents of feeling which oppose the behavior he now requires of himself, that emerging obstacles will each one seem insuperable yet each must be thought through, that further insight will be constantly required to inform and sustain his behavior, that sometimes insight will precede and illumine action, and sometimes blind dogged action must come first, and that even so, with the best of will and good faith and determination, he still may fail. He should beware of beckoning shortcuts, such as drug therapy or hypnosis. They falsify the reality with which he must most intimately deal, that of his own thought, feeling, drive; they undermine his commitment of internal resources by encouraging him to feel that there is an easier way. There is no short-cut, no safe conduct, no easier way. He must proceed alone, on nerve. He is not entitled to much hope—just that he has a chance. He may take some bleak comfort only in knowing that no one can be sure at the outset that he will fail, and that it is his own unmeasured and unmeasurable resources of heart and mind and will which have most bearing on the eventual outcome.

This is self-transcendence and is not to be confused with a type of coercive treatment in which the therapist acts as agent for

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society, and the goal is adjustment. Punishment, brainwashing, and lobotomy fall in this category. Less extreme varieties are known variously as operant conditioning, behavior therapy, or conditioned reflex therapy. All such treatment takes the person as object and seeks to achieve the desired change by manipulation. The alcoholic may be so rigged with wires as to receive an electric shock each time he takes a drink. The homosexual man may be provided with male partners who insure that sexual experiences will be exceedingly unpleasant, while concurrently gently seductive ladies, without demands of their own, introduce him to the delights of polarized sexuality. Such things may be arranged for a fee.

We are in no position to comment on the efficacy of behavior therapy as generally practiced, but in principle we know it works. People may indeed be treated as objects and may be profoundly affected thereby. Kick a dog often enough and he will become cowardly or vicious. Men who are kicked undergo similar changes; their view of the world and of themselves is transformed. The survivors of Hitler's concentration camps testify that the treatment received did have an effect. Nor do we find any reason to doubt the alleged results of Chinese thought-control methods. People may indeed be brainwashed, for benign or exploitative reasons.

Behavior therapy is not, therefore, being contrasted to self-transcendence in terms of efficacy; the contrast is in terms of freedom. If one's destiny is shaped by manipulation one has become more of an object, less of a subject, has lost freedom. It matters little whether or not the manipulation is known to the person upon whom it acts. For even if one himself designs and provides for those experiences which are then to affect him, he is nevertheless treating himself as object—and to some extent, therefore, *becomes* an object.

If, however, one's destiny is shaped from within then one has become more of a creator, has gained freedom. This is self-transcendence, a process of change that originates in one's heart and expands outward, always within the purview and direction of a knowing consciousness, begins with a vision of freedom, with an "I want to become . . .," with a sense of the potentiality to become what one is not. One gropes toward this vision in the dark, with no guide, no map, and no guarantee. Here one acts as subject, author, creator.

Sometimes a process of character change may proceed with increasing momentum and finality to solid completion. The honest man becomes the complete thief; the thief becomes the completely honest man. When character change proceeds to such radical conclusion it is likely, not only that the old way of life has been given up, but also that a new way of life, directly opposite in implication, has been adopted. Such a change is experienced, not as a deflection of course, but as an absolute turning around, a conversion, may even call for a change of name. Saul of Tarsus had such an experience on the road to Damascus and —having been the chief persecutor of Christianity —became its greatest exponent. Malcolm X had such an experience in prison with the teachings of Elijah Muhammad, and changed not simply from thief to non-thief, but from thief to social reformer; the completeness and finality with which he transcended the old identity owed as much to his having undertaken to correct injustice with passion and commitment as it did to his giving up stealing. Had he simply "learned his lesson," decided not to steal any more, and taken an indifferently-regarded job as gas station attendant, he might never have altogether ceased being a thief. Some of the temptation, bitterness, and envy, something of the way of thought, the attitude, and outlook of a thief might have remained.

Such change as occurred in Saul or Malcolm X is rare, seems so far beyond anything we might achieve by our own efforts that, when it occurs, we usually ascribe credit—to a mystic force, to a revelation, to the hand of God. The changes we achieve with ourselves, with or without therapy, are likely to be partial and provisional. The homosexual gets married, has children, but never feels entirely safe with women; the frigid woman becomes capable of climax, but not easily and not always; the impotent man becomes able usually to make it, but can never be sure; the depressive character can work, may occasionally feel glad to be alive, but is not likely ever to be described as of sunny disposition; the phobic woman becomes less anxious, no longer has to decline invitations, but always has sweaty palms at cocktail parties. Such changes must be counted success; for more frequent in outcome, even with considerable effort, is no change at all. He who undertakes to transform himself, therefore, should think not of all or none, sick or well, miserable or happy, but of more or less, better or worse. He should undertake only to do what he can, to handle something better, to suffer less. The kingdom of heaven need not concern him.

When the thief takes a job and determines to go straight, when the homosexual gets a girl and renounces sexual relations with men, he does so with a vision of what he will become. Rarely may such direct action, in the course of time and of great effort, succeed without further insight and with no change of plan. More often the course upon which one has embarked entails so much anxiety, uncertainty, confusion, that reappraisal becomes necessary. One finds that his entire self was not known, that submerged aspects of self now rise up in terror, threat, and subversion, screaming outrage, demanding revocation. One is forced to a halt, sometimes driven back. The

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whole issue has to be rethought. "What I'm giving up is more important than I knew." "Maybe I don't want to change." "Am I going at it the wrong way?" Newly emerging feelings and reactions must be explored in relation to other known elements and to one's now threatened intention.

Here therapy may offer insight into bewildering experience, help with the making of new connections, give comfort and encouragement, assist in the always slippery decision of whether to hang on and try harder or to look for a different way to try. That person gains most from therapy, and gains it most quickly, who has the heart and will to go it alone in the event that therapy does not help; whereas he who clings to therapy as drowning man to ship's timber is more likely to burden therapy with a weight it can't support, and so take himself and therapy down together.

SOMETIMES we suffer desperately, would do anything, try anything, but are lost, find no way. We cast about, distract ourselves, search, but find no connection between the misery we feel and the way we live. The pain comes from nowhere, gives no clue. We are bored, nothing has meaning; we become depressed. What to do? How to live? Something is wrong but we cannot imagine another way of living which would free us.

Yet there must be a way, for no sustained feeling can exist as a thing in itself, independent of what we do. If the suffering is serious and intractable it must be intimately and extensively connected, in ways we do not perceive, with the way we live. We have to look for such connections. Sometimes there is nothing to be done until they are found.

Therapy may help. One may discover, for example, a simmering hatred of one's wife, not consciously felt, not expressed, but turned against one's self, experienced as depression. Such a finding may still not indicate what one should do; for that will depend on yet other feelings, connections, implications. Should one begin to express the anger? Perhaps, if the grievance is reasonable and if there is also affinity and love. Should one get a divorce? Perhaps, if there is not even that minimum affection necessary for trying to work out differences. Sometimes there is no love, and good reason for hatred, and still one does not want a divorce: then one must be struck by this curious thing, that one clings to a source of frustration and torment, must ask why, and perhaps only then may begin to uncover a profound dependence which has been both well hidden by, and fully expressed in, the hostile tie. One hates her but can't leave her because one is afraid. Afraid of what? And why? What one should do may come to be known only after this dependence is examined in its relations with various other feelings and experiences. Sometimes there is no grievance and much love, and so, gradually, one may learn that he scapegoats his wife and may realize that he must, therefore, need to feel hatred, that he is using it for ulterior purposes—perhaps to cover up feelings of inadequacy, so avoiding the awareness of what he might want to do if he weren't afraid.

Much of our suffering is just so obscure as this. Frigidity, social anxiety, isolation, boredom, disaffection with life—in all such states we may see no correlation between the inner feeling and the way we live. Yet no such feeling can be independent of behavior; and if only we find the connections we may begin to see how a change in the way we live will make for a change in the way we feel.

Since freedom depends upon awareness, psychotherapy may, by extending awareness, create freedom. When in therapy a life story of drift and constraint is reworked to expose alternatives for crucial courses of action, asking always "Why did you do that?," attaching doubt to every explanation which is cast in the form of necessary reaction to antecedent cause, always reminding the patient that "Even so . . . it was possible to have acted otherwise"—in all this one is rewriting the past, is taking the story of a life which was experienced as shaped by circumstance and which was recounted as such, and retelling it in terms of choice and responsibility. As a court may remind a defendant that ignorance of the law is no excuse, so a therapist may remind a patient that blindness to freedom does not justify constraint. And insofar as it may come to seem credible to rewrite one's life in terms of ignored choice, to assume responsibility retrospectively for what one has done and so has become, it will become possible likewise to see alternatives in the present, to become aware that one is free now in this moment to choose how to live, and that what one will become will follow upon what he now does.

When, however, in therapy a life story is reworked to expose the forces which "drove" one to do as he did, emphasizing traumas which twisted him and shaped defenses, hidden constraints, situational and libidinal, which required that he react in the way he did and in no other—in all this, too, one is rewriting the past, is taking a story which must have contained some elements of freedom and responsibility and retelling it in terms of causes lying outside one's control, so teaching the patient to see himself as the product of inner and outer forces. Where he feels himself to be the author of action, his analysis will reveal him as an object being acted upon. He then comes to regard himself as being lived by unknown and largely unknowable forces. As consolation prize he may acquire the capacity to guess at the nature of those obscure forces that move him. But only guess. He must not attempt seri-

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ously to bear witness to that which, by definition, he cannot know. He must remain forever the dilettante, making modest conjecture at the gusts which blow him this way and that. He becomes not only an object but opaque, most necessarily to himself.

A "COMPLETELY ANALYZED" person is one who has been treated for many years by an orthodox analyst. When such a one breaks down and is hospitalized we are surprised; if he is himself a psychoanalyst we are shocked. Our reaction bespeaks the assumption that thorough analysis resolves all serious inner conflict, that thereafter—though one may expect times of sadness, uncertainty, and unrest—these will derive from reality conflicts and so will not lead to breakdown. There is little to support such a view; indeed, the most cursory glance at three generations of analysts leaves it in tatters. The surprise we feel when a "well analyzed" person breaks down derives from the wish to view man as a machine. Very delicate and complicated, to be sure, like a fine watch, and liable therefore to subtle, tricky problems of adjustment which may require the lengthy services of an expert; but when finally we get rid of all the bugs we may expect smooth and reliable function. Such an image of man is at odds with what we know life to be. If we seriously regard our private thought and feeling, our visions at night when the wind blows, when rain falls on a deserted island, then—though fine adjustments have been made by a great watchmaker—we find so much conflict, misery, confusion that we know we are never through and never safe. The suffering and the danger cannot be left behind. They are what we are.

In reconstructing a life story truth is necessary but not sufficient. Truth does not demarcate, cannot determine whether we should dwell upon cause or choice. Two histories of the same life may be radically different, yet equally true. If we have failed an examination we may say, "I would not have failed if the teacher had not asked that question on Cromwell—which, after all, had not come up in class," or "I would not have failed if I had studied harder." Both statements are addressed to the same experience, in the same effort to understand; both claim to answer the question "Why did I fail?" and both may be true. Truth does not here provide the criterion for selection; the way we understand the past is determined, rather, by the future we desire. If we want to excuse ourselves we elect the former view; if we want to avoid such failures in the future we elect the latter. (If we believe our aim to be the passing of such exams in the future, and if we nevertheless elect the former view of the present failure, then we are confused.)

Likewise in addressing ourselves to the failure of a lifetime, and asking why, we may arrive at answers significantly different but equally true. In the life most free and most aware, so much defining action still occurs without choice that it is always feasible to compose an accurate and cogent account in terms of genes, drives, and circumstance. Conversely, in the life most crushed by outside force, there nevertheless exists the potentiality for actions other than those in fact taken. With the noose around our neck there still are options—to curse God or to pray, to weep or to slap the executioner in the face.

OF TWO equally true accounts of the same life the one we choose will depend upon the consequences we desire, the future we intend to create. If the life is our own or one of our patients', if it involves suffering and there is desire to change, we will elect a history written in terms of choice; for this is the view that insists upon the awareness of alternatives, the freedom to make one's self into something different. If the life in question is one we observe from a distance, without contact or influence, for example a life which has ended, we may elect a history written in terms of cause. In reconstructing a life that ended at Auschwitz we usually ignore options for other courses of individual behavior, locate cause and responsibility with the Nazis; for our intent is not to appraise the extent to which one person realized existing opportunity, but to examine and condemn the social evil which encompassed and doomed him. In considering the first eighteen years in the life of Malcolm X few of us would find much point in formulating his progress from delinquency to rackets to robbery to prison in terms of choice, holding him responsible for not having transcended circumstance; most of us would find the meaning of his story to lie in the manner in which racism may be seen as the cause of his downward course.

Conflict, suffering, psychotherapy—all these lead us to look again at ourselves, to look more carefully, in greater detail, to find what we have missed, to understand a mystery; and all this extends awareness. But whether this greater awareness will increase or diminish freedom will depend upon what it is that we become aware of. If the greater awareness is of the causes, traumas, psychodynamics that "made" us what we are, then we are understanding the past in such a way as to prove that we "had" to become what we are; and, since this view applies equally to the present which is the unbroken extension of that determined past, therapy becomes a way of establishing why we must continue to be what we have been, a way of disavowing choice with the apparent blessing of science, and the net effect will be a decrease in freedom. If, however, the greater awareness is of options unnoticed, of choices denied, of other ways to live, then freedom will be increased, and with it greater responsibility for what we have been, are, and will become.

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Sour or Suntanned, It Makes No Difference

A Story

Johanna Kaplan

WHAT COULD make sense? The Israeli playwright had such long legs it was hard to believe he was Jewish.

"Little girl," he said, coming up to Miriam with his very short pants and his heavy brown sandals that looked like they were made out of a whole rocky gang's Garrison belts, "little girl, which languages you are speaking?"

But Miriam had not been speaking to anyone: she was walking around the canteen with a milk container going gummy in her hand, and waiting by herself for all the days of camp to be over. There, in the rain, the entire room was sour from milk and muffled from rubber boots and raincoats. The sourness clung to her tongue and whined in her sinuses; locked away from rain and from mud was the whole camp. Soon, some other day, it would get sunny and Snack would be outside on long wooden picnic benches. If you made a mistake and sat down on these benches, splinters crept into your thighs, and if you sat down on the grass instead, insects roamed your whole body. For milk containers and Oreos, this was summer.

"Listen to me, please, little girl. Why you are walking away? I am asking only a simple question. Which languages you are speaking?"

"Right this minute?" Miriam said. "I wasn't speaking anything, can't you even tell?" How he could be smart enough to fix tractors or fool Arabs, let alone write plays, Miriam did not see, not that she said it.

"No, no," said the Israeli playwright. "Bring me please your counselor."

"She's right over there with the garbage," Miriam said, but because she was not at all sure of how words came out of his mouth or went into his head, walked over with him to Fran who was going around with the basket.

"Amnon!" Fran screamed with her thin sparrow's voice, and immediately dropped the basket and the empty milk containers like people on TV shows who walk backwards into sewers. Miriam had never seen her look so lively: Fran's flat paper face was like the front of a brand new apartment house, and even though she was nineteen years old, did not wear lipstick. Instead, she got up very early in the morning, before any of the girls in the bunk, just to make sure that she would have enough time to stand in front of the mirror and put on all her black eye makeup. It was how Miriam woke up every morning: Fran, standing at the mirror, patting and painting her eyes as if they were an Arts and Crafts project. Right after that, Gil Burstein, a Senior boy, went to the loudspeaker to play his bugle, and from that time on there was no way at all to stop anything that came after. Every single morning, Miriam woke up in the cold light of a strange bed.

From behind all the black lines, Fran's eyes looked as if she was already set to start flirting, but even so her arm would not let go of Miriam's shoulder. It was just another thing that Miriam did not like. Simply going from one activity to another, the whole bunk walked with their arms linked around each other's waists; at flag lowering, you joined hands and swayed in a semi-circle; in swimming you had to jump for someone else's dripping hand the second the whistle blew; and at any time at all, there were counselors standing with their arms around kids for no particular reason. They were all people you hardly knew and would probably never see again; there was no reason to spend a whole summer hugging them.

"Miriam," Fran said, smiling at her as if she were a new baby in somebody's carriage, "do you speak Yiddish?"

"What do you mean?" Miriam said. "Every second? I can, if I have to."

"It's all I ask you," Amnon said, and for the first time, smiled too; from way above his long legs, his face crinkled and seemed smaller, as if he wrote most of his plays right under a bulb that was going bad.

Fran said, "I don't see it. She's very quiet—her voice is much too soft."

"It's not making a difference. In America you have microphones falling from the ceiling even in a children's camp you're using only for summer."

"On that huge stage? Are you kidding? She'd fade into the woodwork. Nobody would even see her. I told you—she's very quiet."

JOHANNA KAPLAN is a young writer who lives in New York City. An earlier story, "Sickness," appeared in December 1968.

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"She is *not* quiet," Amnon said. "Not quiet, only unhappy. It's how I am choosing her. I see her face: unhappy and unhappy."

It was the last thing Miriam wanted anyone to think of.

"Everything's perfect," she said, and with all the tightness inside her, quickly gave Fran a smile that tired out the corners of her mouth.

"Probably she wouldn't forget lines. But if she doesn't remember to scream when she gets up there, you're finished."

"I don't believe in screaming," Miriam said, but not so that anyone could hear her. Beneath the ceiling, there were ping pong balls popping through the air like mistaken snowflakes, and behind her, some girls from her bunk were playing jacks. In the close, headachy damp, Miriam looked at Fran and hated her; in the whole canteen, that was all that there was.

It was getting to Amnon, too; the whole sour room seemed trapped in his face.

"Frances Wishinsky," he said as he watched Fran walk away with the basket. "In England, are *boys* named Francis. In England, Wishinsky would already be Williams. England is a worse country, it's true. I have suffered there for eleven months."

Miriam said, "I read that it rains a lot in England," and wondered if the rainy day and gray, stuffy room were what was reminding him.

"Weathers are not so much important to me," Amnon said. "Other things I don't accustom myself so well. For me, terrible weathers I find not so bad as terrible people. For example, I think you're not liking so much your counselor Fran."

But Amnon was a stranger. "She docks us from movies a lot," Miriam said, "but with what they've got here, it doesn't even matter. The last time we went, all they had was Martians. An entire movie about a bunch of miniature green guys running around in space ships."

"You're not liking science fictions? Which kind of films you like to see?"

"All different ones. I just don't see why they can't find enough movies to make up with real people's colors and sizes in them."

"Ah," said long, stretched-out Amnon. "Look here, Miriam, you have been ever in a theater?"

"A children's theater," said Miriam. "They took us once from school." The children's theater, in the auditorium of a big high school in Manhattan, was in a terrible neighborhood: in a building right across the way, a left-alone little girl was standing up completely naked, her whole dark body pressed right against the window in the cold. "She's only a little baby," Miriam had said, but there were people who giggled all the way through the play and couldn't wait to get outside again just to see if she would still be there.

"Children's theater," Amnon said nodding. "This play we do is also children's theater. Only because it's in Yiddish, the children here will not understand. But what can I do? I am not choosing it, it's not my play, it's not my language."

It was not Miriam's language either, so she said nothing and watched Amnon stare around the room, more and more dissatisfied.

"It is not my medium. I am playwright, not director. What can I do? Many people are coming to see this play who are not interesting themselves in theater and they are not interesting themselves in the children. They are only obsessing themselves with Yiddish. For *this* they will come."

"For what?" said Miriam. "What are they all coming for?" There was a program every Friday night—nobody special came and nobody ever made a fuss about it.

"It will be performance for Parents Day," Amnon said. "In two weeks is coming Parents Day. You know about it, yes?"

But more than yes: Miriam was sure that any parents, seeing what camp was like, would be only too glad to take their children out of it. How much more than yes? It was the one day she was certain of and waited for.

EVEN BEFORE she got there, Miriam had a feeling that camp might not turn out to be her favorite place.

"It's terrific," was what her cousin Dina told her. But it was the same thing that Dina said about going on Ferris wheel and roller coaster rides in an amusement park. Coming home from school, her arms full of all her heavy high-school books, she would tell Miriam, "Wait till you start doing things like that! Everybody screams and it's terrific."

"I get dizzy on the merry-go-round," Miriam said, and was very suspicious. Only a few years before, Dina used to lie around on her bed, setting her stringy strawberry blonde hair and reading Love comics. With her extra baby-sitting money, she would buy different size lipstick brushes, close the door in the bathroom, and completely mess up all her perfectly good but strange-colored brand-new lipsticks. Naturally, Dina's mother did not approve, but all she said was, "All the girls are like that. They all do it, and Miriam will be like that, too." But because she was not like Dina, who and what she would be like was in Miriam's mind very often; it was the reason she looked so closely at people's faces on the street.

"If you'd only smile once in a while," Miriam's aunt said, "you'd look like a different person." But her aunt was a liar, a person who spent her life thinking there was not much children could understand. Just to prove it once, when Miriam was in kindergarten, she gave her aunt a special lie test on purpose: on the day that Israel got started as a country, everyone had the radio on

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all day and many people put out little flags in their windows.

"Why do they have Jewish flags out?" Miriam asked, very pleased with herself because she had thought up the trick and knew the answer.

"What Jewish flags?" Her aunt's arms were all full of bundles and her fat, soggy face looked very annoyed. "Where? In the window? They're left over from *Shabbas*."

So Miriam saw she was right, but even when she got older said nothing, because she knew that for the times her mother was sick, she would still have to stick around her aunt's house, listen to some lies, and watch Dina fool around with her friends or do her homework. Whenever her aunt bought fruit, she would say, "It's sweet as sugar," even if it was unripened grapefruit; and when she made lamb chops, she said, "Don't leave over the fat, it's delicious," even though it wasn't.

Sometimes, when Dina and her mother had fights, or when her uncle was yelling on the phone about Socialism, it would seem to Miriam very funny, so to stop them from noticing her giggles, and also to drown out the screaming, she would go into the living room and play the piano. She played from her head songs she had learned in Assembly or Hebrew School, or even better, melodies that came into her mind like ideas: not real, official songs that people knew, but ones she made up on the spot and could change and fix up if she wanted. It was separate from things that she knew about and completely different from people; often when she played the piano, it seemed to Miriam like reading Chinese in a dream.

"I don't see what's so great about playing without piano books," Dina said. "You can't even read music. Just wait till you start taking lessons from Mrs. Landau and have to start practicing from *books*, then we'll see what a big shot you are."

"I'm not ever going to take from Mrs. Landau," Miriam said. "My mother says she's a very limited person who shouldn't be teaching anybody anything."

"Your mother tells you too much," said her aunt, but in what way this was true she had no idea. "Stalin" was what Miriam's mother called her uncle, and what she said about him was that he simply had nothing in his head and had no way of telling what was true from what wasn't. For this reason, all of his talk about Socialism was just noise-making, and all he was, she said, was a big talker who would believe anyone who was a bigger faker.

The other thing Miriam's mother most often told about was her own life when she was a child, but when she got to that, she talked only half to Miriam and half to someone who wasn't there at all.

"Who could have believed that anyplace could be as big as Warsaw?" is what she would say. "Streets and more streets, I couldn't understand it. I was the first girl from my town ever to be sent there to school, and I was so smart that when I got there, I was the youngest in my class. But all my smartness did me no good—I looked at all the stores and the people, the streetcars and the houses, and all I did was cry constantly." This, Miriam never had any trouble believing; it was a habit her mother never got out of. Whenever the boiler broke down for a day, her mother cried all the time that she washed in cold water, and if the butcher ever sent the wrong kind of chicken, or one with too many pinfeathers on it, she cried for hours after and then started all over again when they were ready to sit down and eat it.

Still, with all the things that she did tell, when it came to camp, Miriam's mother said very little.

"You'll meet children from all over. When Dina went, there was a girl from Winnipeg, Canada."

"Was her father a Mountie?"

"How could he be a Mountie?" her mother said. "Ask Dina, I think he was a dentist."

"Then I don't see the point."

"It isn't a question of point, Miriam. In camp, you'll have grass and trees and get away. Here all you'd have is the hot city."

But it was the hot, empty city that Miriam loved. The flat, gritty sidewalks, freed of people, widened in the glassy, brilliant glare and in the distance fell away like jungle snow. Hard, strange bits of stone came up bubbling through the pavements: glazed, heated traces of another city that once drummed and droned beneath. In front of all the buildings, just where landlords had planted them, low, wiry shrubs pushed themselves out like rubber plants, and the buildings, rougher and rock-like in the ocher heat, seemed turned into bricks that was brick before houses, brick that cooked up from the earth itself. From the sky, the city's summer smell sank into Miriam's skin, and walking along with the slow air, she felt her thin, naggy body skim away to the bricks and the pavement that streamed, in belonging, to the sun. What she would do with a bunch of trees, Miriam did not know.

ONLY dodge ball, it turned out, could have been invented by human beings: if somebody kept throwing balls at you, it was only natural to try to get away from them, and if you would just be allowed to go far enough, there wouldn't be a problem in the first place. This was what Miriam decided on for all games, so in basketball and volleyball, she let other people push and scream for the ball as if there were a sale, and in badminton, she watched them jump and yell, "Look at the birdie," like photographers with black cloths in an old-time movie.

Folk dancing was no improvement. "Right over left, left, step, right behind, left, step," Naamah

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the Yemenite folk dancer sang out instead of words in her dark Yemenite voice, while all her heavy silver jewelry sounded behind her, a rhythm as clear and alone as somebody cracking gum in an empty subway. In a way, Naamah was the most Israeli-looking person Miriam had ever seen; with her tiny, tight dark features and black, curly hair, she flew around the room like a strange but very beautiful insect, the kind of insect a crazy scientist would let loose in a room and sit up watching till he no longer knew whether it was beautiful or ugly, human or a bug. Sometimes, Naamah would pull Miriam out of the circle and sing the special right-over-left song straight into her ear as if *Miriam* were the one who couldn't speak English.

"The grapevine step," she screamed over the music. "It's necessary for all Oriental dance. Not just Israeli. Also the Greeks have it, and it's found modified with the Druse." But it seemed to Miriam like doing arithmetic with your feet, and finally Naamah let her go back into the circle saying, "Westerners cannot do our dances. They do not have the body."

"I don't know what *she* acts so fancy about," Miriam said in a half-whisper to no one. "Everybody knows that when the Yemenites first came to Israel, they never even saw a toilet before, and when the Israelis gave them brand new bathrooms, what they did was go all over the floor."

"Shush, Miriam," said Phyllis Axelrod, a tanned chunky girl in Miriam's bunk. "Don't answer back. If you feel bad, just cry into your pillow. I do it every night and it works."

"What does your pillow have to do with it? That sounds like putting teeth under your pillow so that fairies will give you money."

"You get dimes that way, Miriam. Don't you even want the dimes?"

"If I want a dime, I ask my mother for it. I don't hide teeth and expect fairies, that's not something I believe in."

"My mother wouldn't just hand out dimes like that," Phyllis said, and Miriam immediately felt sorry. She liked Phyllis, though she often seemed not too brilliant; sometimes they were buddies in swimming, and once they snuck out of the water together because Phyllis heard a radio playing inside the little cabana that was only for counselors. It was the reason that Phyllis cried into her pillow at night: she missed listening to the radio and knowing what was on the Hit Parade, and this gave Miriam the idea that when Phyllis got to be a teenager, she might spend all her time hanging around cars in the street, holding up a radio and looking for boys. Sometimes Phyllis also cried because she missed her oldest brother Ronny who had just come back from Korea and immediately got married.

"You're not glad about being a sister-in-law?" Miriam asked her.

"It's not that great," Phyllis said. "I just wish I had my regular brother back again, no Army and no wedding." Still, she had a beautiful red and gold silk scarf that Ronny had brought back for her from Asia; once she wore it as a shawl when everyone, already in white tops and shorts, had gone out on the road to pick wild flowers for the Friday evening table. On that road, outside camp but just behind the bunks, most of the flowers were tiger lilies, and when Phyllis bent over to pick one, she looked, with her straight black hair and broad, brown face, like an Asian girl herself.

It was the closest Miriam got to "children from all over": except for a girl from Teaneck, New Jersey, everyone in her bunk was from New York, mostly from Brooklyn or Queens, both places Miriam had not been to. Still from what they said, the only difference she could see was that they called Manhattan "going into the city," while people from the Bronx called it "going downtown." Besides Miriam, that meant only Bryna Sue Seligman, who, because she came from Riverdale, would not admit it. Everything that belonged to Bryna, her recorder included, had specially printed stickers, made up by her father who was in the printing business, that said in giant yellow letters BRYNA SUE SELIGMAN, and her favorite book in the world was the Classic Comic of *Green Mansions*. On the very first day they were in camp she asked Miriam, "Don't you wish you were Rima? Isn't *Green Mansions* the most beautiful thing you ever heard of?"

"It's OK," Miriam said; she could not see constantly going barefoot in a hot jungle and having to depend on birds when you had any trouble. But Bryna liked the whole idea so much that just in order to be like Rima, she kept her long red hair loose and hanging down her back, walked around without shoes when she wasn't supposed to, and blew into her recorder, which she couldn't really play, when she lay in bed after Lights Out. Whenever there was any free time, Bryna the bird-girl spent almost all of it either brushing her hair or dusting herself with bath powder, all in her private mirror with the yellow label, moving it constantly from side to side so that there was no part of her she would miss.

"I don't know what I'm doing here," she would say as she stared at herself and brushed all her red hair. "I'm going to be a bareback rider and my mother promised me a camp with horses."

"Jewish camps don't come with horses," Miriam said. "You should have figured that out for yourself. Besides, I thought you said you were going to be a poetess."

"Oh, I am one already," Bryna said. "Any time I feel like it, my father prints up all my poems."

"In yellow?" said Miriam.

"In any color I want. Once I wrote a poem

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about a rainbow and my father made every line in a different color."

This sounded like a bubble-gum wrapper and no poem, but watching Bryna trace around her suntan marks in the mirror, Miriam decided not to say it.

"I could be going horseback riding in Riverdale right now. Where I live, it's practically the country."

"Where you live is the Bronx," Miriam said. "On your letters you put Bronx, New York, and you even write in a zone number."

"It just so happens that lots of people put Riverdale-on-Hudson, and any time I wanted to, I could."

"You *could*," Miriam said, "but it would probably end up in a museum in Albany."

Because their beds were next to each other, Miriam and Bryna shared a cubby; with all Bryna's yellow labels shining through the shelves like flashbulb suns and the smell of her bath powder always hanging in the air, there was no place that Miriam felt was really hers. Her bathrobe and bathing suits hung like blind midgets in the way; they even got the Bryna bath powder smell. It made them seem as if they were someone else's clothes, and like everything else in camp, had nothing to do with Miriam and her life.

"I could be in a special dramatics camp on a fat scholarship," Bryna said. "The only reason I told them no was that they didn't have any horseback riding, but at least *there* they would have had me starring in a million plays."

"I'm in a play here," said Miriam. It was turning out to be what she had instead of a cubby, and completely faking calmness, she waited for Byrna to faint.

WHO COULD have believed that anyplace could be as big as Warsaw? Probably not anyone in the play: who they were, all of them, were Jews, Nazis, and Polish partisans in the Warsaw Ghetto—but where all the streets, more streets, and streetcars could be, the stage gave no idea, and Amnon didn't ever say. On the stage was a tiny, crowded Warsaw filled with people who had phlegmy, sad Polish names—Dudek and Vladek, Dunya and Renya—just like in Miriam's mother's stories, and though they were always fighting and singing, there was no way for them to turn out not to be dead. Even the Yiddish song that Miriam had to sing at the end was about a girl who gets taught by her boyfriend how to shoot a gun, and who, one night in the freezing cold, goes out in her beret and shoots up a truckload of Nazis. When the girl is finished, she falls asleep, and the snow coming down makes a garland in her hair. Probably it also freezes her to death, though all it said at the end of the song was: "Exhausted from this small victory, For our new, free generation."

How could a girl who ran out all alone shooting soldiers let herself end up snowed under? And what was the point of people's running through sewers with guns if all they turned into was corpses? It was very hard to explain to Bryna, whose big question was, "Are you starring?"

"Nobody is," Miriam said. "It's not that kind of a play. Half of the time I fake being dead so that nobody finds out and they leave me."

"You mean you don't even *say* anything?"

"I do," Miriam said, "but what I say doesn't do any good. I'm a little girl in braids and I sneak out of the ghetto with my big brother."

Bryna said, "That's your big part? What do you tell him?"

"Nothing. While he's out getting guns, I hide and I hear some Nazi soldiers being so drunk that they start screaming out their plans. And that's when I immediately run back to the ghetto and warn everyone."

"Oh," Bryna said. "So the whole thing is that you copy Paul Revere."

"The only kind of Paul Revere it could be is a Jewish kind. Everyone dies and there are no horses."

Bryna said, "Some play! When we did "The Princess and the Pea," I was the star and then when we did "Pocahontas, Red-Skin Lady of Jamestown," I was the heroine. In *this* moron play, I bet that there isn't even one person with a halfway decent part."

"My part's good," Miriam said. "I'm practically the only one who doesn't turn out to be killed."

"That's because you're a girl."

"No, it's not," Miriam said. "I don't even *know* why, that's just the way the play is."

"Listen, Miriam, I've been in a million plays. Little girls never get killed in any of them."

"Well, in this one they do. In this one, the only people who don't wind up dead are me and Gil Burstein."

"*You're* in a play with Gil Burstein? You? Just let me come to rehearsals with you and I'll let you use my expensive bath powder any time you want."

"You can't get out of playing badminton just like that," Miriam told her. "That's only for people in the play."

But play or not, camp was still camp. At night, cold air flew in through the dark from Canada and mixed on the screens with mosquitoes; 6-12 and whispers filled up the air in the bunk and stayed there like ugly wallpaper. How could anyone sleep? Miriam played with the dark like a blind person in a foreign country; in the chilly, quiet strangeness, her bed was as black as a packed-up trunk, and her body, separate in all its sun-burned parts, was suddenly as unfamiliar as someone else's toothpaste.

In the daytime, too, camp was still camp: a place dreamed up to be full of things that Mir-

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iam could not get out of. Whenever Amnon saw her face, he said, "What's the matter, Miriam?" It was how he kept starting out rehearsals.

"Look here, Mir*iam*," he would say, pronouncing her name the Hebrew way, with the accent on the last syllable. "Look here, Mir*iam*, say me what's wrong."

"Nothing," she said. "Everything's great."

"Why you are saying me 'Nothing' when I see you are crying—have been crying?"

"I wasn't, I'm not, and anyway it's not something I do."

"All girls are sometimes crying."

"Well not me," Miriam said. "I don't believe in it." For a reason: it sometimes seemed to Miriam that if a person from a foreign country—or even a miniature green man from Mars—ever landed, by accident, in her building and by mistake walked up the six flights of stairs, all he would hear is screaming and crying: mothers screaming and children crying, fathers screaming and mothers crying, televisions screaming and vacuum cleaners crying; he could very easily get the idea that in this place there was no language, and that with all the noises, there were no lives.

But crying was the last thing that Miriam thought of once she got to rehearsals. Still in camp, but not really in camp at all, it felt like a very long fire drill in school when you stayed on the street long enough to be not just a child on a line, but almost an ordinary person—someone who could walk in the street where they wanted, into stores, around corners, and maybe, if they felt like it, even disappear into buses.

As soon as Miriam put on her costume and combed her hair into braids, there was nothing on her body that felt like camp, and away from the day outside, nothing to even remind her. On the stage, Jews, Nazis, and Polish partisans were wandering through the streets of shrunken Warsaw, and in a corner, where in the real Warsaw there might have been a gas street-light, a trolley car stop, or even her mother's Gymnasium, Miriam and Gil Burstein played dead.

"What's the best can opener?" Gil whispered.

"I don't know," Miriam said.

"Ex-Lax," said Gil and laughed into his Ripley's *Believe It or Not.*

"Rest!" Amnon called out. In the middle of the stage, a Polish partisan had just kicked a Jew by mistake and suddenly the girl was crying. Nazi soldiers and Jewish resistance fighters started stampeding across the stage and charging, and Amnon, looking at no one, said, "Always they are playing Indians and Lone Rangers. It's for me completely not possible."

"Rest!" he yelled again; what he meant was "Break." Once, in one of his terrible-English times, Amnon said "Ninety-Twoth Street Y," and Miriam, thinking suddenly of a giant tooth-building with elevators full of a thousand dentists, could not stop herself from laughing. Other times, she thought of asking Amnon why she and Gil were the only ones who managed to end up not dead, but usually during breaks, Amnon sat with his long legs stretched out across a whole row of chairs and just talked. He hardly even noticed who was concentrating on Cokes and who was paying attention.

"In Israel now it's not the right climate for art. You understand me?"

"It's much too hot there for people to sit around drawing pictures," Miriam said and wished that the Arts and Crafts counselor could understand this too.

"No," Amnon said. "For me it means in my own country even people are not interesting themselves in my work. Here it's not my language, it's not my country, there is no place for an Israeli writer, there is nothing to do."

Gil Burstein said, "He could always take and autograph butcher-store windows or foods for Passover, I'm getting sick of this. Who wants a Coke?"

"Me," Miriam said, but knew the truth was that she didn't mind at all. From lying stretched out on the wooden stage for so long, her mind felt empty and the whole rest of her seemed dizzy in a sweet, half-sleepy way. Soon, in this dark auditorium, only the stage would be full of light and the plain wooden floor would hold up for an hour all the mistakes of a place that once had existed. A girl with braids and a too-long dress would run out in the mixed-up streets, and sitting in the audience with many other people, Miriam's mother would know what this place once was like way before and could tell how it actually looked. The girl with braids would sing the last song, and all Miriam's days of camp would finally be over.

PARENTS DAY did not start out with Gil waking people up with his bugle; instead, from the loudspeaker in the office, came records of Israeli songs—background music for the whole day, as if it were a movie. The melodies ran out quick and flying, and framed by the music, the whole camp—children, counselors, little white bunks, even trees and grass—seemed to be flying away, too, as if after all these weeks they were finally going someplace. Not exactly in the movie herself, Miriam went to the clothesline in the back, checking to make sure no bathing suit of hers was still left on it.

"Miriam, you better come in the front," Phyllis said. "There's a whole bunch of people here and they're looking for you."

Right outside the bunk, some girls in a circle were doing the dances that belonged with the melodies, and squinting there in the sun, practically trapped inside the dance, was Miriam's aunt and uncle, and with them a couple she had never seen before. The man, very short and with

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gray, curly hair, was dressed just like her uncle: Bermuda shorts, brown cut-out sandals with high socks, and a kind of summer hat that always looked to Miriam like a Jewish baseball cap. His wife, who was taller, had thick dark braids all across her head, and though her skirt was very long in the sun, there was such a round, calm look in her clothes and on her face that Miriam was sure she had never had to be anybody's mother.

Miriam's aunt said, "There's my niece. Here she is. Miriam, this is Mrs. Imberman and that's Mr. Imberman, they came up with the car."

MIRIAM'S AUNT looked exactly the same: every part of her heavy face drooped like the bargain bundles she always carried, and stuck to her cheeks like decals with high pink splotches the color of eyelids—extra supplies of tears she kept up to make sure she was always ready.

"What are *you* doing here?" said Miriam. "You're not my mother. Who asked you to come?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Imberman came here to see a play," her aunt said, "and we're staying right next to them in the same little hotel, and it's not far, and they came with the car, so here we are."

"I didn't say what are *they* doing here. I said what are *you* doing here? And where's my mother?"

"Your mother couldn't come. She was going to write a letter and tell you, but I told her not to because I *know* you, Miriam, that if you knew about it you'd make a fuss, and now I see how right I was."

Turning around, Miriam stared at all the trees and grass that she had there: if they were so wonderful, the least they could do was pay attention to the music and do an Israeli dance.

"For you, your mother is your mother, but for me, she's still my little sister and there are plenty of things still that I have to tell her."

The trees, with all their millions of leaves, did not do even half a grapevine, and Miriam's uncle said, "Imberman, feel how hot it is already here and it's still early. Can you imagine what it's like a day like today in the city?"

"Hot," Mr. Imberman said. They stood there, the two of them, with their Jewish baseball caps, and Miriam thought how her uncle looked when it got too hot in his apartment: he would walk back and forth in his shorts and undershirt, fan himself with a newspaper, and say in Yiddish, "It's hot today in the city. Oh my God, it's hot!" If her uncle and midget Mr. Imberman got together, they could both walk back and forth in a little undershirt parade, fan themselves with two newspapers, and in between saying how hot it was, could have little fights about which countries were faking it with Socialism.

Miriam said, "If my mother were here, she would take me home."

"Why should she take you home? It's good for you to be outside and it's good for you to get used to it."

"Why should I get used to it if I don't like it?"

"Look how nice it is here, Miriam," her uncle said in Yiddish. "Look what you have here—a beautiful blue lake, a sky with sun and clouds that's also blue, big strong trees you can see from a mountain—with birds in them, wide, empty green fields with only grass and flowers. Look how nice."

"The lake is polluted," Miriam said. And it seemed to her that he was describing someplace else entirely—maybe a place in Poland he remembered from when he was young, maybe even a picture on a calendar, but definitely not camp on Parents Day. All the empty green fields were filling up with cars, the grass and flowers were getting covered over with blankets and beach chairs, and pretty soon, the birds from the mountain would be able to come down and eat all the left-over food that people brought with them. Except that there was no sand, the whole camp could have been Orchard Beach.

"Let me tell you something," her uncle said. "First I'll tell you a little story about your cousin Dina, and then I'll give you some advice."

"I don't want any advice from you," Miriam said. "You can't even figure out which countries are faking it with Socialism, and if you're supposed to care about it so much, why don't you just write a letter to a person in the country and ask them? All they have to tell you is if they're selfish or if they share around the things they've got."

"Straight from her mother," said Miriam's aunt. "With absolutely no sense that she's talking in front of a child."

"And don't think I can't understand it either. My mother calls *him* Stalin."

Mrs. Imberman said, "Sweetheart, are you in the play?" She bent her head in the sun, and for a second, her earrings, turquoise and silver, suddenly turned iridescent.

"Yes," Miriam said and looked up at her: somewhere, a man with a sombrero and a moustache got off his donkey and sat down in the heat to fold pieces of silver so that Mrs. Imberman could turn her head in the sun and ask questions of strange children.

"Ah hah," Mrs. Imberman said, "an *aktricekeh*. That's why she's so temperamental."

"I am *not* an actress," Miriam said. "I never was one before and I don't plan on being one again, and what I'm definitely not going to be is an explorer so I don't see why I have to get used to so much being outside."

"Listen, Miriam," her uncle said. "Let me tell you what happened with Dina in case she was embarrassed to tell you herself. It happened that Dina didn't feel like giving in her chocolates to

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the counselor, so she put them under her bed and only took out the box to eat them when it was dark in the bunk at night and she was sitting up in the bed and setting her hair. She figured out that if anyone heard any noises she could tell them it was from the bobby pins and curlers."

"Such a woman's story," Mr. Imberman said in very Polish Yiddish. "I didn't know, Citrin, that you knew such womens' stories."

Miriam's aunt said. "You know my Dina. She could set her hair anyplace."

"Anyway, what happened, Miriam, is that once somebody put on a light and saw her, and that's how she made some enemies, and that's why she didn't always love it here."

"I don't set my hair," Miriam said. "It's the one thing I'm lucky about—it's naturally curly, and now I have to get it put in braids for the play, so good-by."

"So quick?" her aunt said. "Good-by Miriam, look how nice and sun-tanned she is. Nobody would even know she has a sour face."

JUST BEHIND the curtain, Miriam waited bunched up with everyone in their costumes on the hot, quiet stage. Sunk into the scenery, not even Gil Burstein was laughing, and all the Jews, Nazis, and Polish partisans were finally without Cokes in their hands. Amnon, still walking around in his same very short pants, gave Miriam a giant Israeli smile that she had not seen before and could not feel a part of. He said, "Now I don't worry for the play and I don't worry for the audience."

But why anyone would worry for the audience, Miriam could not see. All through the play, she kept looking out at them—a little girl in braids and a too-long dress who would end up not dead—and could not tell the face of anyone. Who they were she did not know and did not want to think about: people, probably, who cried and screamed in their houses, fanned themselves with newspapers, and took along hard-boiled eggs if they went in a car for a half hour.

The stage did not stop being hot, and lying stretched out on it with Gil Burstein, it seemed to Miriam that they were playing dead right underneath a gas street-light from a stuffy, summer night in the real Warsaw. Way above their heads hung a fat, yellow bulb that was surrounded by a thousand insects. In all different shapes and sizes, they kept flying from the empty blue darkness backstage toward this one single glare, till the bulb, ugly and unshaded in the first place, seemed to be growing a beard as sweaty and uneven as a grandfather's. Back and forth, over and around, the different insects crowded and buzzed, all with each other, so that watching them, Miriam started to wonder whether these were Socialist bugs who believed in sharing with each other what they had, or else, bugs who were secretly wishing to keep the whole bulb for themselves, and by politely flying close together, just faking it.

In the woods, just outside the finished-off Warsaw Ghetto, the night was bitter cold. Miriam stood up to sing the song of the girl with the velvet face who went out in the blizzard to shoot up the enemy, and knew that no matter how big the stage was, when she sang or played the piano, there was nothing about her that was quiet at all. "'Exhausted from this small victory, For our new, free generation,'" Miriam finally sang, and the curtain fell over her head like the garland of snow on the girl who could end up snowed under.

Left all by herself behind the curtain, Miriam heard crying coming from people in the audience: they were the parents of no one in the play, but were crying now because, like somebody's stupid, stupid parakeet, they had learned how to do one thing and one thing only. If anyone yelled out "Budgie!" right now, the entire audience would immediately get up and start flying. Amnon would fly out, too, and Bryna, always a bird-girl, ran up now to Miriam on the stage, and right then and there began chirping.

"Guess what?" she said. "Now there are *two* people in my family with red hair. My mother got her hair dyed and I didn't even know it was her till she came over and kissed me."

"Oh," Miriam said, and because she could see that Bryna had big things on her mind—counting redheads—listened from somewhere for the sound of Amnon's voice letting out his one Israeli-parakeet line: Say-me-what's-wrong-Mi*riam*, Mi*riam*-say-me-the-matter. Standing there on the stage, a little girl in braids and a too-long dress who would end up not dead, Miriam promised herself that never again in her life would anyone look at her face and see in it what Amnon did, but just like the girl who could fake being dead, she would keep all her aliveness a secret.

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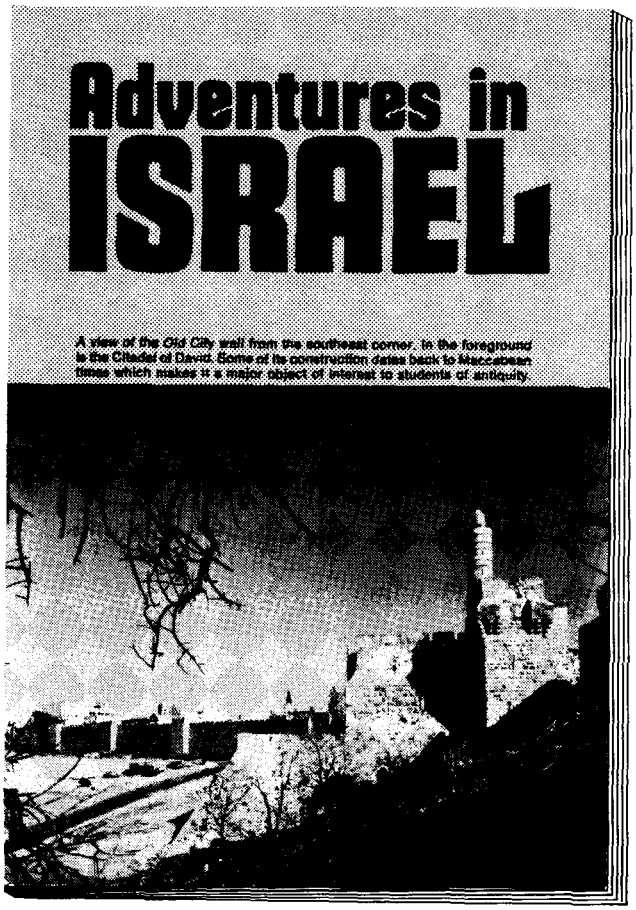
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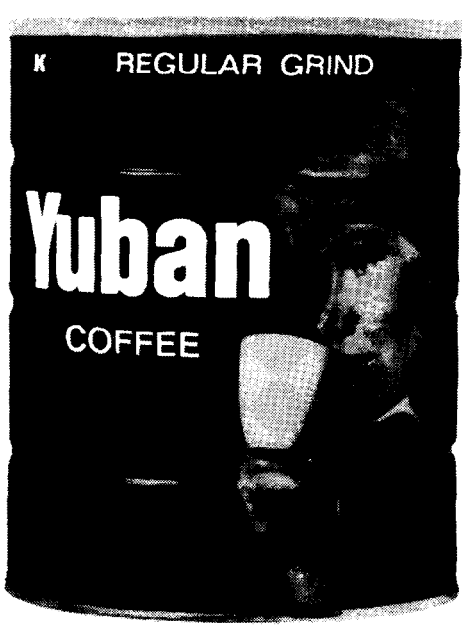

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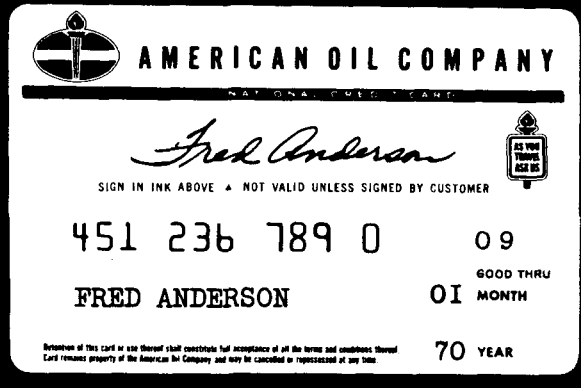

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Portnoy & His Creator

Peter Shaw

PHILIP ROTH'S first book, *Goodbye Columbus,* was accused by many of ignoring the Jewish tradition, of lacking ruth for the six million, and of displaying Jewish self-hatred. About five years ago, Roth answered these charges in an essay called "Writing About Jews,"* in which—like his character Alexander Portnoy who, when his sister reminds him what his fate would have been if he had been born in Europe, shouts: "I suppose the Nazis are an excuse for everything that happens in this house!"—Roth insisted on his freedom as an artist to say anything he thought true about the Jews. Having written critically about them again Roth not surprisingly has been attacked once again. This time, however, he has announced that he is tired of the controversy and he refers those still concerned with it back to his article.

The angry letters and sermons about his early stories were mistaken, Roth believed, because they were "ashamed of what I see no reason to be ashamed of, and defensive where there is no cause for defense." Their fear that he was "informing" on the Jews, wrote Roth in a characteristically accurate exposure of a Jewish anxiety, boiled down to the notorious question: "What will the *goyim* think?" This betrayed a hope that safety for Jews somehow lay in keeping quiet about their faults. But "the solution is not to convince people to like Jews so as not to want to kill them; it is to let them know that they cannot kill them even if they despise them."

In other words, Roth accepted his critics' assumption that the way Jewish characters are portrayed in fiction does matter. Where he differed with them was in his surprising assertion that it actually is better to highlight Jewish traits that might be regarded as ugly than to hide or gloss over them.

"Literary investigation," as he explained it,

> may even be a way to redeem the facts [about the way Jews really are], to give them the weight and value that they should have in the world, rather than the disproportionate significance they probably have for some misguided or vicious people.

Here was the rationale for those disturbing Jewish stereotypes in Roth's stories: his intention, he claimed, was to do something *good* for the Jews. Now, in *Portnoy's Complaint,*† Roth goes even further than before in this paradoxical effort to help the Jews by reviling them.

ALEXANDER PORTNOY—a Jewish boy who masturbates beyond anything that has ever been described in fiction, and who later engages compulsively in sexual practices still outlawed in several states and still generally taboo, at least to talk about, even in the permissive 60's—is telling his story to a psychoanalyst. "His "complaint" is that all this sex is unsatisfying, and he takes it that the cause goes back to "the mother-child relationship": if he suffers from wildly exaggerated sexual symptoms it is because he suffered from a wildly exaggerated Jewish mother (who, indeed, is presented in the novel as a caricature of the caricature Jewish mother of the jokes).

His youth, Portnoy says, was one unending endurance of warnings against germs in food, swimming pools, and the very air (polio), alternated with impossible praise for his brilliance. His parents, he tells the doctor, "are the outstanding producers and packagers of guilt in our time!"

THE GUILTS and fears instilled in Portnoy are identified as peculiarly Jewish, and he sees his own sexual excesses as a means of freeing himself from being Jewish. For Portnoy's theory is that in repressing his natural instincts his mother was in effect acting as an agent of the Jewish tradition. All the don'ts of his childhood had the same purpose as the Jewish prohibition against eating certain foods: to teach that renunciation, self-control, and repression are all. In fury over this imposition Portnoy turns on Jewishness itself:

> Jew Jew Jew Jew Jew Jew! It is coming out of my ears already, the saga of the suffering Jews! Do me a favor, my people, and stick your suffering heritage up your suffering ass—*I happen also to be a human being!*

And he turns with equal ferocity on the actual Jews around him: "Mother, Rabbi Warshaw is a fat, pompous, impatient fraud . . . a character out of Dickens." As for "those Roses and Sophies and Goldies and Pearls" like his mother (whose name is Sophie), he says to himself, "think of them as cows . . . maybe that's the solution."

But wait a minute. What kind of "literary investigation" is this? A sustained cry of loathing for things Jewish in terms that perpetuate the most familiar stereotypes—how is this literary? Demanding an answer to a similar question about *Goodbye Columbus,* one of Roth's correspondents wrote: "Clichés like 'this being art' will not be acceptable. A reply will be appreciated." Where *Portnoy's Complaint* is concerned, the "sophisticated" reply, of course, is that Portnoy is disturbed, has a "complaint," is on the psychiatrist's couch as he speaks. But does this answer hold up?

PETER SHAW, *an associate editor of* COMMENTARY, *reviewed Norman Mailer's* Miami and the Siege of Chicago *in our December 1968 issue.*

* COMMENTARY, December 1963.

† Random House, 274 pp., $6.95.

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Roth evidently received some pretty discouragingly low-level attacks on *Goodbye Columbus* in the mail, and his article is pretty funny in exposing their absurdities, just as he is funny in *Portnoy's Complaint* with the easy targets of Jewish mothers, Miami Beach, American tourists in Israel, and so on. But, like Portnoy, he fails in being anything more than funny out of a failure of curiosity toward the objects of his ridicule. He endorses Portnoy's demand to be treated as a human being but gives no indication of being aware that Portnoy consistently denies the humanity of everyone else. "I am the son in the Jewish joke—*only it ain't no joke*!" pleads Portnoy, but he never doubts the same joke's adequacy for understanding his mother. Indeed, it is Portnoy himself who generalizes his own case, repeatedly claiming that he stands for all Jewish men: "Please, who crippled us like this? Who made us so morbid and hysterical and weak?" It does not, then, seem so crude after all to ask how great a distance Roth's art places between his own attitudes and those of his hero.

The answer, I think, is hardly any at all, and for two reasons. First, Roth is writing in what is by now a long modern tradition of crippled heroes—one which runs from Diderot's Rameau's nephew, through Dostoevski's underground man, to the Jewish schlemiels of the last twenty years. In these books the reader is often asked to distinguish between the suffering character's low moral stature and his cogent social criticism. So too with Portnoy: the fact that he is presented as a disturbed man in no way serves as a qualifying or discrediting comment on his violent anti-Jewishness.

The second reason has to do with Portnoy's role as narrator. Now the use of a narrator who cannot be trusted to tell the truth is also a modern practice with a long and respectable tradition. Characteristically, the unreliable narrator is exposed either when he refers twice to an incident with suspiciously differing emphases, or when, in explaining another character, he contradicts the evidence in his own description of that character's behavior. The trick is that we can trust his report of what happened but not his interpretation of what it means. In *Portnoy,* however, the reader is never given an objective view of events from which to measure the narrator's version.

When, in an important incident, for example, Sophie Portnoy threatens her son with a knife if he will not eat, the scene is filtered through the analysand's psychoanalytically-sogged memory: "So my mother sits down beside me with a long bread knife in her hand. It is made of stainless steel, and has little sawlike teeth." Portnoy remembers this as one would remember a dream, with the knife standing out sheerly as a symbolic castration threat. Understandably, he believes his own version, but there is no way for the reader to determine whether it says anything real about Sophie Portnoy or Jewish mothers in general. There is only Portnoy's word to go by, and Portnoy just has too much in common with the Philip Roth of *Goodbye Columbus* to be trusted as a social critic. Like Roth, for Portnoy to perceive anyone as a type is to dispense with the need to recognize his humanity, as when he calls the Rabbi a character out of Dickens in order utterly to dismiss him. Nothing, of course, could be further from the spirit of Dickens, with whom caricature was the beginning, not the end, of his delineation of character.

IRONICALLY enough, given the self-congratulating spirit in which he ridicules the views of his parents, Portnoy's mind and spirit turn out to be nothing but educated versions of his parents' putative narrow-mindedness, "stupidity," and vulgarity—the last of which qualities, indeed, constitutes his own chief claim to originality and intellectual daring. Thus, though he pities his "uncomprehending" father for his views—"Alex, you are never going to hear such a *mishegoss* of mixed-up crap and disgusting nonsense as the Christian religion in your entire life"—Portnoy himself never says anything more enlightening about the Christians than that they "swallow all that hideous Catholic bullshit." And when, in the final analysis, Portnoy's complaint about the Jews reduces itself to the charge that they are "stupid," he has done no more than to transform his parents' worship of intelligence into a weapon for his own intolerance. The very college education that is the only apparent excuse for Portnoy to think himself superior to his parents leaves him without an excuse for his own much more certainly demonstrated shallowness.

BUT MORE important than Roth's failure to step back from the puerility of Portnoy's ideas is the way he misleadingly suggests, by the design of the novel, that Portnoy's progress is toward freedom and understanding. As with Paul Morel in D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*—who also has sexual problems arising out of an extreme attachment to a powerful mother—each of Portnoy's women represents a stage in his step-by-step attempt to slough off his Jewish repression and to escape from mother ("Because to be *bad,* Mother, that is the real struggle: to be bad—and to enjoy it!"). The two key women in Lawrence's novel are opposite types, the one dark and demanding, the other blond and giving. In Roth's book, the opposition is framed in terms of contrasting social backgrounds. The "Monkey" is poor white from West Virginia, and with her Portnoy does everything. Sarah Abbot Maulsby comes from an old New England family, and he cannot get her satisfactorily to perform fellatio. As Portnoy explains it in the characteristic language of the book: "I don't seem to stick my dick up these girls, as much as I stick it up their backgrounds." Sarah Abbot Maulsby cannot do to Portnoy what he can do to her for social reasons: he is of a lower class than she is. And, in the final scene, in which Portnoy finds himself impotent with an Israeli girl, the cause is a complex of social and cultural hang-ups over her paradoxically frontier Jewishness.

If both Portnoy's and Sarah Maulsby's sexual failures are products of their upbringings, however, what is so special about the Jewishness of Portnoy's background? Apparently, a puritan-Protestant home can produce the equivalent

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of a Jewish-repressive one (as can, one might add, an entirely permissive atmosphere). Portnoy's theory of a special Jewish problem would seem to be disproved. The striking fact about *Portnoy's Complaint,* however, is that it does not disprove Portnoy's theory.

WHICH BRINGS us back to Roth's essay. "Grossbart," writes Roth in explaining the pushy Jewish character in his story "Defender of the Faith," "is presented not as the stereotype of The Jew, but as a Jew who acts like the stereotype, offering back to his enemies their vision of him, answering the punishment with the crime." Yet if one rereads this story in which a soldier tries to extract favors from his Sergeant on the basis of their being fellow Jews, one realizes that Roth is ascribing his own intentions to Grossbart. For it is Roth, not the character, who offers back the stereotype to his enemies: Grossbart acts the Jew only when he is with other Jews; otherwise he carefully blends in with the non-Jewish soldiers.

As in Roth's stories, there is a fanaticism in the hatred of things Jewish in *Portnoy's Complaint* that one feels constantly to derive from a need that lies outside the story itself. It is as if Roth were operating under the compulsion of his "Eli the Fanatic" to expose himself to his townsmen as a Jew of the sort most calculated to offend them. And this fanaticism extends even to the sex in *Portnoy,* as what at first seems like liberation eventually turns into an ideological program. Sexual freedom is defined as the ability to perform cunnilingus and fellatio, while at the same time ordinary sex is denigrated very much in the way that heterosexual love is held in contempt in homosexual novels.

Roth's Jewish characters are an illustration of his theory that for the Jews to deal with their enemies, "it is necessary to unlearn certain responses to them." The "new response," presumably, must be comically to exaggerate the anti-Semitic stereotype in order to dissolve it in laughter. This is extremely clever, of course—except that it is hopeless; for this comic defender of the faith has not understood the nature of anti-Semitism. He believes that if somehow he can just devise the right "response" he will be able to make it go away. Yet since anti-Semitism is itself only apparently a response to actual Jewish behavior, no alteration in behavior—not separatism, assimilation, accommodation, nor defiance, as the "un-Jewish" Israelis have learned—has ever been able to affect it significantly. Not even art can eliminate it.

In claiming to be striking a blow against anti-Semitism, Roth is like Portnoy explaining that his vituperations and his being "bad" should really please his mother because they keep him from being the kind of obedient Jewish boy who ends up as a homosexual. Roth cannot rest content with badmouthing the Jews, but must insist that he be recognized as a good Jewish boy when he does it.

IN ANY CASE, Roth's insistence that he is a friend to the Jews can only theoretically be squared with the loathing for them that he displays in his work. He tells us that when Sergeant Marx, in "Defender of the Faith," finally rejects Grossbart by transferring him to fight in the Pacific, the Sergeant has "committed what he has hoped to do all along: an act he can believe to be honorable." But though the words may well apply to Roth's own motivation in writing the story, they do not accurately describe the act. Like Portnoy, Marx was resentful at the imposition of being Jewish, and so lashed out at a distastefully obvious Jew. It is significant that Roth never chooses his *protagonists* for the job of offering back the stereotype to the gentiles. Instead, both Alexander Portnoy and Sergeant Marx are regular guys who just happen to be Jewish and because of this are victimized by other Jews to whom they are invariably superior.

The real message here, or rather the real aspiration, is not to sweep away anti-Semitism, but to transcend being Jewish. If only you try hard enough, Roth's books tell us, it can be done. This is a message that will not do the Jews any more damage than other specious advice they have received from time to time, so that one has to agree with Roth that his books are not harmful as charged. But if he has not been bad *for* the Jews, he has decidedly been bad *to* them—and at the expense of his art. For *Portnoy's Complaint,* in descending to caricature to get its effects, fails at the very point of imagination which raises a novel above a tract. Roth has been a positive enemy to his own work, while for the Jews he has been a friend of the proverbial sort that makes enemies unnecessary.

Groping Toward Freedom: The Living Theatre

Jack Richardson

THERE WERE some three hundred of us milling about the stage of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, audience-actors all, shuffling here and there to our own choreography, creating our personal actions and dialogue. The more timid among us, those with less dramatic flair, remained in their seats, there to be harangued by flailing, shaggy figures whose bodies, naked save for atavistic loin cloths or sagging G-strings, glowed with fierce, visionary sweat. At this moment, the Living Theatre's production of *Paradise Now* was in its second act, or third metamorphosis, or fifth avatar—at any rate, it was reaching that moment in which performer and spectator are meant to blend, to create a dramatic conjunction, a unity that would cancel out the old distinctions between art and random human behavior. The Living Theatre was generously presenting us with a womb in which, it was shouted, we all could be born again as free, creative individuals; a warm revolutionary womb buffeted, to be sure, by intestinal rumblings and poorly designed to contain all the creative embryos clustered in it, but nevertheless a pungent, fructiferous place.

Earlier in the evening, when there was still some observance of the old distinctions between audi-

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JACK RICHARDSON is our regular theater critic.

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ence and performers, the members of the acting company, led by their director, Julian Beck, had strolled among us cataloging the various social outrages under which they and we suffer. "I'm not allowed to travel without a passport," "I don't know how to stop the wars," "I'm not allowed to take off my clothes"—each one of these laments being repeated at various levels of hysteria until all the players joined in one long distillation of their agony and howled for a full minute or so. Though it is difficult—and beside the point—to remember the exact order of events, I believe the next phase was a tactile one in which the cast drifted among us and laid gentle hands on various parts of our bodies, whispering as they did so, "Holy forehead," "Holy breast," "Holy thighs," etc. (I had, with typical good fortune, my physical moment with a chubby, balding actor, who told me, in a thick middle-European accent, that my right shoulder had sanctity.)

After touching us tenderly, the troupe returned to the stage and formed a circle around which a large pipe was passed—"I am not allowed to smoke marijuana" was one of the earlier protests—and then various acrobatic tableaux were attempted, culminating with the actors contorting themselves alphabetically so that their bodies spelled out the word "anarchism," a feat which drew the only bourgeois response of applause that evening. Following this, some revolutionary apothegms were chanted and the audience was invited—no, better ordered—to begin a dialogue, to get with it, to not sit numbly by while the oppressors of society buried all of us. Some needed no coaxing at all, but these early volunteers were, for the most part, uninterested in the art of political dialectic, being content to remove their clothes and sit quietly on stage in various meditative poses; and as for the rest of us, we were still a little uncertain just what subject had been introduced for debate. (So far, I had agreed with everything that had been said to me. I certainly didn't want to argue that my shoulder wasn't blessed.) Sensing this, one of the actors came forth with a topic for discussion. "Che Guevara was a doctor," he told us, "who took an oath to preserve life. Che Guevara was a murderer. Anyone want to rap on that for awhile?" Nobody did, but by this time more and more of us were working our way toward the stage, sensing that if there was to be any paradise on hand in the Brooklyn Academy of Music that night it could only be uncovered, literally, behind the actor's backs, where one would not be pounced upon and charged with moral depravity because one was not breaking open the local jails and freeing the "creative individuals" confined in them.

I reached the platform just as one of the actors who had been rhetorically screeching "What is a man?" got an answer of sorts. A tall, sad-faced youth had embraced him and was crying that, yes, he was a man. The actor let himself be hugged for a few moments before he decided this was an insufficient reply to the question. He slipped out of the young man's arms, swirled, and suddenly stood facing me. His eyes were wide and crackling with drama and, as he screamed his evening's question at me, I had to respect the way his commitment to love and nonviolence suppressed the very apparent urge he had to crush my holy body to a pulp. "What is a man?" he shouted again, and though I had heard the question before I was not prepared. A deep sense of self-preservation told me that "rational animal" was not, under the circumstances, the best answer, and neither did I want to be too extreme and come up with something like "A divine featherless biped," which might, plucked chickens aside, prove to be the right response and thereby end my first scene in the Living Theatre prematurely. However, before I could invent something passable, those febrile eyes that had me fixed for over a minute began to dull, and soon they closed altogether. I took this to mean a short time-out had been declared, and I slipped away hoping to have a creative answer ready should the two of us meet again. Pondering the question, I went on and followed the flow of people on the stage.

THERE WAS one group dancing; another was playing with a balloon; some of us were singing; here and there couples kissed and stroked one another with a certain grim intensity, making breasts and bottoms perform as exhortative examples of the liberated society to come. And in the center of the stage were the naked ones; a string of a dozen or so young men and women clinging to each other as they jogged and stumbled about in a circle, their faces a little frightened but gracious in their refusal to reflect any preference toward the strangers who pushed in upon them.

I was in a crush that formed behind a small, blond girl who, from the insolence of her breasts and the charity of her face, I took to be around seventeen. She had done her thing, had peeled off the tyrannies of Western Civilization and was now, by definition, revolutionary, beautiful, and creative. Looking at her, I felt, with my qualifications and ironies, sadly out of place. If she wished to be another Eve, I was not going to play the serpent; the roses will fade soon enough, I thought, and then banishment into pregnancy and neurosis instead of the slim-figured madness she now enjoyed.

Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain in my side, and I looked down and saw something glowing just beneath my shoulder. It was the head of an old man, malevolently cherubic, crimson in color, as though about to explode from its own fermenting juices. He was about sixty-five, just a few inches taller than a dwarf, and he was elbowing me furiously to one side so that he might take up an assault position behind the girl. He had a raincoat artfully folded over his groin in the practiced manner of Forty-Second Street moviegoers and, as he wheeled past me, he put a tiny claw on young Eve's ass, then to her breast, then back to the ass again. For a time she didn't notice who her new admirer was, accepting his kneads and probes as more simple evidence that there was communal love around her. But then she suddenly started, looked back and down at our reactionary society's quintessential dirty old man whose rain-

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coat had begun to flap with spastic fury, and said only, "Don't pinch now." Her face had not changed, and, at this gentle admonishment, his grew brighter, he took up the assault again, obviously ready to risk a cerebral hemorrhage to perpetuate this moment. How many girdled rumps had he struggled with on subways? How many times had he been forced to scurry from an outraged matronly voice? And now, with impunity, without fear of police intervention, he could leisurely fondle a breast proportioned beyond his darkest dreams. At least one of us had found his paradise now, and, for my conventional sense of theater, that was a good enough ending. For me the play was over.

I KNOW that many of my colleagues have been caught up in serious controversy over the implications of this production by the Living Theatre, but I just do not see how any critical language that I am familiar with could be of any use in considering the events that took place for the three hours or so I remained at the Brooklyn Academy. I, too, have talked about the theater of confrontation, of audience involvement, of new modes and manners that might rejuvenate our moribund rituals of theatergoing. The members of the Living Theatre attempt all this, but in such a depressed, inexpert way that only the most depraved intellectual thrill-seeker could seriously defend their techniques. Why, the actors are not even trained to shout obscenities vigorously enough so that they reach the balcony with any force; their cries of agony are no more than thin, petulant whines; their movements are heavy-footed; their notion of dramatic polemic is so brutally primitive that no response is possible to it, so that any intelligence not fanatically in love with its own voice must slink to the sidelines, dunned into a detachment that is precisely antithetical to everything the Living Theatre maintains it is trying to create.

All of this is critically unarguable, but I think it is at best a mistake and at worst a piece of dishonesty to speak of *Paradise Now* as a notion meant somehow to be related to critical judgments, as though all the old problems of form and realized intention were relevant to our response to this gathering of beings in a large, dark, permissive auditorium. It is somewhat like being asked to do an appreciative study of an automobile accident, or a suicide attempt, or a tavern brawl. One might certainly, offered the opportunity, want to witness such sights and find in them a guilty exhilaration. But to think of them in critical categories, to make of them examples of cultural history, would be an absurdly pretentious rationalization of one's morbid interest in the grotesque eruptions of life. What the Living Theatre presents us with is a hopeless stylistic dilemma: to say one detests them and all they represent is to say no more than that one would not call it high art to see an old lady run over by a bus; to admit fascination means simply that one enjoys going to the Colosseum games on occasion. Both, it seems to me, are human statements that do not demand a great deal of analysis.

OF COURSE, there are other social considerations about this dramatic company that go deeper than its ability to hire a hall in which a bottom-pinching old man of hectic head can find sanctuary. They have, in the spirit of the times, set themselves up not only as an artistic entity, but as a moral and political one as well; and, beneath the antic frenzy, one senses that quality which generally comes forward as a substitute for art among visionaries—namely, the glum righteousness that goes with the assumption that one honestly shed tear is far more precious than any dazzling artifice. Of course, it goes without saying that all the honest tears belong to the Living Theatre. It will teach us how and for whom to weep, will show us, benighted Visigoths that we are, what a moral life is and how we are expected to achieve it. Like all the Messianic groups rattling about our consciousness today, they are ready to bustle us into sacrifices that they think are necessary for the coming order, not the least of which is their presumption that one is obliged, having bought a ticket to their theater, to talk to them.

But, finally, it is as fruitless to deal with the Living Theatre as an adjunct of moral revolution as it is to ruminate on its artistic fallacies. Each withering review, I'm certain, only strengthens its resolve that it must drag and prod us all into the New Jerusalem. It is too late for my objections to be considered by those wailing men and women whom I saw in Brooklyn, for there is too great an impasse between us. They want a fundamentalist paradise now that everyone can share; their critics will always be those who ask only for the right to go to hell in their own particular way.

The Example of Solzhenitsyn

Dan Jacobson

THE SCENE is a room in a hostel for girl students at Moscow University. The time is December 1949. There are four girls in the room. One is dressing up to go out with her boy friend for the evening; another is ironing a blouse; a third is reading a book. The fourth, Muza by name—a plump, plain, bespectacled girl, older than the others, suffering from rheumatism in one knee, a student of literature who is especially devoted to the works of Turgenev—is writing a letter to her parents in the provinces. The girls talk about clothes and men, they gossip about the fifth occupant of the room, who is not present, they frighten each other with stories about the rats that sometimes scurry about the floors of the dormitory. Muza pays as little attention to them as she can; but it isn't only because of their talk that she finds it difficult to concentrate on the letter she is supposed to be writing. A secret is tormenting her. A few days previously she had been called into a room by two men, strangers to her, who had revealed themselves to be members of the secret police, and had told her that they

DAN JACOBSON's Through the Wilderness, *a collection of short stories, was recently published by Macmillan.*

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had picked her out to supply information to them about her fellow-students and teachers; to become, in short, a police-spy. If she didn't agree to cooperate, they had said to her, they would wreck her career; they would begin by having her expelled from the university with a bad record.

> And so on Tuesday she would again face those two cocky men with their ready words, who were prepared for all eventualities. . . . Everything had come to an end. Because they would not yield. And she would not yield either. She would not yield because how could she judge the human qualities of Hamlet or Don Quixote, remembering that she was an informer, that she had a code-name like "Daisy" or something, and that she had to gather information against these girls or against her own professor.

Muza is among the most minor of the many characters in Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's long novel, *The First Circle*.* That one scene is all we see and hear of her; she does not reappear in the book. Nevertheless, she provides as good a point of entry as one can hope to find into the whole of this impressive work. The crisis into which Muza is thrust provides a clue to the essential subject matter of the novel; and the way she is made to respond to it by her creator tells one a great deal, I think, about the nature of his approach to his art. Through the question which Muza asks of herself, we can see that Solzhenitsyn takes for granted an absolutely direct and open connection between literature and morality, art and life. He believes our responsibilities in the one to be inseparable from our responsibilities in the other; indeed, to be all but identical with one another.

In the West today such an assumption about the relationship between art and morality is distinctly unfashionable. We like to insist nowadays on the detachment of art from moral considerations, on the element of sheer "play" in it, on its aesthetic autonomy and aloofness from the messiness of the world in which decisions with real consequences have to be made. Or if we admit any commerce between art and morality—and it is damned difficult to stop the traffic altogether, for all the blowing of critical whistles and the setting up of academic check-points—then what we are likely to demand of our art is that it should subvert and overthrow all the traditional moral notions; that it should do its best to fragment the self into a thousand pieces, rather than to stress its organic wholeness. Naturally, it follows that much of our most fashionable art is extreme in its modes of expression, dislocated in its techniques, committed to irrationality and outrage. What else can it be, we ask each other, in so dislocated a time and in so irrational a world? How can our art not reject with all the vigor it can muster the moral ideas that have had everywhere such evidently disastrous social consequences?

The life and work of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn are difficult to reconcile with the line of this argument. Tactless though it may be to begin with this observation, one can't help noticing the fact that many of our rejecters of society and subverters of what they declare to be the conventional morality are promptly rewarded with university chairs, television interviews, and double-page spreads in the glossy magazines. Whereas Solzhenitsyn, the upholder of the old-fashioned literary and human virtues, has been rewarded by *his* society with many years of imprisonment in the unspeakable conditions of Arctic labor camps, followed by exile, the banning of his books, and a continuous series of petty administrative persecutions. Moreover, it is Solzhenitsyn, who is so committed to the traditional (and rational) modes of his art, who deals directly in *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* and *The First Circle* with the effects of precisely that kind of overwhelming social cataclysm which writers in the West call upon as justification for their own leap into irrationality and excess.

IN FACT, the simplicity of Solzhenitsyn's language, the straightforwardness of his methods of portraying character and developing incident, the freedom with which he makes his comments on the action he is presenting, and above all, the extraordinary moderation of tone with which he speaks of the most appalling psychic and physical tortures inflicted on innocent men and women—all these suggest strongly that some of the hysterias and deliriums of our most widely-admired art in the English-speaking world is in a curious way an expression of ignorance, or of bad conscience. That is to say, the hysteria expresses the horrified fascination with the overthrow of all order to be found among those who know such an event only as an abstraction, who have experienced it only as readers, onlookers, noncombatants. There is plenty of evidence to suggest, at any rate, that among those who have actually lived through the most violent ordeals of our era—the trenches of the First World War, say, or the concentration camps of Hitler or Stalin—a common response is to set the highest store by facticity, by the obligation to record the unadorned grit and detail of the human truth experienced and recalled.

All this is complicated enough; still, I am simplifying. In the first place, honesty of the kind that the girl Muza is asking of herself—and that her creator asks of himself—is always going to be unfashionable and awkward to deal with, in any society; it is always going to give pain to those who try to live by it; it is always going to be held in contempt by place-seekers and timeservers of every conceivable political and aesthetic persuasion. In comparing the rewards and punishments meted out by our society and the Russian to writers of one sort or another, the last thing I would wish to suggest is that we in the West, because of the greater liberty of expression we are permitted, have "gone beyond" the need for Muza's kind of honesty. We haven't. We never will. The second point is that I don't for a moment believe that such honesty will always express itself in the direct and simple ways chosen by Solzhenitsyn. Not at all. There is no need to rebut the suggestion by rehearsing the names of many of the masters of modern literature; but as a peculiarly relevant

* Harper & Row, 580 pp, $10.00, translated by Thomas P. Whitney.

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contemporary witness I would like to mention Solzhenitsyn's fellow-Russian and fellow-convict, Andrey Sinyavsky, some of whose surreal fantasies in such books as *The Icicle* and *The Trial Begins* seem to me successful and compelling works of art. Of Solzhenitsyn's works all one can say is that, being as much of a piece as they are, it is inconceivable that he could have produced them in any form other than the one he has chosen. The loss will be ours if our new orthodoxies—masquerading, as so many orthodoxies nowadays do, in quasi-revolutionary garb—prevent us from appreciating and responding to his achievements.

As MOST readers will probably by now know, much of *The First Circle* is set in a prison of a rather unusual kind on the outskirts of Moscow. In this prison are a number of scientists and technologists who have been hauled out of forced-labor camps in Siberia and the Arctic Circle and set to work on various research projects which the regime is anxious to have completed. That the scientists are innocent of ever having committed any crimes goes without saying: they are simply victims—at the moment the most fortunate victims—of the terror that has imprisoned or killed, more or less at random, millions of their fellow-citizens.

For four days we live among the prisoners and their jailors. We listen to their conversations; we join a handful of prisoners who are allowed a pathetically brief, constricted annual visit from their wives; we participate in the struggles for power among the different groups involved in the running of the prison; we follow the progress of the research projects to which the prisoners have been assigned. Two projects are of particular importance in the book: the one is the development of a kind of "scrambler" to make telephone conversations impenetrable to an eavesdropper; and the other—the exact opposite of the first, in a way—is research into a method of recording and interpreting "voice-prints," which would be as individual and unmistakable as thumbprints, taken from tapped telephones. In addition, we see how the families both of the prisoners and the jailors go about their lives in the streets and homes of Moscow; we meet a cabinet minister, himself under threat by Stalin, who terrorizes his underlings, who in turn terrorize theirs, until the shock waves of the threats reach the prisoners, in their isolation from and ignorance of the world beyond the walls of the institution. In one unconvincing chapter, we even meet the arch-terrorist, Stalin himself, in his lonely room in the Kremlin. (Like much else in the book, the chapter about Stalin looks straight back to *War and Peace*: one remembers that Tolstoy was not afraid to tackle head-on the portrayal of Napoleon.)

By the end of the novel, Nerzhin, the central figure, a long-term prisoner, has been arbitrarily dispatched back into the lower circles of the inferno of Stalin's penal system; while a minor character, Innokenty Volodin, has just begun to make his acquaintance with the workings of that system in the Lubianka prison. Volodin has been arrested for having warned another Muscovite that the secret police are after him; and it is part of the ironic pattern of the book that he is tracked down because of the progress made in the "voice-print" project by Rubin, one of the most sympathetic of the prisoners, and a particular friend of Nerzhin's.

A much larger irony, however, which informs the whole book, is that if all Russia is in the hands of a sadistic jailor and his omnipresent henchmen—as my initial quotation about Muza should suggest—then the only free men are those who are already in jail. This idea is stated explicitly, on many occasions, by the prisoners themselves; it is also implicit in what the author tells us or shows us about almost every one of his characters. It is the men outside the jail, not the prisoners, who are tormented by fear, suspicion, greed for possessions, a hopeless longing for a security the system never for an instant grants them. The prisoners, by contrast, have the serenity of having nothing to lose; they are able to cherish their friendships with one another and express their thoughts freely to those who are closest to them; they are able to create among themselves a community that is far more genuine than anything outside the walls.

BUT IT IS in his treatment of this theme that one can accuse the author of a certain degree of sentimentality. Not because he fails to make real and deeply moving to us the prisoners' sense of their precarious, naked freedom, or because his account of their loyalty to one another is not completely persuasive. (Far more persuasive, I may say, than the attempt to describe the same phenomenon in *Into the Whirlwind*, Evgenia Ginzburg's non-fictional description of her experience of prison life during the Great Terror.) No, the problem is that while we believe Solzhenitsyn's portrayal of the particular group of prisoners he concentrates upon, we can't help asking: what about the others? He himself says at one point that one in five of the prisoners is an informer. Why then does he not anatomize for us, as he anatomizes the greeds and dreads of the people outside the prison, those which drive the informers into their treachery and sycophancy? He acknowledges them, certainly; but that, one feels, in view of the ironic pattern of the book as a whole, is not enough.

On the other hand, the paradoxical notion of an invaluable freedom which only prisoners can enjoy never lapses into a sentimentality of another kind which might seem to threaten it: namely, a view of the tyranny as a power which, to adapt Goethe's words, wills forever evil yet does forever good; as a vessel or medium of wrath from which or through which a purification of the soul can be achieved. Solzhenitsyn never kisses the rod. His hatred of the tormentors and persecutors of his people remains unalloyed, even while he sees the wretched ordinariness of the motives of the servants of the tyranny and understands their miseries. The expression of his hatred is made all the more intense by a savage humor which breaks through, with an effect in such a somber context of startlingly high spirits, both in certain set scenes and in numerous narrative asides.

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Furthermore, one of the most impressive things about *The First Circle*—and one of the ways in which it most offends many of our own pieties about art—is that on the whole it carefully avoids what I am tempted to call "the sentimentality of symbolism." One can remark on the symbolism of the research conducted in the prison on the nature of the human voice—that voice which the entire system has as its end to stifle—and on the overall ironic pattern of the book. Yet, allowing for these, in this book the prison remains nothing more or less than a prison, the walls around it are real walls and not metaphysical constructs, the sufferings and hopes of the prisoners are those of individuals in a particular place at one moment in human history. They do not stand for anything other than what they are; the author does not distract his gaze or ours from them in order to use them as illustrations of a larger thesis about life in general. It is enough for him that they should be what they are.

The avoidance of symbolism is in some respects even more remarkable in *The Cancer Ward*,* the novel with which Solzhenitsyn has followed *The First Circle*, and which again deals with a closed group, the inmates of another institution. Given the nature of cancer, and given the manner in which authors have always been tempted to treat illness in general, it seems to me positively to the author's credit that he should have been able to regard his subject not as a "criticism" of civilization, or as a punishment of God, or as the physical sign of the inner perversion of his characters' psyches, or anything of that sort. His approach is much calmer, more stoical, but scarcely less painful to read about. Cancer is an illness, it can be treated in various ways, it kills people quickly and painfully or slowly and painfully, it is in the nature of things that there should be such illnesses and that we should be liable to die of them: that seems to be his attitude.

In fact, when he does speak metaphorically of cancer in the book, one sees that he turns the analogy well away from any kind of inward psychological or spiritual notation, into a comment on his country as a whole: he speaks of the concentration camps as tumors within Russia, growths which must surely kill the state if they are allowed to continue in existence. But even this analogy is not pressed or developed at any length; it is thrown off without fuss, among many other reflections about the disease, about the lives which it threatens, about the nature of an organization like a hospital. The chief source of these reflections is Oleg Kostoglov, an exile who has served many years in forced labor camps, and whose stay of some months in the cancer ward of a hospital in Central Asia is the period covered by the novel. In the end he is discharged from the hospital, but the prognosis is doubtful and the treatment he has undergone to "cure" the disease has more or less emasculated him. He is left to reflect on the apparently random nature of evil, on a principle of malevolence which seems at work equally in nature and in human society. But even to refer to a "principle" is to distort the author's tone. The last bitter words of the book are: *"Simply—so. . . ."*

If Solzhenitsyn manages to treat the central subject of the book without schematizing it, nevertheless the novel as a whole seems to me a much weaker affair than *The First Circle* precisely because the same thing can't be said of its characters. They do appear to form a gallery of deliberately chosen types, each one fleshed out individually to fulfill an abstract idea, and brought together to give us a cross-section of Soviet society. There is, for example, the *apparatchik* who has risen to a high position by denouncing his neighbors and colleagues, and who is now almost as insulted by having to lie in a common ward as by the illness itself; there is the bully and vulgarian who is transformed into a quietist by a reading of Tolstoy's *What Men Live By*; there is the eager young geologist and party member who cannot wait to get back to his work, which he is sure will bring him fame and be of benefit to his country; there is the hardworking, uncomplaining woman doctor who has for so long exposed herself to radiation that she has now developed symptoms which she shrinks from having investigated, like any frightened layman. Many of the scenes in the book are strong and poignant; but compared with *The First Circle* the overall effect is airless and contrived.

The house of fiction has many rooms. I have praised *The First Circle* for avoiding the transformation of the prison in which it is set into a symbol. Yet *Little Dorrit*, which, as many critics have remarked, is dominated by a series of symbolic prisons, seems to me a greater book. I have praised *The Cancer Ward* for not allegorizing the illness it speaks of; *The Magic Mountain*, which never stops allegorizing its characters' tubercular afflictions, is a greater work of art. So what? We should be grateful to accept the books on their own terms; to recognize the sincerity and artistry which goes into each. Both *The First Circle* and *The Cancer Ward* will be read for many years, among other reasons, simply for what they tell us of conditions in the Soviet Union during the last years of Stalin's rule and after; but it is a hopelessly narrow conception of the novel which imagines that the value of the books as documents, as records, derogates from their value as literature.

The author of these two novels is a man whose courage and generosity of spirit it would be an impertinence to praise. When so many writers in the West are committed to a new "cult of personality"—their own personalities, that is; when they seem to believe that one of the chief functions of the writer is to provide others with gossip about himself; when they write as if the public or social self, with all its pestiferous demands and hungers, is the only self any of us ever has—Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has reminded us of quite another kind of unity an author can strive to achieve between his life and his work.

* The Dial Press, 616 pp., $8.50, translated by Rebecca Frank/Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 560 pp., $10.00, translated by Nicholas Bethell and David Burg.

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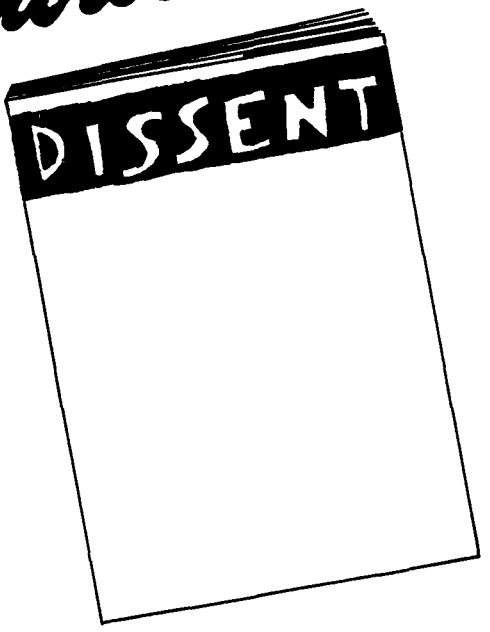

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A Lost War

MAXIMUM FEASIBLE MISUNDERSTANDING: COMMUNITY ACTION IN THE WAR ON POVERTY. By DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN. *The Free Press. 218 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by STEPHAN THERNSTROM

THE "maximum feasible misunderstanding" Daniel P. Moynihan has in mind is the morass of confusion stemming from a key phrase in the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, the declaration that "Community Action" projects funded by the War on Poverty should provide for the "maximum feasible participation of the residents of the areas and the members of the groups" involved in the local programs. But the title of this fascinating book has a certain ironic resonance, for its author is well on the way toward becoming the most misunderstood figure in American public life. His famous 1965 Department of Labor report, *The Negro Family: The Case for National Action,* was distorted beyond all recognition in the controversy that followed its release. A document intended to point the way toward the most constructive innovation in American social policy in thirty years—employment guarantees and income redistribution measures which would eliminate the underclass of desperately poor people who lived in "the other America"—was branded as reactionary and racist. Caught in a withering crossfire between the Left and the Right, the Moynihan report disappeared into oblivion. The dominant thrust of the War on Poverty as it developed was in a quite different direction, away from a national employment and income redistribution strategy and toward the mobilization of poor people for social action at the local level. Moynihan's new book critically analyzes this development. It is a sparkling, pungent essay, delightfully written and rich with insight. It raises questions of the utmost importance, but judging from the reviews thus far, it is likely to be misunderstood, like the 1965 report, in just those quarters which should attend most closely to its message.

Moynihan is a Tory socialist in a country which has little use for either Tories or socialists. He is a Catholic, an admirer of Edmund Burke, a man who values order and organic coherence. He believes people should live in stable families, and should act through established channels; he even believes in *the nation,* and hopes to see it grow "in strength and internal cohesion." He appreciates not only "the New York mind" but "the Washington mind": "the one deeply concerned with society, the other preoccupied with government; the one emotionally . . . committed to social change, the other profoundly attached to the artifacts of stability and continuity; the one fascinated by racial, ethnic, and religious diversity, the other fiercely loyal to the Republic and still trying to fashion a nation out of a continent."

Thus the Tory in Moynihan. No wonder that the Left instinctively bristles, no wonder that not only John F. Kennedy but Richard Nixon as well should find him attractive. But there is a socialist streak in Moynihan too, to speak with some hyperbole, and it is this to which the Left is curiousiy blind. The central point of the Moynihan report was a radical one: that the age-old American faith in opportunity and free competition was dangerously outmoded, that the test of a good society was not merely that it provided equality of opportunity but equality of *results.* If the economic situation of the typical American Negro was abysmal, as it was, by all means do whatever possible to eliminate those barriers of prejudice which gave blacks a less fair start in the great American rat race. But do not be deceived, Moynihan argued, that public accommodation laws, open housing, fair employment practices legislation, etc., will be enough. The traditional demands of civil-rights groups would do very little, certainly in the short run, to strike at the roots of the racial crisis—the fact that Negroes were overwhelmingly concentrated in ill-paid, insecure, marginal jobs. The worst thing about being poor was not having enough money; the prime task before the nation was to move beyond the rhetoric of free competition, beyond the primitive welfare statism of the New Deal and Fair Deal, and insure that no American citizen be allowed to receive an income below a decent minimum.

IT WAS a curious and discouraging spectacle to observe the attack mounted by Moynihan's presumed "radical" critics. Perhaps it was not surprising that many Negro leaders were offended by Moynihan's argument that living in extreme economic deprivation had produced pathological patterns in many black families. For them to deny this was rather like an abolitionist echoing the Southern planter's complaint that Harriet Beecher Stowe had grossly exaggerated the harm slavery had done to blacks, and each of Moynihan's observations had of course been made long before by black social scientists like E. Franklin Frazier and W. E. B. Du Bois. But this was a time in which blacks were struggling to develop a positive group image, and it was obviously painful for a prominent white commentator to emphasize how much was wrong. Moynihan was certainly vulnerable to the charge of looking through white middle-class eyes with none of the caution of the anthropologist, whose cultural relativism might lead him to argue that the female-headed household was as functional for lower-class black culture as the stable nuclear

STEPHAN THERNSTROM, *a new contributor, is associate professor of History at Brandeis University. His most recent book is* Poverty, Planning, and Politics in the New Boston.

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family for white middle-class culture. But those who took this line failed to see its profoundly conservative political implications. If the cultural relativists' perspective was correct, whatever was was right, and thus there could be no basis upon which to appeal to the American public for dramatic changes in public policy. The effort of some radicals to have it both ways—to defend the integrity of lower-class black culture against middle-class criticism and yet to insist that it was urgently necessary for white America to change its ways—was intellectually and politically impossible.

THE OTHER major point at issue in the controversy over the Moynihan report concerned the relative merits of two reform strategies—one aimed at changes in economic policy at the national level, the other seeking institutional change at the local level—and this is the main theme of the book at hand. Moynihan sees the War on Poverty as a lost war, lost not because of a lack of true commitment on the part of the administration, the resistance of vested corporate interests, the incorrigible bourgeois prejudices of the middle class, or the drain of the war in Southeast Asia, but lost because of the misguided notions of the intellectuals who insisted on the priority of arousing poor people, especially poor black people, to protest at the local level. In this sense *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding* is a latter-day *Treason of the Clerks*, and will doubtless provoke a good deal of pique among those who, like this reviewer, find "the New York mind" more congenial than "the Washington mind."

It is easy enough to quarrel with Moynihan's stress upon intellectual misconceptions as the prime cause of the failure of the povery program, as some reviewers have done, and to argue that the constraints inherent in the political situation he describes should receive greater emphasis. That Lyndon B. Johnson would have liked to eliminate poverty in America is doubtless true; that Lyndon Johnson and a majority of Congress might have been persuaded to do what would be necessary to eliminate poverty but for the blundering of naive enthusiasts of community action may be doubted, as some of Moynihan's own evidence suggests. But it must be recalled that this book is not a full history of the War on Poverty; it does not purport to be. It is a selective essay focusing on the idea of community action and how it worked out—or failed to work out—in practice.

Taken as such it is a powerful and disturbing piece of work. As one with a strong attachment to conflict models of social change and a deep skepticism about the likelihood of fundamental reform coming from the top down, I found my views shaken on several points. I believe Moynihan is right to insist that restructuring the labor market and establishing a minimum income floor is of the highest priority and that much of the struggle for community action and local control over the institutional structure deflects attention from this critical need. Black power, fine, but black power *over what*? The sources of economic power in a complex industrial economy do not lie at the local level. Nor is "local control" an unmixed blessing even in terms other than economic, for as Moynihan persuasively shows, efforts to "rub raw the sores of discontent" have often produced heightened anomie, frustration, and conflict among the members of affected communities. In fashionable rhetoric "the black community" is an imposing entity, but the reality is far more complex, and in many instances the effort to identify "indigenous leadership" and to support it with federal funds has generated not heightened unity and sense of pride but murderous (sometimes quite literally) rivalry.

CONFLICT, power, self-interest are inescapably the stuff of politics, as radicals insist, but there is a profound difference between institutionalized conflict within a framework of consensus over the rules of the game and the sort of conflict which is currently on the rise in American society. Moynihan may be a bit too respectful of established procedures, and may take the revolutionary rhetoric abroad in the land rather too seriously. Angry protest at the local level and changes in economic policy at the national level may not be as starkly antithetical as he assumes, for presumably it will take concerted political pressure from some segment of the society to make changes which entail real redistribution of resources. But certainly Moynihan is right in his belief that conflict can easily become counter-productive, especially when it follows ethnic lines, as he is correct in his contention that the hostilities unleashed by the War on Poverty's experiments in community action did not move the country discernibly closer to constructive national action. This is an unpalatable truth, but one that anyone serious about changing American society will have to ponder.

Hero Politics

ANTI-MEMOIRS. By ANDRE MALRAUX. Translated by Terence Kilmartin. *Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 420 pp. $8.95.*

Reviewed by SAMUEL HUX

IN 1934 André Malraux flew to Mareb to photograph what might have been the ancient capital of the Queen of Sheba. Recalling the adventure in *Anti-Memoirs*, he thinks of Arnaud, the first European to explore the region, and sketches his story. It is the story of a man reaching Mareb in disguise and leaving with rubbings of ancient inscriptions and a hermaphrodite donkey; of his adventures among the Arabs as a disguised freak-showman and a candle salesman; of his return, after ten months of blindness, to France—Arnaud subsequently to be sent on several archaeological missions, the donkey to be exhibited at the *Jardin des Plantes*; of a later return to France when Arnaud found a nation so impoverished by the 1848 Revolution that it could not afford to buy his collections; of Arnaud's decline into poverty in Algeria, and of the donkey's starvation in the *Jardin des Plantes*. "I

SAMUEL HUX, *a new contributor, teaches Humanities at York College in New York City.*

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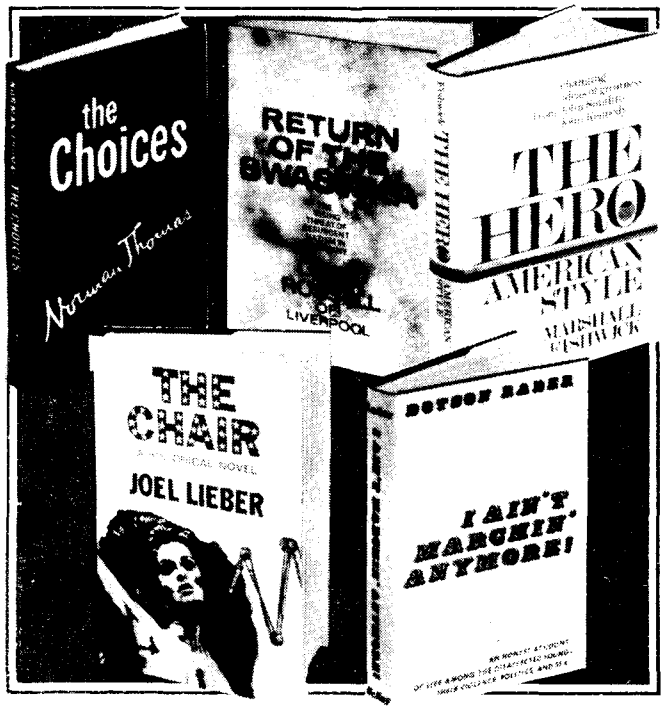

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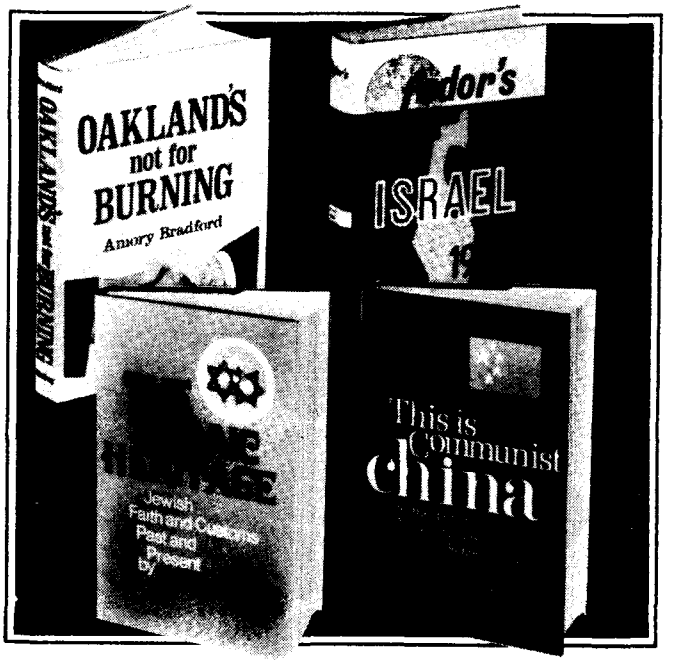

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should like to have known Arnaud," says Malraux, "with his zouave beard, his solemnity, his candles, his casual heroism, his simple and charming genius for adventure. Perhaps, unwittingly, I went to Sheba to look for his ghost? Or for that of his donkey, which I would have liked too, and which probably died among the polar bears and the penguins, delighted with this donkey paradise promised by Allah, but unable to understand, utterly unable to understand, why it was being held prisoner there and why they had stopped feeding it."

This anecdote, in its conciseness, wit, and subtlety, is one of the highlights of *Anti-Memoirs;* it serves to remind us that whatever else he may be, Malraux is also a man of literature, delighting in characterization and irony, knowledgeable about what makes a story. Indeed, much can be said about the purely literary character of *Anti-Memoirs.* Its formal structure contains a narrative of the present, framed by an official journey to the Far East in 1965, which generates recollections of the past demanding their own narratives; it includes character sketches, recreated dialogues with the great and unknown, scenes reproduced from novels, and even a film scenario read by the Baron de Clappique, a character from *Man's Fate,* whom Malraux imagines meeting during his Singapore stopover. The whole is bound together by novelistic apparatuses such as narrative-within-a-narrative and shifting points-of-view.

BUT EMPHASIS on *Anti-Memoirs* as literature can be misleading. The brief recollection of Arnaud, for instance, which can be considered a kind of innocent recognition of the literary possibilities of a hero, pure and simple, takes on in the context of this book a significance which is not innocent in the least—a significance, that is to say, which is ultimately political. Arnaud is only one of several heroes in *Anti-Memoirs* who stand somewhere between literature and history, in a region whose defining characteristics seem to have been deliberately obscured. The resulting vagueness works finally to the advantage neither of literature nor of politics—to no one's advantage, in fact, except possibly Malraux's.

ANTI-MEMOIRS is a celebration of the public man; a memoir of a sort, though not a confessional one. It is the public man we are to see; and, the message is clear, that's all we need ask to see. Malraux looks at the other characters in his book as he would have us look at him:

> What interests me in any man is the human condition; in a great man, the form and essence of his greatness; in a saint, the character of his saintliness. And in all of them, *certain characteristics which express not so much an individual personality as a particular relationship with the world* (emphasis added).

Thus, Malraux is not greatly disturbed that he does not know General de Gaulle in any directly private sense. The private de Gaulle "was not at all a man who spoke about his private life, he was simply a man who did not talk about affairs of state."

The private is the absence of the public. And hence too there is no irony when Malraux observes of de Gaulle: "He thought of the great men of history in terms of their achievements, and of all men, perhaps, in terms of what he judged them capable of achieving." About Nehru in his villa Malraux writes: "He moved among his temporary furniture like a Siamese cat—but also like the muse of history through the columns of newspapers, for he belonged too much to history not to seem more at home in the Capitol than in his villa." About Mao Tse-tung: "The Long March portrays him better than any personal trait."

The public men whom Malraux celebrates, himself included, share certain characteristics. Arnaud, for instance, is a *farfelu*—a kind of crazy, quixotic adventurer. The type is resurrected several times from Malraux's early fantasy *Royaume-Farfelu,* appearing later as Marie-David de Mayrena, legendary French adventurer in Indochina (who was evidently a vague prototype for Perken in *The Royal Way*). Mayrena is also the subject of Clappique's film scenario which takes up nearly the whole of the fourth section of *Anti-Memoirs.* Clappique's fascination is obviously Malraux's, but the question to be asked is: where does the quixotic adventurer end and the Great Man, like de Gaulle, with whom Malraux is equally fascinated, begin? (The question is complicated by the fact that there are figures Malraux is known to admire who may strike us as not exactly de Gaulle-like and not exactly *farfelus* either: T. E. Lawrence, for example.) There seems in fact to be no firm boundary in Malraux between the Great Man and the *farfelu,* unless it is at the point where the possibility of comedy ends: it is more difficult to smile over de Gaulle than over Arnaud or Mayrena.

IF WE WERE to take a quantitative view of *Anti-Memoirs,* we would notice that the five major characters, in terms of the amount of space devoted to them, are Malraux, de Gaulle, Nehru, Mao, and Mayrena. What are we to make of this? Is Malraux out to debunk the idea of the Great Man? Or to "humanize" the type by implying a faint quixotic quality? Perhaps so; this book, after all, "is haunted, often in the midst of tragedy, by a presence as elusive and unmistakable as a cat slipping by in the dark: that of the *farfelu.*" But that is not the entire story.

There is an obvious moral advantage which the man with a cause has over an adventurer like Perken who is motivated only by the desire "to leave his scar on the map," no matter how dull the quality of commitment may seem when compared with the quality of pure adventure. Malraux the moralist seems to recognize the advantage and Malraux the aesthete the dullness, so that the absence of any firm boundary between his great men and his quixotic adventurers would suggest that for him the hero represents a kind of fusion of the two, the comical transcended and something else added. His admiration for Mao, for example, is less an admiration for what he has achieved than an admiration for the act of achieving itself. "No man will have shaken history so powerfully since Lenin."

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The map is scarred, but this time with a cause. As Stanley and Inge Hoffman have noted in *Daedalus*: "It is easy to see why Malraux should have become fascinated by the General, for the public figure is like the embodiment of Malraux's ideal. He is a character in a novel Malraux never wrote, but that would combine all of Malraux's strivings; he is also the work of art so much admired by Malraux, that which takes off from past masterpieces, expresses a transcendent faith, and conquers time. De Gaulle is that adventurer with a cause. . . ."

So much admiration for de Gaulle, Nehru, Mao. What have they in common beyond leaving their scars on the map? Their causes? Each of them is a nationalist. But one is a sort of republican monarch with technocratic leanings, one a variety of social democrat, one a totalitarian Communist. What we are finally reduced to is Malraux's own relationship to ideology. W. M. Frohock wrote in 1952 that Malraux practiced a "politics of refusal," making his commitments in terms of what he could *not* accept. Although this might have been true with respect to the choice of socialism over liberalism and fascism, or of fellow-traveling over Trotskyism at the time of the Spanish Civil War, it is not true in the same way with respect to the choice of Gaullism over any of its alternatives. Rather, Malraux appears to have chosen his present political colors because, being Malraux, there was no place else for him to go.

For Malraux is a man who has rejected ideology entirely. "I married France" is no ideology; it is a vague sentiment. "We have no faith in programs but only in objectives," he says in one of his Gaullist writings. "Let us define our objectives one after another, reach them as fast as possible, and then go on to what follows." But what are the objectives? Throughout *Anti-Memoirs* he talks about methods, apparatuses ("General de Gaulle wanted to create an apparatus that would serve France in peace as a modern army would have served her in war"), but when objectives are mentioned they are always something on the order of "the development of France." Nor should one confuse Gaullist nationalism itself with ideology. It is not the Nation that most profoundly moves Malraux; there is too much celebration in *Anti-Memoirs* of Egyptian engravings and Hindu sculpture—and too much intelligence.

At bottom, all of Malraux's talk about the personality of France, about program-less objectives which are to generate other objectives, is of a piece with his admiration for adventurers, whether they are moved by a cause or are causeless; it finally comes down to a premium on movement itself, to a kind of ethic of dynamism that has been his at least from the time of Garine of *The Conquerors*.

Where is a man with a dynamic non-ideology to go? Ultimately, a man without an ideology, but a man committed through temperament to action on a broad scale (which means politics), is going to have to move either toward technocracy or toward hero politics. Technocratic politics has been a considered alternative for Malraux. He argued for as much in an essay which appeared in the Winter 1954-55 *Yale French Studies*, "The 'New Left' Can Succeed!" (the New Left being, at that time, Gaullism). But it is hard to imagine Malraux putting his faith entirely in some form of managerialism. In *Anti-Memoirs* he mentions coming several times upon a "French presence" in the Third World. "Soviet Russia has not erased it. In the underdeveloped countries, the machine brings qualified technicians instead of an industrial proletariat. And wherever revolution is called for not by the proletariat but by the nation, the message of the French Revolution, the exaltation of the fight for justice from Saint-Just to Jaurès, by way of Michelet and above all Victor Hugo, has retained a prestige at least as great as that of Marxism." How easy, and revealing, is the transition from talking about technicians to drawing a romantic association with the French Revolution and a pantheon of assorted Frenchmen. The ultimate choice Malraux has made is hero politics.

Now, hero politics has the distinct advantage, no small one, of seeming incredibly dynamic; it allows and even encourages the confusion between the movement and direction of a nation's politics and destiny (a rather lumbering and awkward thing, locked in a million historical, social, and economic variables) and the hero's self and personality. Its dynamism, in other words, is more symbolic than real, and being so, can lend itself to rather disturbing forms. Ordinary politics, after all, *is* rather boring; not so the politics—the spectacle, one might say—of the Leader. In his and Hans Rogger's *The European Right*, Eugen Weber writes of a romantic and potentially fascist notion which should be familiar to anyone with a historical sense that looks back even a few decades. "Where democratic politicians are sordidly unheroic," Weber summarizes, "the dictator appears 'a tragic character' . . . , painted in Byronic terms." The reference to fascism aside—in a discussion of Malraux it is surely misleading—Weber's characterization of the leader as tragic figure makes an essential point about the nature of hero politics.

What arises unmistakably throughout *Anti-Memoirs* is the image of the Great Man as a tragic figure; the cat slipping by in the dark is forgotten. De Gaulle is "the alibi of France," a man with history on his shoulders, moved by a conception so large and burdensome, though willingly assumed, as to render him without-the-private: Charles must give way to *Le Grand Charles, Le Général*. Nehru, out of place in a villa, a stranger among the furniture, is the tragic guru of a nation with a destiny as large as its problems. Mao, responsible to the past and future of the Revolution, isolated from a general population which perhaps doesn't fully understand its meaning and a younger generation which never experienced it, alienated by situation and choice from the revisionist camp, says: " 'I am alone,' . . . . And suddenly he laughs: 'Well, with a few distant friends: please give General de Gaulle my greetings. As for them' (he means the Russians) 'the revolution doesn't really inter-

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est them, you know.'" As Malraux drives away, Mao is silhouetted—like Lord Jim—against the background. "Overhead, an airplane flashes past. With his hand to his forehead in the age-old gesture, the Old Man of the Mountain watches it recede, shading his eyes from the sun." Or de Gaulle again, at the time of insurrection in Algiers:

> He had come out of retreat, for that is what the meditation of the past is, especially for a man whose memories are epic. . . . He had emerged from the deep solitude he always bore within himself for the purpose of negotiations, but also for the sake of France's destiny which had haunted him for so many years. . . . I spoke about the youth of France. "If I can see a new young generation before I die," he said, "it will be . . ." Perhaps his tone signified " . . . it will be as momentous as the Liberation." But he left the sentence in mid-air, like his gesture.

And a few pages later: "I believe that the hope aroused by his decision of June 1940 had always, for him, remained tinged with tragedy." By now the Great Man has become a kind of tragic scapegoat, redeeming the community through his suffering.

THE OBJECTION may be raised that Malraux here is merely making an aesthetic observation. But it is a false objection, for it overlooks the fact of Malraux's own participation in the political processes upon which he is commenting. Insofar as Malraux offers us literary criticism, that criticism takes the form of setting forth political priorities. Literature for Malraux is not that "equipment for living" which so aesthetically committed a man as Kenneth Burke would have, not literature as comment on life, nor even literature as enricher of life, but literature instead of life, or perhaps life as literature. The citizens of the nation are to gain some sense of well-being and dignity from observing the hero's suffering, and live vicariously through his peripeties and catastrophes and denouements. This is not harmless armchair romanticism; it is the political style, become substance, of a Minister of France, a confidant of *Le Général*, a novelist of tremendous and deserved reputation.

When political thought is made to pass for literature, or vice versa, a good deal of cant becomes possible, and a good deal of self-delusion as well. For the reader, the problem becomes one of distinguishing the naked emperor from the clothed, the merely aesthetic from the political, the fanciful from the programmatic. It is a problem which Malraux himself has so far managed to avoid confronting. In a politician, this may perhaps be an understandable lapse, albeit a dangerous one; in an intellectual, it constitutes a betrayal of vocation.

Criticism as Performance

LITERARY ESSAYS. By DAVID DAICHES. *University of Chicago Press. 225 pp. $5.00.*

MORE LITERARY ESSAYS. By DAVID DAICHES. *University of Chicago Press. 274 pp. $5.00.*

Reviewed by ROBERT ALTER

THERE IS SO much that is good in the critical writing of David Daiches that I find myself wondering why the sum effect of his criticism so often seems less satisfying than it ought to be. As these two volumes of miscellaneous essays (the first a reissue of a 1956 collection) amply illustrate, he brings to bear unusual qualities of mind and resources of learning on the literary texts, figures, and problems that he discusses. He commands a very impressive range of English and American literature, with a minutely-informed sense of its classical and Continental backgrounds, and he uses all this knowledge gracefully, relevantly, without a trace of pedantry. He is capable of astute close reading of texts, yet he preserves at all times a clear overview of larger structural and thematic patterns, and he repeatedly raises in intelligent ways the crucial questions which seek to relate literature to life. Virtually everything he writes is sane, lucid, and tactful, and in an age when the language of most literary people is tainted with learned barbarism or stylistic exhibitionism, he writes an eminently civilized prose that seems effortless in its clarity and directness. Yet with all these virtues, it seems to me that too many of his essays—and his books—in the end disappoint the high expectations one might have of them.

IT MAY BE that this frustrating aspect of Daiches's criticism is ultimately the defect of his greatest virtue—his unremitting concern for the general reader. Characteristically, in one of his stronger essays, a polemic against the New Criticism written in 1950, he objects to any critical "puritanism which does violence to the values found in experience," and he sensibly questions the impatience with the testimony of readers implicit in the New Critics' militant stress on the formal consistency of the literary work. The "general reader" Daiches sometimes refers to would seem to be imagined more or less as a 20th-century equivalent of the "common reader" that Dr. Johnson invoked as the touchstone of his own criticism. Here, I think, is the crux of the difficulty in Daiches's critical enterprise: while Johnson could still conjure up the image of a relatively homogeneous readership—though it was already changing in his day—that shared a community of cultural, social, and literary experience, one of the most basic facts of our own cultural situation, as we are so often reminded, is the stratification of the literate public into specialized readerships with differing vocabularies, education, interests, life-styles. In the teeth of this hard fact of modern life, Daiches has heroically tried to address himself to a latter-day common reader, and while the effort has occasionally led to an essay luminous with the wisdom of an authentic humanism, his argument more often falls short of any proper critical target int an unfortunate middle groun where few of his readers are likely to be standing.

Symptomatically, he calls a book devoted to the general nature of

ROBERT ALTER, *whose articles appear regularly in these pages, is professor of Comparative Literature at Berkeley.*

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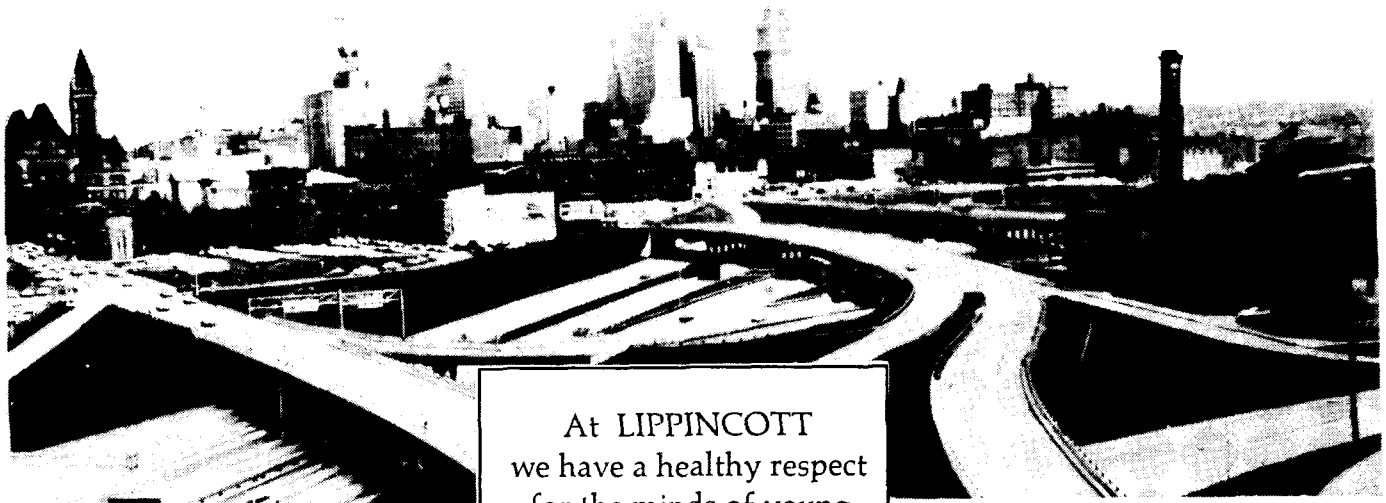

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literary values *A Study of Literature for Readers and Critics,* and after a promising beginning, in which he is at once sufficiently clear for the reader and sophisticated for the critic, he imperceptibly slips into saying what is surely self-evident to critics and of utility only to certain kinds of readers. The pattern of an arresting beginning that falls off into an intelligent rehearsal of the obvious is one which recurs in a number of the essays. Daiches's gift for apt generalization too easily yields to his tendency to "survey" material —quickly summarizing plot or poetic argument, paraphrasing attitudes and moral assumptions—as though he had begun by addressing advanced students and critics and ended by talking to college freshmen or curious businessmen.

Thus, an illuminating general description of Scott's novels, one of the best things anyone has written on Scott, is followed, in the last two thirds of the essay, by a synopsis of the major novels in which the now self-evident formula is applied to each book in turn. Or again, a series of finely observed generalizations on the tragedy of "outraged innocence" in Shakespeare leads to the most conventional account of the late comedies, culminating in characterizations like these of *The Tempest*:

> Miranda is youth and innocence, and her union with Ferdinand has the same symbolic meaning as that of Florizel and Perdita. Trinculo and Stephano represent gross animality, mankind at its lowest. . . . Ariel is the wise man's spirit, representing the scientist's control over nature.

All quite true, of course, but for whom does this need to be said? There are entire essays like this, where one assents to the argument but learns very little from it: "Some Aspects of Milton's Pastoral Imagery" is chiefly a *catalogue raisonné* of pastoral images and allusions in the early poems. "The Criticism of Fiction" makes the necessary but limited point that critics should not impose an ideal conception of the novel on all the different novels they discuss. The essays on Carlyle, Whitman, Richardson, have the well-balanced, smoothly uninstructive summarizing quality of deftly-written encyclopedia articles. One of Daiches's chief strengths is his common sense, but given the wavering nature of his imagined general reader, common sense is often only a step away from commonplace, with sometimes even a cliché lurking in the background. Thus, in the first chapter of *The Novel and the Modern World* we are told, à propos of Virginia Woolf, that "Parties bring people together; yet the unity they impose is superficial and in a profound sense we are lonelier than ever in a crowd." Any reader, I fear, who needs to have the "profundity" of this painfully familiar paradox pointed out to him is not likely to be one who would ever look into *Mrs. Dalloway* or *To the Lighthouse.*

BUT THIS IS, let me hasten to say, a little unfair; if I have seized Daiches at some of his weakest moments, it is not to suggest that they are typical, only that they sharply reveal a general limitation of his critical orientation which elsewhere one senses vaguely. What needs equal emphasis is that on occasion he shows that he himself is quite conscious of what he is doing, that his repeated attempt to *restate* imaginative works and to provide appropriate contexts for their appreciation is part of an effort to make criticism work as humane discourse rather than as technical exposition. "Criticism of any work of art," he observes in his essay on the New Critics, "is a kind of performance, a sort of substitute for performance." The act of criticizing a work of literature, that is, can be viewed as a sort of discursive extension of the simple act through which we present and interpret the work by reading it out loud. If this may seem too humble a claim to some, it must be admitted that it is refreshingly free of the pretense and elaborate self-deception underlying all the strident modern notions of criticism as a science, criticism as an autonomous art, criticism as the sacred rite of a new secular cult.

And there are moments when Daiches carries out his conception of criticism as performance with high success. Thus, in a poised, perceptive essay on Dylan Thomas, we are offered two pages of commentary on "A Refusal to Mourn" that nicely characterize the imagery and music of the poem and expose something of its peculiar poetic logic—after which Daiches remarks, with admirable candor and accuracy, "I have not given a critical analysis of the poem, but merely suggested a way of looking at it." Most of his criticism is just this, indicative rather than analytic, intended to point toward salient aspects of the literary achievement so that the reader himself, without the intervention of an exegetical "system," can see the whole more clearly. Or, to oppose Daiches's work in a different way to analytic criticism, one could say that its central impulse is synthetic, seeking to put together in a coherent totality fragments of knowledge and observation that may be more or less within the possession of most intelligent readers. It is for this reason, I think, that some of his most valuable writing has been on questions of general critical theory. His essay on "Myth, Metaphor, and Poetry," to cite the most memorable instance in these two volumes, is a model of lucidity and discernment in defining the connections among those three terms whose interrelation has been, in our time, the occasion for some of the wildest orgies of critical obfuscation.

DAICHES'S IMPULSE to synthesis is both aided by and expressed in the power of apt generalization to which I alluded before. The excellence, for example, of his essay on Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* is the result of his ability to connect patterns of language and gesture within the play and then to relate these to what he knows of the nature of human experience. Here is one of his summarizing comments on the dramatic implications of Marlowe's soaring rhetoric: "The disparity between desire and achievement is for Marlowe part of the human condition, and, this being so, it is in the expression of the desire rather than in accomplishing the achievement that man reveals his most striking qualities." The generalization could not have been made without close and re-

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sponsive attention to the poetry and action of the play, but it also could not have been made without a mature sense of how literature tries to tell us what it is like to be a man. Though there is much one can be impatient with in Daiches, for such moments of fine critical illumination, when they come, any reader must be grateful.

The Challenge of Secularism

THE LAST YEARS OF THE CHURCH. By DAVID POLING. *Doubleday. 153 pp. $4.95.*
THE SEARCH FOR A USABLE FUTURE. By MARTIN E. MARTY. *Harper & Row. 157 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by JOHN KEBER

DAVID POLING'S *The Last Years of the Church* appears to have been written for the benefit of the maiden aunts of the religious world, who will undoubtedly get something out of its tedious recital of well-aired facts and ideas. This is not to deny a relevance to the book or the importance of its subject. If we are living in the last years of the Church, as Poling insists, we certainly would do well to understand the how and the why of it: on the choice of a subject certainly Poling cannot be faulted. But just as a starving man need not have his condition described to him to understand his need for food, the Church, already painfully consumptive, deserves something more than seeing its own autopsy report repeatedly dangled in front of its nose by friend and enemy alike.

In short, Poling says nothing new. One reads of the tyranny of the institution, the dominance of the economic in church life, ecclesiastical apathy and cowardice in the face of social change, etc., and one wonders if we have to be told all this again. Yet even as he mourns the Church's failings, Poling celebrates Christianity's virtues. The supposition operative throughout seems to be that a quick distinction between the Church (institutional and subject to historical and sociological critique) and Christianity (in the sense of an acceptance of Christian tradition) will minimize the embarrassment of institutional defection and collapse. This gambit, tempting as it may be, appears however to work only for those who are already committed to the tradition but are panicked by its inability to respond effectively to the turmoil of today. For critics outside the tradition, the bankruptcy of the institution—long apparent to them—merely reflects the primary insolvency of the tradition. This puts the burden of proof on Poling and his fellow critic-believers to demonstrate that the tradition can indeed pay dividends, in terms of effecting both justice and revolutionary change. Nothing less will pass for legal tender these days.

But this illusory tactic is not the worst of Poling's miscalculations. He seems to know nothing of that feeling of the worthlessness of the tradition which is experienced by the very people who try hardest to implement traditional teachings. Thus, the man who abandons all in order to follow Jesus for the reconstruction of society sooner or later meets others who share his deepest desires for justice and social change but who not only do not share his faith but frequently reject it. He discovers that what he regarded as his source of motivation and legitimacy can be jettisoned with no ill effect. With faith or without faith, he can maintain his stance of concern.

This is the real weight of the challenge of secularism and, because Poling misses it, it becomes all too easy for him to strike out wildly in all directions. He takes pages to put down *The Gospel According to Peanuts* when a sentence would have done as well. He is clearly shocked by Tom F. Driver's favorable reception of Genet's *Miracle of the Rose*, which (along with the James Bond craze) Poling advances as an example of the secular evisceration of Christianity. These are but two examples of how a serious subject becomes corrupted by jejune fixations. As for the maiden aunts, there is much here to which they can give a nod of agreement, even as they gird their souls to live out the last years of the Church.

MARTIN MARTY'S *The Search for a Usable Future* also focuses on the secularization of religion. A professional historian, Marty brings his specialized skill to bear in an attempt to clarify the situation of religion in modern life, and to test its viability for the future. He supplies a sorely needed perspective on recent theologizing, a body of thought that has been fractured by the contrasting views of such men as Harvey Cox, Paul M. Van Buren, Wolfhart Pannenberg, Thomas J. J. Altizer, Jurgen Moltmann, and others.

Marty begins—with that care and insight one associates with his best work—by analyzing the common denominator of contemporary dissent: the rejection of the Western Judeo-Christian tradition as bequeathed by the past in the form of history. His group-by-group analysis (blacks, New Left, student activists, etc.), made with unflinching honesty and penetration, gets beyond silly prattle about Vatican II and the empty chest-thumping of the ecumenical movement, whose achievements in his view are "minimal, marginal, and beside the point." Indeed, Marty has seen just how beside the point are the often clumsy attempts of the churches to get with the modern temper. Yet he utters a caveat:

> The thoughtful and reflective person knows that people cannot and do not start from scratch in history. Sooner or later, after the rejection [of the past experienced as useless], they begin to rebuild. Once again, they have to turn to some sort of past for their materials. Those for whom the act of rejecting has become pathological are not able to participate. They remain alienated, they experience frustration or drift, they express resentment or rage.

Recent pronouncements concerning the future have tended to predict the approach either of Utopia or of Armaggedon. Both tendencies are flawed, Marty shows, because like all philosophies of history "they devise an

JOHN KEBER *is presently completing a doctorate in Old Testament History and Religion at Fordham University.*

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outlook which assumes a kind of knowledge of the outcome of history." Since that outcome is in fact unknown, the only point of view from which man can project a future remains man himself, "suffering, striving, doing, as he is and was and ever shall be." This means that one "bets on the human venture, and judges well those who allow for fully free and open, fully intelligent and human development."

Such a view of the future, because its metaphysic is minimal, envisions no inevitable human fulfillment. For the religious man this view would entail acknowledging the possibility of a godless future. Like everyone else, he can plan for the future only by making an imaginative projection of it: if I have this or that belief and wish to create this or that possibility, then I act in such and such a way. Without paradigms from the past, it would be impossible to make such a projection, and in the case of the believer, part of the paradigmatic past is his faith, or tradition, which yields the material for his "script for the future"—a script he knows may have to be revised or scrapped altogether.

Marty finds the worldly or secular theology of the 60's deficient in precisely the same way non-theological philosophies are deficient, for concealed in secular theology is a view of history which claims to know what man will be at the end of history. This is equivalent to claiming to know the whole of man's essence, a metaphysical assertion which stands the secular theologians on their heads since they expressly reject metaphysics. Thus their script for the future can be faulted too, along with all utopian or dys-utopian philosophies. The only view which does justice to all the phenomena of the modern past and present is that of Paul Ricoeur: "The modern world can be viewed under the two-fold sign of a growing rationality along with a growing absurdity." Evidence from both sides must be considered in projections about the future. Only a view of such expansiveness forestalls the frustration of a failed Utopia or the certainty of a fated Armageddon.

Nevertheless, if it can be said that secular theology conceals a philosophy of history, it can be said with equal justice that Marty's view of history conceals a theory of man. The trouble with Marty's thought (as religious thought) lies in its lack of integration with Christian theological tradition, which appears in this work to be merely tacked on to the scaffolding of his theory; the religious façade could easily be removed without damaging the framework. His difficulties are intensified when we come to his adumbrated but fundamental theory of human nature. At least twice in *The Search for a Usable Past* he says that man is best understood as an indeterminate being. This means that all theories of man which oversimplify human motivations by handing man over to some all-explaining instinct or drive (sexuality, the territorial imperative, or whatever) must be rejected. It also entails taking the broadest possible view of man's capacity for social education and overall perfectibility while considering his destructive and aggressive tendencies not as some ontological datum but as expressions of a more generalized drive toward self-realization. This is clearly a more satisfying ontology than the generally instinctivist and determinist theories now common, but Marty does not indicate how he would integrate this ontology of indeterminate man with some basic elements of Christian tradition—the themes of grace, sin, and justification, for example. No doubt he would reply that his thought, by freeing the Christian from the ontological bogey-men of the useless theological past (Original Sin?), minimizes the exaggerated self-concern which believers often exhibit and impels action in a changing order. Marty's is a theology of action, although how God is related to man in this theology is not discussed.

This slighting of the "God question" in a book which was clearly written to encourage and direct His faithful is, I suppose, symptomatic of the times. Marty allows that we cannot prove God's existence or give a satisfying answer to the problem of evil. Very contemporary, that. But he does not

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say that in a godless universe there is no "problem" of evil. He does not show why the point of view he champions, shorn of its theological trappings—what difference does God make, anyway?—cannot be espoused by thoroughly atheistic humanists.

The chapter on revolution, as useful, level-headed, and sympathetic a treatment as one is likely to find, illustrates the difficulties inherent in the attempt to graft the fruit of human concern to the trunk of faith. Marty would have the church participate in the modern revolution or, as Marty prefers to say, in "innovation," which he acknowledges may require a resort to violence. At the same time the church must remain "disengaged" so as to be able to maintain a critical stance vis-à-vis the ethical quality and effectiveness of the means employed to further the revolution, as well as to insure the survival of a body which, should the revolution prove successful, might stand up against the *new* status quo. This sounds like a position any intelligent group of citizens might adopt. But the appeal to God as "absolute future," as a way of suggesting that man may have to look beyond revolution for the final resolution of history, seems to me an overly complicated device for anchoring common sense in theological speculation. It is simply not necessary.

THOUGH IN AN infinitely more subtle manner, Marty finally makes the same mistake as Poling. He points to elements of the Christian past which act as directives for future action. He describes a theory of action, notable for its love of justice and careful appraisal of complexities. But the connection between tradition and the theory of action is tenuous at best. The points at which tradition touches action are so general and marginal to the usual doctrinal structure of most Christian denominations that one is made to feel safe in rejecting the greater part of that structure. Christian action (innovation), in short, appears to be independent of Christian doctrine. By participating in the great innovative movements of our time, we may even find ourselves, if we

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are honest, driven to retain only those elements of tradition which happen to coincide with our motivations—the prophets' thirst for justice, Jesus's eschatological sermon in Matthew, etc. The rest we can do without.

It is simply not sufficient to point out, as Marty does, that certain widespread cultural motifs have their historical origins in religion. It is necessary, rather, to show that they still depend on religion for their continued existence. One hopes that Marty, or someone, will write another book clarifying why man needs some fraction of traditional Christian doctrine or theology to live a life of "innovation." Without that clarification, that work which will integrate doctrine with action, we are stuck with a wait-and-see theology that has discarded the useless past but has made no provision for a usable future.

Mental Illness & the Law

THE INSANITY DEFENSE. By ABRAHAM S. GOLDSTEIN. *Yale University Press. 289 pp. $6.00.*

Reviewed by LEON RADZINOWICZ

THE Anglo-Saxons have an obsession with insanity as a legal issue. I have often thought it would be a good idea if we were to pursue the conscientious and enterprising Mrs. Dorothy C. Tompkins and induce her to devote her next learned bibliography to the multitudinous writings on the subject since the days of the unfortunate M'Naghten. I shudder to think of the monstrous proportions of such a volume, of the interminable pages of debates, cases, pamphlets, books. Rash would be the man who would set a limit to its future growth. Even the spelling of M'Naghten's name has produced a nice little clutch of articles. And remember the new outpouring produced by the Durham Rule. Who can say that in a few years' time we shall not have another? The British are no better than the Americans: indeed, their formulations have done much to exacerbate the controversies.

On the continent of Europe the whole subject has been kept in better balance and perspective. It is not that they have more (or fewer) criminal lunatics and borderline cases than the English-speaking countries; why, then, the difference? These possibilities occur to me. First, in the English-speaking world, the issue of insanity was, until recently, hopelessly entangled with that of the death penalty. Consequently, any attempt to widen the legal criteria of insanity was seen as a backdoor attack on capital punishment. In England much of the steam has gone out of the issue since the death penalty was suspended—as it has in the United States, where capital sentences, though still imposed in some fifty cases a year, are hardly ever carried out. A second possible factor is that the criteria of insanity under the M'Naghten Rule were laid down at the outset in rather rigid and compartmentalized terms. And a third has been the lack of any alternative way of permitting an offender's mental abnormality to influence the verdict. The plea of diminished responsibility has now largely by-passed that of insanity in English courts. But until that happened the main fury of the controversy over criminal responsibility was concentrated upon the single issue of insanity.

In Europe, on the contrary, diminished responsibility, like complete irresponsibility, is a concept of general application, which affects liability to conviction and punishment for all crimes alike, not only for murder or capital offenses. It can be applied to any form of mental abnormality.

ONE ISSUE of much greater importance than the insanity defense is the move to establish, as part of the normal machinery of criminal justice, provision for inquiries into the mental state of a wide range of offenders. Another is the whole spectrum of facilities for mental treatment provided, or not provided, for those in need of it, whether or not insane. In the whole of the United States there are no more than a dozen or so full-time psychiatrists in all the prisons, and although the position in England has been improved of late, it still falls far short of what is needed. Civil commitment raises a third issue of at least equal importance. It can be no more than a sort of false labeling, a deception in terms of cure as well as of justice. As Professor Goldstein warns, "the balance of benevolence is at present against the medical approach, because it brings with it the specter of indeterminate commitment."

Frankly, the last advice I would give to any able scholar today would be to entangle himself in the dense and thorny undergrowth of debates about legal insanity. Yet Professor Goldstein strode into it with his eyes open. Or perhaps I should say that he was already in when he started, as the work was undertaken at the suggestion of Judge Bazelon to whom he was clerk in the years 1949-51.

PROFESSOR GOLDSTEIN cuts his way through any remaining illusions that there are clearly definable categories of the normal, the psychotic, the psychopathic, or the neurotic, which the psychiatrist can identify on purely medical grounds. He cites evidence to challenge the assumption of lawyers and psychiatrists alike that interpretations of the M'Naghten and other Rules by the courts have been unduly restrictive. He finds part of the explanation of their limited utility in this very misunderstanding. He recognizes another part of it in the well-founded reluctance of the defendants to resort to the plea of insanity at all. He recognizes, too, the "phenomenon of jury disregard of law, sometimes amounting to nullification." Beyond that he recognizes that "public attitudes regarding crime and mental illness limit the practical utility of the insanity defense, in whatever form it is cast and however freely evidence may be admitted." And beyond that again he faces the fact that, while provision for treatment in prisons and hospitals remains so scanty, the verdict often makes little difference to the defendant's fate.

LEON RADZINOWICZ *is Wilson Professor of Criminology and director of the Institute of Criminology at Cambridge University in England and adjunct professor of Law at Columbia.*

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Nevertheless, since Professor Goldstein was committed at the outset to an examination of the insanity defense, his central chapters are devoted to an examination of the intrinsic merits of the various defenses which have been formulated over the years. Should insanity be left an open question, to be decided by the jury without the guidance of any set formula? I remember vividly how a few of us on the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment wrestled with this problem, and how we had to oppose the majority of our colleagues. Their first choice was to abrogate the Rules and leave it to the jury. We insisted that it was essential to have a legal standard of responsibility to limit arbitrary decisions on the part of the jury, to promote uniformity, and to help them decide between conflicting testimonies. We could not help a feeling of satisfaction when it turned out that our minority report got the majority support of public opinion and that, in fact, not much has since been heard in England about leaving the question open.

MUCH THE same sort of thing seems to be happening in America. The Durham formula would have left it to the jury to decide whether the crime was the product of mental disease or mental defect. It falls short both in failing to give adequate guidance to the jury and in insisting on a very direct causal relationship between the mental defect and the criminal conduct. Professor Goldstein notes that court after court has refused to adopt the Durham Rule. He believes it is already clear that "the effort to eliminate functional definitions deprives the jury of an essential concreteness of statement."

I still think that the formula adopted unanimously by the Royal Commission as its second choice was sufficiently enlightened and elastic to serve the interests of justice and of the individual defendant. It directed attention both to the defendant's knowledge of what he was doing and to his capacity to restrain himself. The formula since evolved, on similar lines, in the Model Penal Code seems to me even better, and this appears also to

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William G. Braude is Rabbi of the Congregation Sons of Israel and David in Providence, Rhode Island.
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be Professor Goldstein's view. Although there is always scope for tinkering with details, it is a formula as good as any that is likely to evolve in the next fifty years.

The attractiveness of this book lies in the way it is presented and written. It deals with a somber subject, yet it is a pleasure to read. Casebooks, digests, technical dissertations, are inexorably killing the art of writing; it is good to know that Professor Goldstein has escaped such influences. *The Insanity Defense*, then, fulfills a double function. It can be understood and appreciated by any intelligent reader. Yet it should also be recommended to advanced students, both in law and in psychiatry.

The National Interest

A NEW FOREIGN POLICY FOR THE UNITED STATES. By HANS J. MORGENTHAU. *Praeger. 252 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by WILLIAM PFAFF

THE COUNTRY is pregnant with a new foreign policy, conceived—as with life—in passion rather than reason. We know what we have been through, the anguish and failure of intervention and war, its repudiation and the exhausting controversies; but what is to come of it now? Logic, one suspects, will have fairly little to do with it. What we will do is compromised by what we have done and can do—and by the national character itself, the American temper and customary belief.

The political expectations of America have always been very high; but then are we not, as Jefferson said, the world's best hope? The national messianism has always possessed an external dimension. We will serve as an example to man, model of the new political dispensation. Thus, historically, the United States has vacillated between an isolationist foreign policy, standing aloof from the corrupt foreign world, from the bad past—and Wilsonian action to redeem history.

This has been the popular temper, but that of intellectuals and academic men as well. Indeed, established America—until Vietnam, at least—has been more marked by this bland optimism about America's merits and destiny than the American disestablished; political cynicism is common enough among the people, uncommon among theorists and officials. This is one reason that Hans J. Morgenthau has always been a controversial figure. His dry arguments of national interest, geopolitics, national advantage, contradict the mainstream assumptions not only of policy but of the American sense of national identity. He stands in a second American tradition, a dissenters' tradition which nonetheless has been important to national policy. The "realists" were largely responsible for the early postwar policy of this country, for the conservative and defensive policy of "containment" of Soviet power in Europe and Asia Minor.

But theirs was a short, if famous, intellectual victory. The realism of the 1940's and early 1950's was steadily supplanted by the enthusiasms of the 1960's. As Morgenthau remarks, the Kennedy administration ostensibly made a new appraisal of policy but the outcome was a "marriage between Wilsonian globalism and the belief in the paramountcy of American power." In the omnipotence of American power, justified by the rectitude of American ideas, one might add.

The policy argument, in the past as now, has only incidentally been between Left and Right. Just as Robert Taft, the last great figure of the pre-war isolationist tradition, also (as the logical alternative to isolationism) committed himself to world government and world police forces, a great global reform on the American example, and Henry Wallace in his 1948 Progressive party campaign combined a credulous sentimentality about Stalin with an American populist program of world reform, so in the 1950's and 1960's Republican and Democratic administrations were essentially allied in support of the liberal interventionism which found its uncalculated fulfillment in Vietnam. The dissenters were also in both parties—or in neither. And even most of the critics were American absolutists: Right-wing Republicans who provided a militarized caricature of liberal interventionism, or men of the Left who believed that what was wrong with our interventions was simply that they were not liberal—or revolutionary—enough.

NOW EVENTS have driven us to retrenchment, to retreat from intervention. Morgenthau's style of dissent has become the conventional wisdom. Senator Fulbright, Arthur Schlesinger—Richard Nixon, dare we say?—have become converts; what once was deprecatingly called neo-isolationism has become the mood of the country. Whatever neo-isolationism may really mean, or imply.

For many, I suppose, it really is a matter of isolationism—again an exchange of the one American illusion for the other. For Morgenthau it is a matter of recalculating national interest, of limited—conservative, one must say—goals, the ideological decontamination of our policy. His book is curt, intelligent, almost perfunctory in going through the issues again. It has, after all, been said before—by Morgenthau himself, and notably in his journalism these last few years—and by a dozen others in recent books. It comes out (inevitably, in the nature of the case) in "principles" of policy rather than new designs. Morgenthau makes the case in his own way, sensible, learned, lucid, and perhaps too logically geopolitical—too insistent on a material definition of national interest. He is a little passionless, a little dry and deaf to the social and moral dimensions and motivations of national action.

He quotes Lewis Namier. People, "when discoursing or writing about history, . . . imagine it in terms of their own experience, and when trying to gauge the future they cite supposed analogies from the past; till, by a double process of repetition, they imagine the past and remember the future." Yet logic has its limit; we are now in the disordered crisis of national change, the past at war with the future.

WILLIAM PFAFF's *books (with Edmund Stillman) include* Power and Impotence: The Failure of America's Foreign Policy, *and* The Politics of Hysteria.

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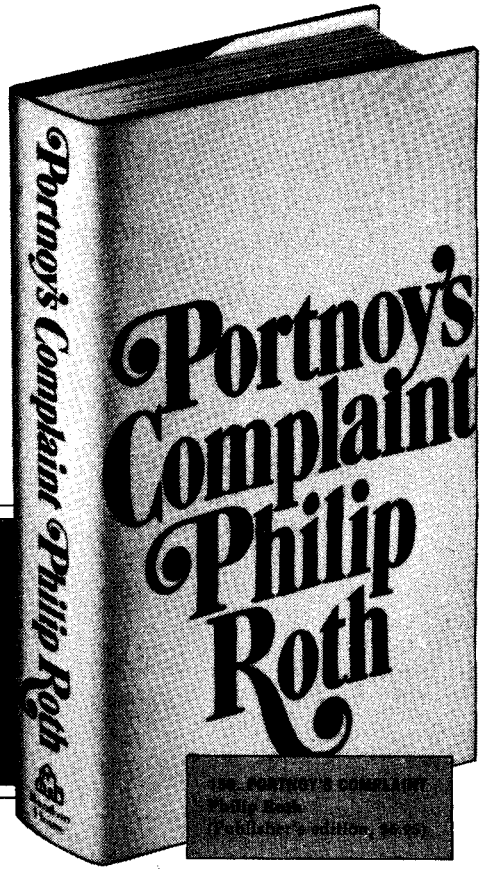

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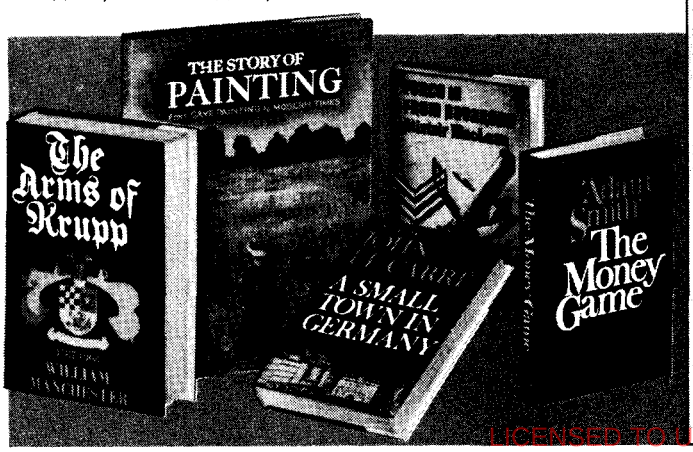

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The Adventurous Canadian

or how a little known whisky got its foot in the door.

When we first crossed the border from Canada into the great unknown, the reception we got was so chilling we could have caught a cold.

You see, in Canada they'd been enjoying our whisky for years. But in the States, Canadian Whisky drinkers had long before committed themselves to more famous brands.

Obviously, they didn't know we had put together a rather remarkable blend of whiskies from our five different distilleries.

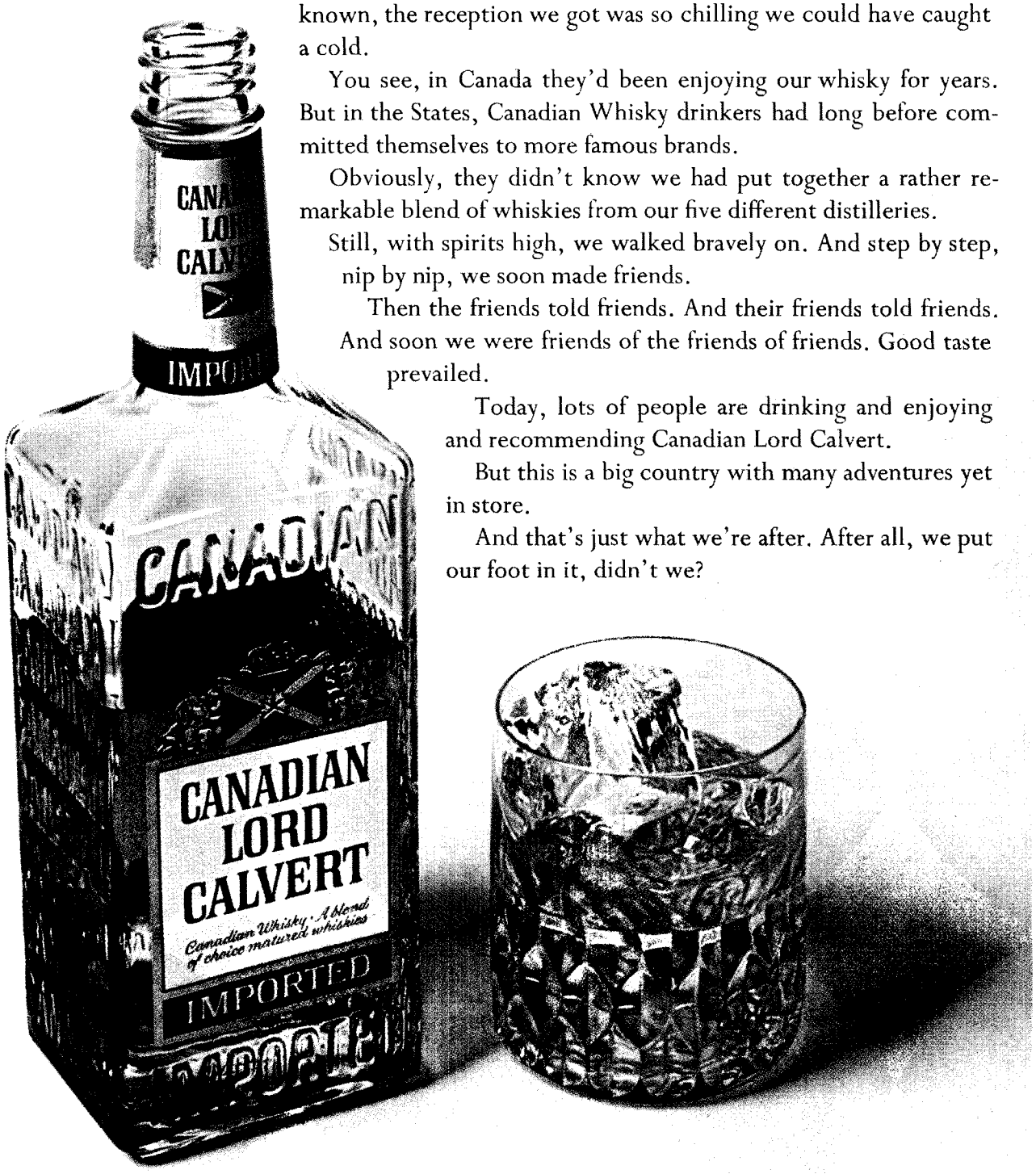
Still, with spirits high, we walked bravely on. And step by step, nip by nip, we soon made friends.

Then the friends told friends. And their friends told friends. And soon we were friends of the friends of friends. Good taste prevailed.

Today, lots of people are drinking and enjoying and recommending Canadian Lord Calvert.

But this is a big country with many adventures yet in store.

And that's just what we're after. After all, we put our foot in it, didn't we?



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"Cutty Sark first...the rest nowhere"

1876. The annual wool race is over... and a reporter describes the finish.

Once again CUTTY SARK had outrun the clipper fleet. Once again, CUTTY was the one to beat. As always, she was Number One.

The golden era of the clipper spanned only the last twenty-five years of the 19th century. And in that time, all England watched the clipper races from China and Australia with more than sporting interest.

The clippers brought new tea for the table and wool for England's bourgeoning industries. And the ship that captured the whole nation's imagination was the CUTTY SARK.

Capt. Moodie commanded the CUTTY in her most famous race.

From the CUTTY SARK's Log...

CUTTY's jury rudder.

With every cargo, CUTTY made remarkable voyages. Even Plimsoll Line-deep with tons of tea, wool—or scrap iron, coal and palm sap syrup, she challenged the cream of the clipper fleet...and won. Among her feats:

1871. CUTTY leaves for the China tea ports two weeks after the speedy TITANIA and nearly a month after the even faster TAEPING...yet she beats both handily.

1872. CUTTY vs. THERMOPYLAE in the most famous tea race of all time. CUTTY, leading by 400 miles, loses her rudder in a gale. Her crew cannibalizes her spare spars and ironwork, and through 6 days of gale, makes and fits a jury rudder. The jury rudder snaps, so a second rig is fitted—this one in only 24 hours. THERMOPYLAE docks first, but a special maritime commission declares CUTTY the winner, based on actual time under sail.

1889. Enroute to Sydney, CUTTY passes the new P. & O. steamer BRITANNIA. At the time, BRITANNIA (called "cock of the walk of the Pacific") was making 16 knots.

CUTTY's log records dismastings, groundings, collisions—but above all, victories. Time and time again, it was "CUTTY SARK first...the rest nowhere."

The legacy of the CUTTY SARK

Today, the legacy of the CUTTY SARK is held by the Scotch that took her name.

CUTTY SARK is America's best-selling Scotch. CUTTY is Number One.

And the reason is Cutty's consistently distinguished taste.

Generation after generation, Cutty has blended only the finest of Scotland's best whiskies to create the uniquely rewarding Cutty taste: the taste to be savored; the taste of exceptional Scotch.

Sooner or later, most people arrive at Cutty. So come to Cutty tonight. You'll be in the best of company.

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